Commentary

VOLUME EIGHTY-TWO • NUMBER SIX • DECEMBER 1986

How the Nicaraguan Resistance Can Win

Penn Kemble & Arturo J. Cruz, Jr.

Palestine for the Syrians?

Daniel Pipes

Capitalism and Selfishness

André Ryerson

The Judaism Born in America

Howard Singer

Wish List– A Story

Allegra Goodman

For Whom the Bell Tolled

Jeffrey Hart

W.E.B. Du Bois: Up to Slavery

Eric J. Sundquist

Books in Review: Angelo M. Codevilla / George Sim Johnston / Larry D. Nachman / Lauren Weiner / Daniel Jonah Goldhagen

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Commentary

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Letters from Readers

Academic Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joseph Epstein's "A Case of Academic Freedom" [September] is as devastating in its impact as it is disciplined in its appreciation of the politicization of scholarship in at least one major university. The article needs to be read and deserves to be internalized by the professoriate. But what prompts this footnote to Mr. Epstein's article is the anonymity in which Provost Raymond W. Mack of Northwestern is shrouded. We find out much about the "credentials" of Barbara Foley, but precious little about "a man named W. Raymond Mack, a sociologist by training and, by all accounts, a liberal in politics." Permit this brief, but under the circumstances appropriate, amplification of his background.

To begin with, his name is not W. Raymond Mack but Raymond W(right) Mack. He has been connected with Northwestern in a variety of academic and institutional capacities for thirty-three consecutive years, since 1953. He is the author or editor of books having lasting professional significance, including *Race, Class and Power*; *The Changing South*; and *Prejudice and Race Relations*. He served as the second editor of the *American Sociologist*, following Talcott Parsons in this post. He was on the front line of the 1960's struggles for black political equality and urban economic growth. Thus, Mack's outrage at the violation of campus free speech for the Nicaraguan opposition leader Adolfo Calero by Barbara Foley and others carries not just administration weight, but the full force of the academic excellence which Mr. Epstein perceives as sadly eroding.

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joseph Epstein states: "An economist who had served on the Council of Economic Advisers under Jimmy Carter allowed that he found Professor Foley's views abhorrent, but felt she nevertheless deserved another chance; if she were to do something similar in the future, she should then be stripped of her tenure."

From what I was reported or misreported to have said, that economist was clearly me. But I never served on the Council of Economic Advisers under Jimmy Carter. Was Mr. Epstein's counterfactual assertion a bit of poetic license to bracket me somehow with the man with a "Swiss-German accent," the "left-wing sociologist," the man with a "page-boy hairdo," or the other sociologist reported to have asserted that "the morals of professors are lower than that of a snake"? In any event, for my reputation or Jimmy Carter's, I should like the record to be corrected.

Of more substance, I did not allow that I "found Professor Foley's views abhorrent," as I did not think them properly the issue. I rather stated that repeated overt interference with the right of the members of the Northwestern community to hear an invited speaker should not be tolerated. Mr. Epstein should understand the difference. It is a pity that he does not also apparently understand, and writes so snidely of, the commitment of the Northwestern faculty to due process and academic freedom in matters of promotion and tenure.

ROBERT EISNER
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joseph Epstein's "A Case of Academic Freedom," intended as an indictment of Barbara Foley, turns out to be an indictment of Mr. Epstein as well.

Mr. Epstein assails Professor Foley for her involvement in the suppression of a speech by the Nicaraguan *contra* leader, Adolfo Calero. Such suppression, Mr. Epstein notes correctly, is hardly a hallmark of good academic citizenship. However, he later notes that "most professors at Northwestern tend to be essentially in business for themselves. They teach, they publish, they apply for grants, they go to their mailboxes ever hopeful that they will have a job offer from Stanford or Michigan, or—O my God, can it be?—Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Not much in the life of the university community outside their own interests arouses them." There is no characterization of this behavior as bad aca-

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demic citizenship. Professor Foley may have acted badly in a given instance, but she does not make a career of careerism as do her colleagues. Mr. Epstein appears to find persistent self-aggrandizement less objectionable than an occasional excess of passion about the oppressed.

Toward the end of his article, Mr. Epstein says that Professor Foley has "a goofy kind of integrity." According to him, her integrity is "goofy" because she refuses to dissemble. It is hoped that Mr. Epstein's friends remember this when they encounter him from now on.

KENNETH CARLSON
President, American Association
of University Professors
New Brunswick, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I am a Northwestern University undergraduate and I am one of those students who finds Barbara Foley to be the best professor I have ever had. I am not a member of InCAR [International Committee Against Racism], nor am I a revolutionary in any sense of the word. I was angered by Joseph Epstein's article criticizing Professor Foley, but when I sat down to write a point-by-point refutation of this highly personal and biased diatribe, I discovered a certain lack of meaning in my arguments. Why was I so dissatisfied with my rebuttal? I looked over Mr. Epstein's article and realized that it did not address a single important issue of the Foley case. These issues include the faculty's right of self-governance, the question of due process, the right to tenure review based on merit, and the issue of academic freedom. Instead of tackling these difficult issues, Mr. Epstein dwells on matters that are irrelevant at this point in the case. His article is not a well-argued, rational discussion of the Foley case, [but] a nasty, extended insult intended to take advantage of the fears and prejudices of COMMENTARY readers. I realize that I cannot argue rationally against an adversary who is so emotional and who refuses to deal with the issues.

I don't think these issues really bother Mr. Epstein. What does seem to bother him (besides a clear "abhorrence" of any form of radical politics) can be summed up in one word: *fashion*. . . . Mr. Epstein has a clear sense of what's "in" in fashion these days. One can be "punkily dressed," or wear "Ralph Lauren duds," but one absolutely must not wear "rimless spectacles" or do one's hair in a "page-boy." Mr. Epstein spends much more time on the aesthetics of Barbara Foley's supporters than he does on the ostensible subject of the essay: academic freedom. Because Mr. Epstein seems to find meaning in this name-calling, his article does not deserve to be dignified with a serious response. Therefore, I am writing this letter to thank Mr. Chipstein (Chipstein?—please!) for his guidance to this year's ever-changing campus fashion scene. I'm throwing out my old leather jacket (it's clearly a cliché) for some new "Ralph Lauren duds."

PAUL D. PERRETEN
Evanston, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have just read Joseph Epstein's outstanding article on the Foley affair. I must say that it is quite gratifying now, a year and a half after the infamous Foley incident, to see a complete and unbiased account of the whole mess.

I have a particular interest in the matter, for, as treasurer of the Conservative Council at the time (I am a 1985 graduate of Northwestern), I was one of the organizers of the abortive lecture by Adolfo Calero which was disrupted by Barbara Foley and InCAR.

It may interest readers to know that the administrative action taken by Provost Mack and President Arnold Weber came only after very strong protest from the Conservative Council and the International Policy Forum, to the point of threatening a lawsuit. The university's first (and I think unfortunate) reaction was to chide us for bringing a "controversial" speaker to the campus. As a fierce defender of free speech for everyone, and not just those holding preferred viewpoints, I find this notion unfathomable. . . .

I have only a few minor points to add which I think Mr. Epstein missed: (1) Professor Foley had a long record of disturbances on campus, including taking class time to deliver a blistering speech against the *Northwestern Review* and its staff and getting into a fistfight with a student. (2) Given the thoroughness with which Mr. Epstein treated the issue, I was surprised and disappointed that he did not cite the *Northwestern Review*, which published the most thorough accounts of Professor Foley's antics, including the Calero incident. . . .

Finally, having had personal experience as a target of InCAR misbehavior and harassment, I commend Mr. Epstein for his courage in writing the article. I do not doubt for a moment that he will be (if he has not already been) the target of InCAR mischief. InCAR members do read periodicals carefully to keep track of their "enemies."

It is a sad commentary on the state of affairs at Northwestern, and in the academic community at large, that the Foley business ever happened. It is sadder still that the university administration has so far lacked the courage to provide alumni (through the *Alumni News*) and students with a complete account of all this, as Mr. Epstein has so eloquently done.

T. HARVEY HOLT
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found Joseph Epstein's article a delight, a clearly-worded essay on morals in the academic world. How well I know the reluctance of academic colleagues to take a stand on academic freedom if the threat comes from the Left. When a right-wing group recently proposed the student monitoring of classrooms for leftist bias, the academy shook with outrage. Justifiably so. But when InCAR and other radical Left organizations regularly monitored and picketed classes in the 1970's and early 80's, at least here at Harvard, there was virtually no public response on the part of either the faculty or the administration.

I was especially pleased to hear something at last about InCAR, the brownshirts of Harvard Square, who used to make me one of their favorite targets (with bullhorn speakers calling for my dismissal). My sin, as readers might know, was to suggest that social behavior has a partial genetic basis. But sociobiology has recently become a popular and even favored subject in the socialist countries, including the Soviet Union, the DDR, Czechoslovakia, and China, and now I regularly get official invitations to visit and lecture. I am eagerly watching for some sign of how this will affect InCAR, and its mentor organization, Science for the People.

At Harvard, InCAR last surfaced

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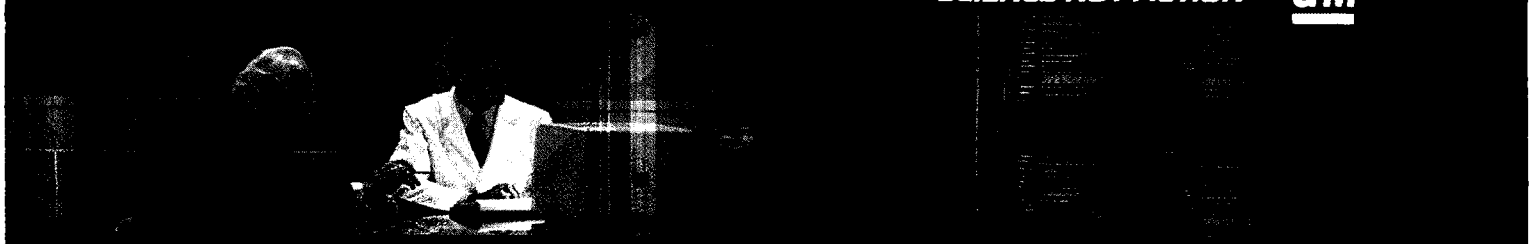

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this spring when it successfully used shouting to silence Richard J. Herrnstein and James Q. Wilson at a Cambridge Forum on criminal behavior. The meeting was finally able to proceed an hour late, after police removed several of the loudest demonstrators from the room. It was a fine example of academic discourse of the Barbara Foley kind.

EDWARD O. WILSON
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Joseph Epstein's article is special first of all because unlike everything else I've read on academic outrages, the article is entirely particularized, describing who did and said what and when, *and* because it is about the author's own school, indeed his own department. . . . As I need remind no one, some amazing things take place in the university, and they are never made public—no, I mean never made palpable. That silence is understandable (people have to live with one another, etc.), but the net effect is public ignorance about the actual climate in higher education.

JOSEPH ADELSON
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . One should not be surprised by what happened at Northwestern —at least no one like myself who has spent his entire life at one university or another—but still I am: can virtue be as bankrupt in academe as the tenure vote at Northwestern regarding the Barbara Foley case seems to indicate? It may not be much to hold onto, but we can take heart at the fair-minded urbane prose of Joseph Epstein's article and at his own courage in writing it.

ROBERT O. EVANS
Macatawa, Michigan

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his article, Joseph Epstein describes how one of his younger colleagues at Northwestern has dogmatically intruded her Marxist-Leninism into the classroom. He goes on to remark: "I do not say that such views are dominant at Northwestern, or in the American university at large, but they do nowadays crop up with a fair frequency, and not in English departments alone."

Mr. Epstein's statement is exceedingly mild and greatly underrates the gravity of a steadily worsening situation. In leading departments of humanities and social sciences all over the country the Marxist-Leninists are not only becoming important voices, but assuming positions of power. They punish undergraduates who do not hold their extreme Left views and they deprive graduate students of financial aid if the latter do not toe the political line the Marxists hold. They also use every academic opening as an opportunity to campaign for recruitment of those who share their views.

As a result, the leftists have come to occupy positions of great prestige and patronage in the academic profession as a whole. . . . They control one of the best endowed history institutes in the country—at Princeton. They dominate completely a state-funded sociological institute at Binghamton. . . . They have taken over the history department at NYU. . . . And one could go on and on.

Mr. Epstein's article, while interesting and valuable up to a point, misses the fundamental issue. The problem is not with a handful of radical young hotheads, as the article might lead one to believe, . . . but is of a much different order of magnitude: the approaching domination . . . of the American academic profession by the Left, and the repression and exclusion of anyone who does not comply with Marxist theory and international socialist policy. This is a problem that won't go away, and by diminishing and indeed trivializing it, Mr. Epstein detracts from its capacity finally to penetrate the consciousness of both liberals and conservatives.

Of course, any effort to evoke the gravity of the current situation, becoming worse with each passing year on the campus, is met with cries from the Left about academic freedom and McCarthyism. But academic freedom has never in history been more threatened on the American campus than it is today by the powerful and entrenched forces of the Left. What they lost in 1968 on the barricades they have won in 1986 in the classroom and the seminar.

NORMAN F. CANTOR
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . There is probably nothing new about the conformist character of a majority of academics; nor has the strict insistence on acceptance of prevailing views, especially political views, diminished in the last decades. Those few who have the fortitude to stand up against the opinions accepted by the bulk of our colleagues in the academy . . . expose themselves to condemnation, at best, and more extreme sanctions, including material penalties, at worst. Joseph Epstein's article makes it clear that he knows this, which makes his willingness to take a public stand against most of his fellow Northwestern faculty members particularly impressive.

There are those among us who would maintain that people like Barbara Foley show fortitude and what it pleases some to call "idealism" in their political crusading, but the risks such "idealists" run are rarely serious and the accruing benefits, as in Professor Foley's case, are often quite real. The propounding of totalitarian political views (only of the sort that are styled "leftist," of course) is often probably not even a conscious Machiavellian strategy for gaining tenure, promotion, and general preference. But I have seen it succeed far too often in my long career not to note its effectiveness. . . .

Perhaps the most depressing thing about the situation at Northwestern is the seemingly unwavering conformity of the faculty. When I was a boy, we thought of the American Legion as the citadel of mindless chauvinism and the Legionnaires as hopeless captives of their unexamined ideology. Cases like the one Mr. Epstein describes . . . convince me that the academy is not far behind the Legion as we viewed it decades ago. The intolerance, the acceptance of almost any action if it serves a "true" cause, and the refusal to consider the possibility that a true believer could do anything that was basically wrong or harmful ("ill-advised" perhaps, even "extreme," but not "really" wrong) are precisely what we expected of the Legionnaires. . . . Finding these traits among those who are full-time scholars and, sometimes, intellectuals, is especially painful. . . .

There is some reassurance to be drawn from the fact that the contemporary situation has not deteriorated to any very noticeable extent over the past few decades, and from the fact that political developments outside the academy have

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not encouraged the transfer of political power to those who enjoy the seemingly endless support of the academic majority. But for this, no thanks are owed to that majority, which, while not in most cases actively supporting totalitarian governments, nevertheless "understands" the "idealism" of the Foleys and insists that they be protected from the consequences of their anti-democratic and illiberal activities.

It is heartening to be reminded that there are still men and women in the academy who both stand for democratic, liberal values and have the courage to do so publicly. Few have done this with the wit, temperance, and good humor Mr. Epstein displayed in his article.

MARC J. SWARTZ
University of California, San Diego
La Jolla, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . As a college teacher, I too have been irritated, angered, sometimes astounded, and occasionally saddened by the remarks I hear while passing other classrooms. Just this week a biologist teaching conservation was "knocking" the SDI program (I have always been mystified as to why everyone seems to be so against the first weapon in history that only kills other weapons); another professor was telling his class why we should not support the *contras* in you-know-where; and yet another—a physics teacher—was denouncing our use of the atomic bomb against Japan.

One of our geography teachers told his class that the Gadsden Purchase of 1853 was the moral equivalent of the Soviet takeover of Estonia and Latvia. Another suggested that the U.S. had invaded Lebanon (I guess the other ten nations which sent in troops as part of the UN delegation did the same), and so it goes, on and on.

I feel (and am sure many others share my sentiments) that there is a desperate need for well-written articles such as Joseph Epstein's to provide at least the start of a balance in the continuing war of words. Keep up the good work!

DWIGHT G. SMITH
Southern Connecticut State University
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a staff member at Northwestern, I have followed the Foley case closely and with a great deal of interest. While I agree with Mr. Epstein in his support of the provost's right to hold the position he does, I believe Mr. Epstein has not been sufficiently thorough in his analysis of the case and, more generally, of academic freedom. . . .

Throughout his article, Mr. Epstein makes light of the position, "I find her views abhorrent, but. . . ." In so doing he is making light of a position that is not only perfectly reasonable in the context of a university, but is, in fact, a cornerstone of the concept of academic freedom that he seems to be defending. I believe that where Mr. Epstein loses clarity is in his understanding of the second part of this statement. The position, fully stated, goes something like this: "I find her views abhorrent, but I support her right to hold them." Surely Mr. Epstein cannot be questioning the value or legitimacy of this position.

The position only becomes problematic when it is expanded along the lines of: "I find her views abhorrent, but I support her right to hold them and to incorporate them into her teaching when it is relevant to the subject matter." In considering this position, Mr. Epstein seems to question the validity of a Marxist analysis of literature, and finds Professor Foley's infusion of politics into her English classes to be artificial and inappropriate. While I have not the same familiarity with the field as Mr. Epstein, I must still observe that this seems an unusually narrow view of the analysis of literature. It therefore seems reasonable to find her views abhorrent (and I do) and still support her as a university professor.

There is, however, an even more expanded position that might be offered, namely: "I find her views abhorrent, but I support her right to hold them and incorporate them into her teaching when it is relevant to the subject matter, and to act on her beliefs"; it is on this point that Professor Foley cannot reasonably expect the support of

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the university community. Her beliefs include the notion that certain people do not have the right to free speech, and her choice to *act* upon these beliefs amounts to the denial of a principle that is basic to academic freedom. For a university community to support such a position seems inconsistent, at the very least. . . .

In my estimation, Professor Foley's willingness actively to deny others' free speech, and the statement this makes about her academic citizenship, weigh heavily enough to offset her other qualities, and to recommend the denial of tenure. There may be disagreement about this, but it is at least within the context of a balanced evaluation. That Provost Mack employed such an evaluation one can only hope; but what is clear is that the boundaries of fair evaluation do allow for the denial of tenure.

The controversy that has surrounded this case is not surprising; it is to be expected where matters of personal beliefs and civil liberties are at issue. And certainly such matters must not be considered lightly. We must be very careful, in criticizing and reprimanding actions we find inappropriate and unacceptable, *not* to censor the free expression of the beliefs underlying these actions.

ALAN SHEFSKY
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "A Case of Academic Freedom" Joseph Epstein incisively depicts the hypocrisy (or is it cowardice?) of those members of the Northwestern College faculty who voted to recommend Barbara Foley for tenure. Mr. Epstein's excellent article was the subject of an editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* of September 3, 1986. The editorial found reason to hope that a "correction is starting" in academia's close-minded attitude of not allowing speakers to espouse non-Left viewpoints on many of our finest campuses. . . .

I do not share the optimism of the *Wall Street Journal*. Mr. Epstein points out that Barbara Foley continues to teach at Northwestern and that groups are even now lobbying to have her granted tenure. I fear that Provost Mack's courageous action may be atypical. For example, Harvard University recently disregarded custom in not offering an honorary degree to President Reagan. . . . By contrast, supporters of totalitarian leaders like Gorbachev, Castro, and Ortega are welcome on college campuses. Never mind how many innocent victims languish in their gulags!

Of immediate concern are the patent violations at universities like Harvard and Northwestern of academic freedom, free speech, and the right of students to hear both sides of issues. But for the long term, I am troubled by other questions: why is the cream of academia so intolerant of conservative and non-totalitarian viewpoints; how many impressionable, malleable young college minds and future leaders are influenced by these professors; what can be done to reverse this situation; as a parent who has been paying tuition so that my children may attend these very same institutions of higher learning, am I inadvertently supporting professorial assaults on liberty and democracy? Mr. Epstein's article forces us to ask these and other questions. Unfortunately, he does not supply anwers.

ELI S. LAWRENCE
Ambler, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Three cheers for Joseph Epstein and "A Case of Academic Freedom." Students attracted to the political Left in the 1930's knew little of the true nature of Stalin and his regime. Student radicals of 1986, who do not seem to have gotten the news yet, are therefore like their counterparts of the 1930's in their ignorance of Stalin, but different from the earlier Left in their ignorance of history.

ROY PIPERBERG
Montreal, Quebec

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I must congratulate Joseph Epstein for his well-written and (more important) courageous article on the Foley case at Northwestern. When one is comfortable—and by and large North American academics are a comfortable species—there is nothing easier than waffling or remaining silent about such barbaric abuses of the once-laudable concept of academic freedom. Mr. Epstein, who usually confines himself to literature, probably did not relish writing this article, any more than the George Orwell of, say, *Coming Up for Air* enjoyed immersing himself in the execrably written . . . doublethink of Communism and its variants. At some personal cost, I imagine, Mr. Epstein has done the right thing for his campus and for the contemporary academy as a whole by writing this fine article.

B. B. SINGER
Victoria, British Columbia

JOSEPH EPSTEIN writes:

Irving Louis Horowitz is quite correct when he writes that Provost Raymond Mack's full name is Raymond W. Mack and not W. Raymond Mack. I am pleased to learn, from Mr. Horowitz's letter, that his work as a sociologist is so well regarded by his colleagues. It makes his, Mack's, own rather lonely stand in the Foley case seem even more impressive.

I wish to apologize to Robert Eisner for having incorrectly put him on President Carter's Council of Economic Advisers. (He was, according to his entry in *Who's Who*, a member of the McGovern Economic Advisory Group, 1971-72.) We are agreed, Mr. Eisner and I, that Professor Foley's views are not "properly the issue." Professor Foley's actions are. Of those, Mr. Eisner in his letter has nothing to say. He affirms instead "the commitment of the Northwestern faculty to due process and academic freedom in matters of promotion and tenure," but does not say how "due process" was violated in the Foley case. Perhaps Mr. Eisner will one day stop me on Northwestern's campus to explain how this might have been so—or was even in danger of being so.

Kenneth Carlson's letter is an extremely disappointing one, written as it is on the letterhead of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP). If the president of that organization cannot see any serious distinction between being actively against free speech and attitudes of private opportunism, then perhaps the seriousness of the AAUP, as an organization regularly called upon to make distinctions, is gravely in doubt. It is to be hoped that Mr. Carlson's fellow officers of the AAUP will remember this when they encounter him from now on.

I am sorry that Paul D. Perreten cannot find any issues to deal with in my article. If he will drop by my office at Northwestern one day —Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 2:30 to 4:00, and by appointment —I shall be pleased to point them out to him. Meanwhile, I advise him to retain his old leather jacket as protection against those harsh

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winds that come in off Lake Michigan.

Finally, I would like to express my thanks to the many people who wrote offering corroboration, support, and praise of my article.

The Middle East

To the Editor of Commentary:

Richard N. Haass's article, "Paying Less Attention to the Middle East" [August], is a refreshing contribution to the layman's understanding of the current predicament in the Middle East, and I think that even some so-called experts might learn something new from it. This is the first time in my memory that an American, that anyone in fact, has bothered to look at the realities of this part of the world, avoiding the myths that have grown up around the issues.

The idea of "territory for peace" has been dead for many years, but it was not an American invention, nor was it the creation of those who drafted Resolution 242—it originated with Israel's unity cabinet in June 1967. And what an idea, a measure of the cabinet's stupidity and naiveté—to give up land in return for a piece of paper! Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin acknowledged that Israel had initiated this policy; he wrote in his *Memoirs* (1977) that on June 19, 1967, without any U.S. pressure whatsoever, the Israeli war cabinet (including Menachem Begin) decided to trade most of the territories that had just been taken in the Six-Day War for peace. When the Arabs said no on September 1, 1967, the cabinet changed its mind and took a secret decision (October 1967) to return some of the areas in question but keep the rest, a brilliant maneuver which fooled everyone, including the Israelis. The U.S. then had to accept Resolution 242 because Israel had already said that territory for peace was its policy. . . .

As a result of this folly, both Israel and the U.S. have been traveling for nineteen years on a very slippery road, with a dead end. No rational analysis has ever been given of the territory-for-peace policy; it simply became a myth, and now it is dead. The realities, as Mr. Haass notes in his fine article, have simply eroded the myth. America may well distance itself from all these complicated problems, but, unfortunately, Israel cannot do so. In the coming years, however, we are going to see a totally different Israeli policy. . . .

Oded Yinon

Jerusalem, Israel

To the Editor of Commentary:

In a perceptive analysis of the current Middle East situation, Richard N. Haass makes only passing reference to "the parallel rise [in Israel] of . . . militant religious sentiment." It seems to me that this point deserves further elaboration.

While the average birth rate among the secular Jewish population in Israel is at present only slightly above two children per family, in the so-called Orthodox and ultra-Orthodox circles it is, by a conservative estimate, about six per family. Immigration to Israel, albeit minuscule in the past five years, has been well over 50-percent religious . . . while emigration has come mainly from the secular group. These facts, coupled with an active *baalei teshuva* movement (born-again Jews), have substantially altered the balance between the religious and secular Jewish population in Israel from an estimated 15-85 ratio in 1948 to at least 25-75 in 1986.

The relatively aging and stagnating secular population is eager to compromise for the sake of "peace," while the bulging population pyramid at the bottom is largely composed of young, vigorous members of religious groups who are unyielding in their attachment to "Judea and Samaria." Barring unforeseen circumstances, this demographic trend will continue over the next few decades. It it to be hoped that responsible leaders in the Arab world will take these facts into consideration in shaping their policy and attitudes toward Israel.

Samuel Kotz

University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

To the Editor of Commentary:

I was disappointed that Richard N. Haass views military aid as just another tool to be used to prop up floundering Arab regimes. There is a critical difference between "guns" and "butter" supplied to Arab states suffering from internal turmoil. If an Arab leader falls, the "butter" cannot be trained against Israel. It goes without saying that this is not the case with the guns. One could even argue

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that military aid which affects the balance of power serves to destabilize Arab states by adding to the pressure on the leadership to take military action against the Jewish state.

AARON LERNER

Tel Aviv, Israel

RICHARD N. HAASS writes:

It is always a pleasure to receive compliments, and I thank Oded Yinon for his kind words. Whether Israel would benefit from an exchange of "territory for peace" would of course depend on the extent of the territory and the nature of the peace. My starting point simply was that the prospects for such an exchange are poor and that American policy-makers need to take this into account in designing policy toward the Middle East. Mr. Yinon may be right in saying that in the future "we are going to see a totally different Israeli policy." As is almost always the case, though, what matters are the details. What remains to be determined is just what such a policy would look like and, more importantly, what impact it would have on Israeli security and U.S. interests in the region.

I also appreciate Samuel Kotz's perspectives on trends in immigration and birth rates and the resulting greater influence of religious forces on Israel's politics. I tend to agree that such developments are likely to make future Israeli governments less rather than more likely to compromise on territorial issues, although I would suggest that other developments in Israel and the surrounding countries can be expected to have a greater impact on Israeli policy than the demographics highlighted by Mr. Kotz.

Aaron Lerner's letter suffers from too narrow a view of military assistance. It is of course true that regime change remains a possibility in the Arab world as elsewhere and that weapons provided for one purpose might be used for another. Nevertheless, such risks must be placed in a larger context. Eschewing military aid may make a change of regime more likely by placing a government at the mercy of hostile forces both within and without its borders. Certain Arab governments quite friendly to the United States face threats far removed from the core Arab-Israel conflict. Perhaps more important, not providing military aid would decrease U.S. influence while increasing that of alternative suppliers, including the USSR. It is difficult for me at least to see how such a Middle East would be more to the liking either of Israel or of the United States.

The Soviet Union

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Will Gorbachev Reform the Soviet Union?" [September], Vladimir Bukovsky says: "The scale of reform [in the Soviet Union] will be inversely proportional to the scale of Western economic assistance." The importance of this statement cannot be overemphasized. Mr. Bukovsky, after all, is not basing his thesis on clippings from the Soviet press, as the Kremlinologists do, but on firsthand experience of the Soviet Union. He might have added that those in the West who do advocate Western assistance are regularly referred to as "useful idiots," a term which originated with Lenin.

I do not think that the basic conflict in the Soviet Union is between the party leadership and the government—i.e., between the policy-making and the operational body; nor do I believe that without Western aid or reform the system will collapse within fifteen to twenty years. The basic problem of the Soviet Union was, is, and will remain—Marxism.

The application of Marxism leads inevitably to a totalitarian regime and a most inefficient socio-economic system. Marxism claims that manual work is the source of a nation's wealth, and that consequently the proletariat, as the wealth-creating force, should occupy the leading role in society. From this follows the concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat, actually that of its advance-guard, the Bolshevik party. Yet even in Marx's time, intellectual work was becoming the main factor in the creation of wealth, and this is certainly the case in our own day, the age of scientific-technological revolution.

Thus the dichotomy of the Soviet system is that while the power structure is based on Marx's concept of labor and on the dictatorship of the class of manual workers, the economy and the power of the nation depend on the application of the highest forms of intellectual achievement. Power and prosperity cannot be attained by stealing or buying the technology of the West; they require a system that offers space and incentives, i.e., first of all, freedom for human creativity.

The leadership of the Soviet Union was no doubt aware of this basic conflict from the beginning. Stalin's "contribution" toward solving it was through territorial expansion and the imposition of the Soviet system on the conquered nations. This typically imperialist policy was applied in the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939, and after the defeat of Hitler, it remained the general line of Soviet foreign policy. Thus half of Poland, the Baltic states, part of Finland, Bessarabia, East Prussia, and the eastern part of Czechoslovakia were incorporated into the Soviet Union during World War II. After the war, the military occupation of East Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia led step-by-step to the imposition of the Soviet system upon these nations. The "surplus value" of their economies helped overcome the economic shortcomings of the Soviet Union. At the time, a corridor of aggression against Western Europe was established.

But even after Stalin's death and the inauguration of an "anti-Stalinist" line, Stalinist foreign policy flourished. Hence Khrushchev in Hungary in 1956, Brezhnev in Czechoslovakia in 1968, and the declaration of the Brezhnev Doctrine, which states that every Soviet advance is irreversible. Recently Gorbachev in Warsaw declared his adherence to the Brezhnev Doctrine and even rehabilitated Vyacheslav Molotov, the living symbol of Stalinism.

The strategic goal of the Soviet Union is clear—to oust America from Europe without war, gain control of the rest of Europe, and turn Europe's highly efficient economies to the processing of Soviet raw material. Thus the "surplus value" of the capitalist West would save the Soviet system, without the Soviets having to institute reforms, without any weakening of the power structure, and without any danger to the *nomenklatura*, the ruling elite of the Communist party. As long as the West lacks its own strategic goal and remains divided not only within the Atlantic alliance but within each country of the alliance, the Soviets will pursue this policy.

President Reagan outlined the strategy of the free world when he declared that real peace must rest on the pillars of human rights and

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self-determination. To project this idea into concrete foreign policy means to declare that if the Soviet Union were to honor its commitments to the Atlantic Charter and to the United Nations Charter—i.e., to respect the right to self-determination of those nations deprived of this right by Hitler's Germany and to abandon the goal of territorial expansion—far-reaching disarmament and peace could be achieved.

Such a policy, which follows from the very essence of Western civilization, would not only create a consensus within the Atlantic alliance but would also attract Third World nations which would profit from the increased aid that would flow from a reduction of military expansion. No doubt the Soviet satellites would also welcome such a policy since, apart from offering peace, it would lead to a reduction of military expenses. The Soviet Politburo might even be expected to support such a peace policy.

In any event, the West would be united and a new political reality would be created to which the Soviet leadership would have to respond. If the Soviets at first refused to accept this policy of freedom and peace, they would then have to face our offensive and be forced to explain why they prefer an arms race to the fulfillment of their explicit commitments. Thus it is not only Western economic assistance that matters, but also "assistance" in the realm of foreign policy.

EUGEN LOEBL

New York City

Germans and Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was deeply moved by Lucy S. Dawidowicz's article, "In Berlin Again" [August], not only because of its excellence, but because I had recently returned from a ten-day study mission to Germany after some forty years and had similar feelings.

It *is* a new and better Germany—or, at least, today's Germans (those of the post-World War II generation) cannot be judged by their fathers and mothers or by our feelings and memories.

Germans and Jews are inextricably related. For many Germans, there is guilt, remorse, concern, and disbelief that their forefathers were the cause of the Holocaust. For Jews, there is the ineradicable knowledge that their scars, the deaths of their families and friends, the loss of their homes, and their bitter memories were caused by the Germans.

I found an ambivalence among Germans about what they as Germans should do, think, and feel about the sins of their parents. After all, the horrors of the war took place before most of today's Germans were born. If it is morally correct that the sins of the fathers not be visited upon their children, why should that principle be discarded when it comes to the Germans?

And yet, the Germans I met know they cannot escape history, even if they were to try. They are continually reminded of it in the press, in meeting Jews or Israelis, in watching TV, going to the movies, or asking their parents what they did to help Jews. Who were the killers if not their elders? Even when visiting another country, they know they will be asked the very questions they have asked their parents, only this time it is they who must give an accounting.

The tensions of the German-Jewish equation have led to a growing desire to forget the past, to deny responsibility for what a prior criminal government had done, to ameliorate the severity of past horrors by saying that others were guilty, too, or to blame those who harp upon what occurred —"Why must Jews continue to press for war trials?" Such reactions . . . represent a new form of anti-Semitism—at least for Germany. . . . And therein lie deeper problems, for which I found no satisfying answers. How can the present be discussed without reference to the past? How does one remember the evils of a past generation without stigmatizing the present one? How does one befriend today's generation (which wants to meet Jews) without sanitizing the previous one? And how does one teach young Germans—or Jews—of the past without their wanting to escape any connection with it, and resenting instead those who remind them of it?

PHILIP PERLMUTTER

Newton, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lucy S. Dawidowicz, in the account of her understandable apprehensions in revisiting Berlin, through which she had first passed in August 27, 1939, has missed an opportunity to understand some symbolism in the change in the city.

She writes of the Gedächtniskirche on Breitscheidplatz. Rudolf Breitscheid was the leader of the German Social Democratic party in the Weimar republic parliament; he was caught in southern France after the fall of that country and deported back to Germany; he died in a Nazi prison.

The meeting she attended was held in the Otto Braun auditorium of the Staatsbibliothek. Otto Braun was the leader of the German Social Democrats in the Prussian Diet, whose government, in 1931-32, was ousted by a combined Nazi-Communist vote at a time when the Nazis and Communists were covertly cooperating . . . to destroy the Weimar republic.

Throughout Berlin there are numerous highways (e.g., Otto Suhr Allee) and places marking the memory of German socialists and democrats. Berlin, of course, honors General Lucius Clay, who defended the city during the airlift, with the Clay Allee. Small steps to restitution. Important ones.

ADAM KARMON

Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I applaud and heartily confirm Lucy S. Dawidowicz's assessment of the German *Weltanschauung*, especially vis-à-vis the Germans' guilt-ridden conscience for allowing the Nazis to come to power and unleash their program of hate and destruction upon the Jews and an unsuspecting world. I have also witnessed the sharp contrast between the generally more liberal and educated younger generation of Germans born since Germany's military defeat in 1945 and some of the still unreconstructed older Germans who, though they may deny it, were not simply dupes of Hitler but also aided and abetted his crimes against humanity.

Whereas younger Germans are indeed "favorably inclined toward Israel"—a fact I can readily confirm from repeated firsthand observations during an Israel study tour last year—I am not quite so certain about their elders, who even today pretend, as Mrs. Dawidowicz notes, that they were unaware of the horrors committed in their name and in their very midst. And in spite of mounting historical evidence, there continue to be anti-Semites who refuse to believe this evidence, and

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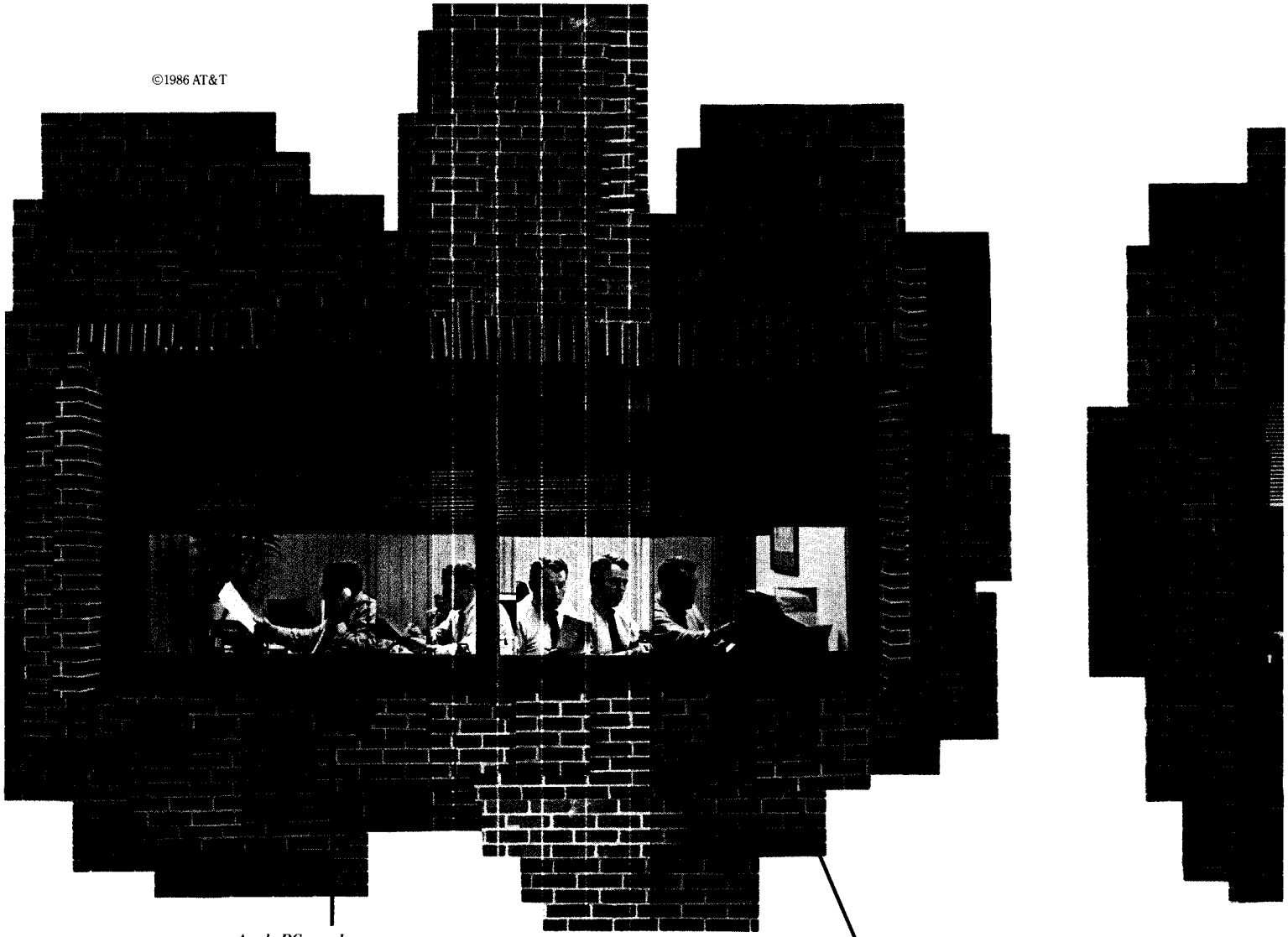

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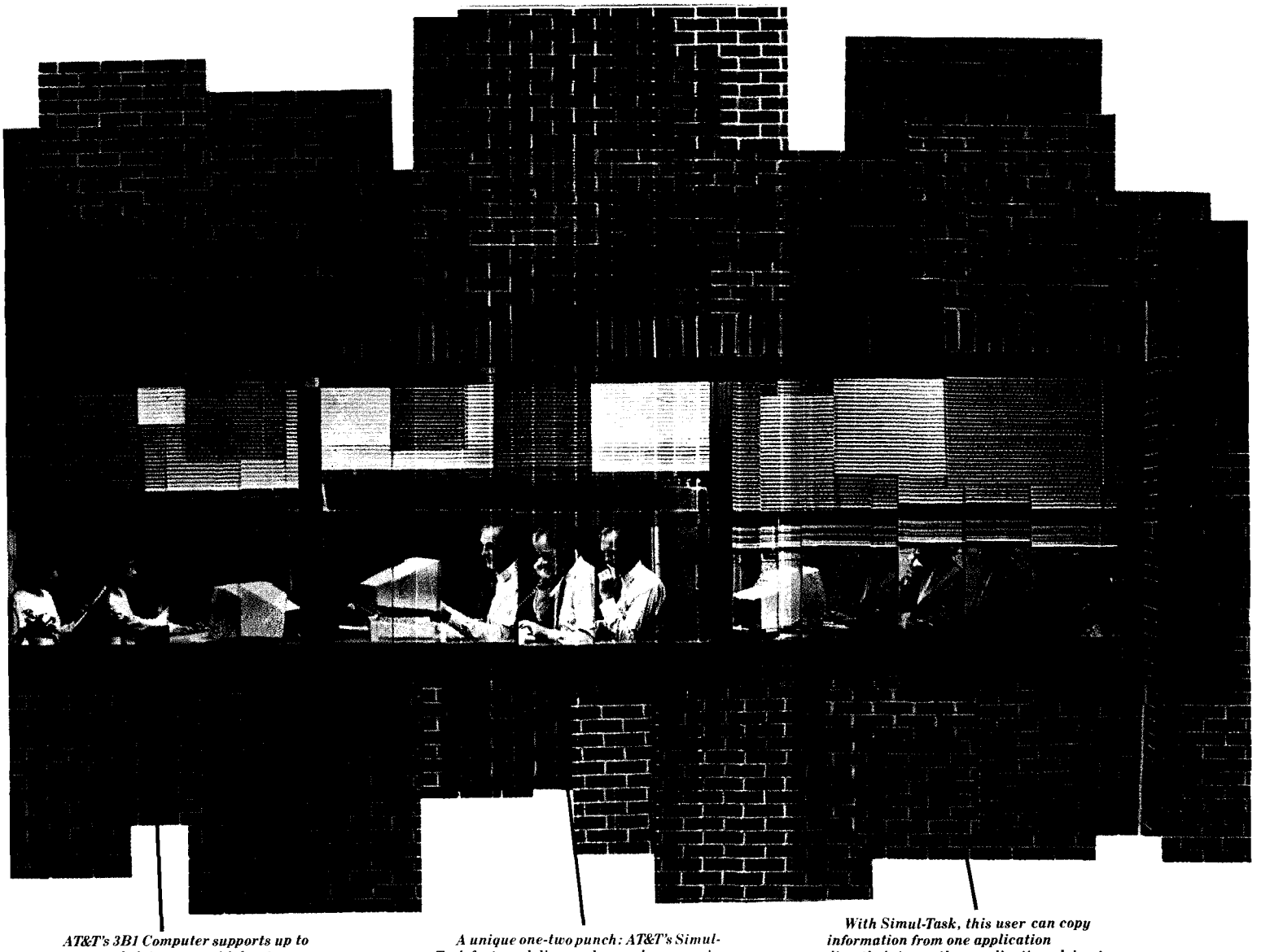

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dismiss it as Zionist propaganda and *"Auschwitzlüge"* ("Auschwitz lies"). Nevertheless, I am encouraged that as critical an observer as Mrs. Dawidowicz seems convinced that young Germans in West Berlin (unlike many Austrians) earnestly desire to know about the hideous past and wish to draw a lesson from it so that the crimes of their elders will not be repeated.

Yet when all is said and done, this writer at least is compelled to echo the skepticism of Nobel Peace Prize-winner Elie Wiesel who in his book *Against Silence* (1985) scored the passivity of these elders, the passivity of the world as a whole which remained silent while Hitler committed his crimes against European Jewry. "Until we find out," says Wiesel, "why men act the way they do, everything is in doubt: God, man, morality, life."

HENRY REGENSTEINER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lucy S. Dawidowicz has written another excellent article, in which she presents a unique and personal picture of Germany today. However, despite her impression that Germany has undergone a postwar transformation, one cannot help wondering if in their hearts the Germans have changed at all.

According to the percentages given by Mrs. Dawidowicz, 15 to 30 percent of the German people still harbor anti-Semitic attitudes; another 5 to 10 percent belong to the extreme Right, and a certain percentage to the New Left. I assume that these figures represent only West Germany. By adding the East German Left and its Nazi sympathizers, plus the so-called modern anti-Zionists and the thousands of prewar foreign Nazi volunteers who reside in Germany with their families, one may arrive at a figure not much different from the original core of Nazis in 1933. . . .

I honestly believe, however, that modern Germany will not be the first to show its true colors; that distinction now belongs to Austria and its President. As a survivor who knew both Germans and Austrians under the worst conditions, I would, if given the chance to choose between a true German and an Austrian, take my chance with the German. . . .

JAN REYNOLDS
Riverdale, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Lucy S. Dawidowicz hesitated about being "In Berlin Again," but she easily overcame her doubts with the assertion that "Berlin stands at the center of Europe, at the crossroads of East and West"—as if it had been moved lately. The fact is that everyone finds an excuse to visit a country which committed the worst crimes in history and surely in the history of the Jewish people. The lines have been drawn once and for all: one cannot weep on *Yom Hashoah*, Holocaust Remembrance Day, and go to Berlin.

Mrs. Dawidowicz went in order to attend a "scholarly meeting" about the life of Jews in Nazi Germany. . . . According to her, the conference became a "mini-drama of Jewish history" in the sense that the Germans were confronted with their past.

This is hard to believe. The reaction of German Jews to persecution was and is of only passing interest to Germans of today. The creative powers this persecution released in the 30's were centered around a deepening of Jewishness and went on despite all difficulties. I fail to see the connection between this historic fact and the Germans of today.

Anyway, the presence of a few exiles coming from New York will not be able to change attitudes acquired over a lifetime. At best, the presentations will be valued as crude propaganda. I would prefer that the President of West Germany tell his countrymen that they are lying if they pretend not to have known the fate of those deported and that they should come forward to tell the truth. After forty years one man stands up. This shows that if there should ever be a trend toward humanity and a renouncing of the past, it can only come from inside Germany, from people of stature and authority, not from exiles. . . .

To quote Chancellor Helmut Kohl, as Mrs. Dawidowicz does, is not convincing. As a boy he was a member of the Hitler *Jugend* and he was indoctrinated with massive doses of Nazi propaganda. The Bitburg affair cannot be forgotten: with Kohl's permission SS-killers assemble every year. Words are fine; deeds would be better.

So it all comes down to a bunch of illusions which polls and statistics cannot support. I have learned not to believe any German. After speaking to hundreds of them (outside Germany), I found only one who confessed to having been a Nazi. Before fleeing Germany, I was manager of the Berlin Office of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency from 1934 to 1938, and I can testify that even former schoolmates of mine who once paraded in their Nazi uniforms now claim that they were never supporters of the regime. But a survey conducted by the University of Cologne a few years ago showed an overwhelming animosity toward Jews and an explosive pattern of rejection.

If Mrs. Dawidowicz had read the inadequate and almost sickening description of the Nazi period in history textbooks now used in German high schools, she would not be so optimistic about the future generation. In school they do not learn about the Nazi past. At home it is taboo to talk about it. . . . Where then shall they learn about the misdeeds of their fathers and grandfathers? The moral devastation the Nazis bequeathed to the German people is there for all to see. The torturers and concentration-camp beasts are still alive. Those Jews who rush to Berlin, Salzburg, and Baden-Baden rub elbows with them. This, too, is a moral question.

ARNO HERZBERG
Union, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"In Berlin Again" by Lucy S. Dawidowicz brings back a vital period in Jewish history in a vivid and personal way. Mrs. Dawidowicz makes us remember the past . . . but also evaluates the changes in Berlin today realistically. She writes with a rare blend of historical acumen and compassion for people.

SYLVIA BENJAMIN
Montreal, Quebec

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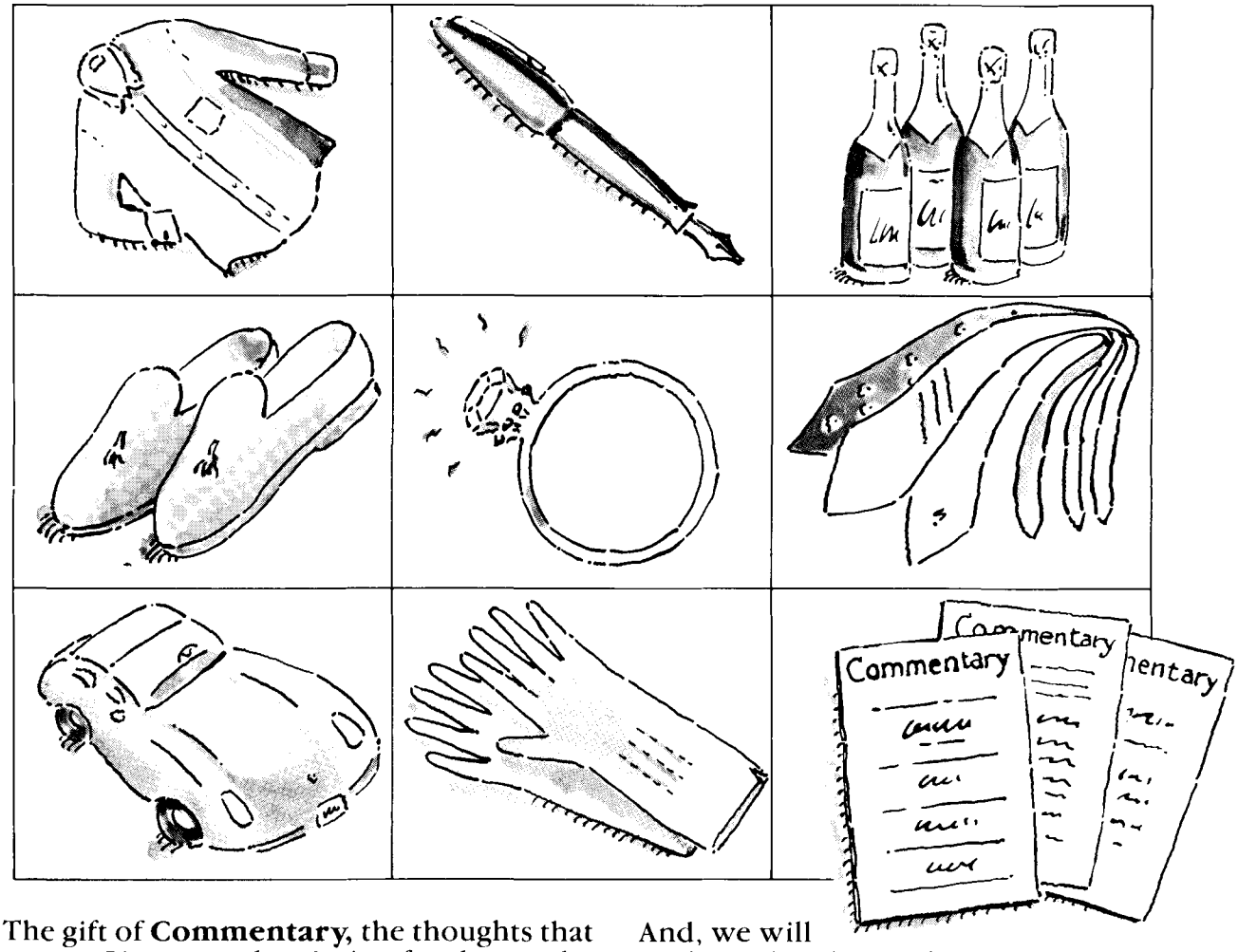

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How the Nicaraguan Resistance Can Win

Penn Kemble and Arturo J. Cruz, Jr.

UNITED STATES military aid is at last beginning to flow to the Nicaraguan resistance. The question of whether the U.S. should help at all—a question which provoked the most passionate foreign-policy debate since the Vietnam war—has for the moment yielded to another: how are we going to go about it?

This question is just as difficult and just as deep. No resistance movement—as the Soviets are obsessively aware—has ever overcome an established totalitarian system. Unlike other anti-Communist guerrilla movements, the Nicaraguan resistance is fighting on the soil of the West; the Nicaraguan people, the United States, and the resistance leadership itself will insist that this struggle must be fought by the values of our common culture. And opponents of Nicaraguan aid were right at least on one point: if the resistance now fails, the United States will pay a very heavy price. In comparison with Communist perseverance in Vietnam and Afghanistan—especially when Nicaragua's proximity to the United States is taken into account—such a failure will breed a scathing contempt for this country in many quarters.

During the past few months we have engaged leaders of the resistance, U.S. government officials, and independent observers in many discussions about strategy for the movement. Out of our discussions three distinct perspectives have emerged. The first arises in conversations with friends of the resistance, and draws upon their experience in the rebellion against the Somoza dictatorship. Some supporters of the resistance are now looking forward to a triumphant role-reversal, in which the Sandinistas collapse like Somoza, Ferdinand Marcos, or Cuba's Batista when confronted by popular insurrection.

The second view is shaped by the hemisphere's earlier memories—memories that are most vivid on the extremes of the political spectrum. Both Central America's conservative elites and its home-grown, nationalistic Left share the expectation of eventual U.S. military intervention in Nicaragua. This is an expectation that also—if perhaps only unconsciously—seems at times to affect the strategic thinking of some in the resistance itself. Perhaps most surprising is the extent to which anti-Sandinista Nicaraguans still within the country are gripped by the idea—or fantasy—that the U.S. will come to free them.

The third prospect we encountered might be called "the long march." It foresees a longer-term and perhaps militarily indecisive guerrilla struggle within Nicaragua, linked to a much more intense political and diplomatic campaign in the world beyond. The hope of success lies in wearing down and disrupting the Sandinistas' control over the population, while building up support for the insurgency and opposition to the Sandinistas in the democratic world. At some point—and very possibly not until Ronald Reagan has left the Presidency—the Sandinistas will be forced by a combination of military and other pressures to give way to the democratic demands of their people.

These discussions of strategy for the resistance are not futuristic speculations. The long-term course the movement takes will be influenced decisively by the manner in which U.S. support is used during the months immediately ahead. If decisions about how to use the aid are made unthinkingly, and if the United States follows the path of least resistance as it has so often done in the past, there will be no turning back from the consequences of error.

The first and second of the strategic approaches discussed here—insurrection and intervention—both have this powerful attraction: they allow for a solution to the Nicaraguan problem before President Reagan leaves office. Many Nicaraguan democrats (who shudder to recall U.S. policy during the Carter years) and many U.S. supporters of the resistance assume that the insurgency must win a decisive military victory before the end of President Reagan's term, or it is lost.

There can be no doubt that the President has been the major force in securing U.S. aid for the resistance: his support helped generate the morale and private funds that kept the movement going during the two years it had no congressional support. Only his personal commitment overcame

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the skepticism of many within his own administration, the waywardness of many congressional Republicans, and the reluctance of swing-vote Democrats to help him win last June's vote. Only a President with Reagan's personal popularity could plant himself so firmly on a policy that as yet has no stable base in U.S. public opinion, and is opposed so vehemently on the Democratic party's Left. It is therefore not surprising that many Nicaraguan democrats and their U.S. supporters are drawn to strategies that will force an outcome to the Nicaraguan conflict—one way or another—before the President's term ends in 1988. This is the main factor that fuels the hopes of insurrection and of intervention, and it should be no wonder that it does.

But one has to remember that the worst mistakes the U.S. has made in Nicaragua in the years since the Sandinistas took charge all have their basis in a pessimism about America's staying power, a pessimism which in itself defeats all efforts at strategic thinking. It is worth reviewing some of this history for the lessons it provides to the strategic discussion now before us.

No political weakness so haunts the resistance as the question of whether it is an authentically Nicaraguan movement for democracy, or a collection of Somocistas and marauders. Even though today the resistance is an army of thousands of peasant soldiers which has among its leaders men with unambiguous credentials in the democratic cause, its reputation is clouded by its origins in Somoza's National Guard, by memories of the trainers borrowed in the early days from Argentina's "dirty war," and by tales of violence and corruption in the camps and cantinas where the first *contra* leaders gathered after Somoza's fall.

Much of this early history might have been avoided if the United States had entered with a firm hand in the early 1980's. But the shortsightedness of some in the Republican administration conspired with the illusions of the Democratic party's Left to prevent any such thing. In its first year the Reagan administration was gloomy about the prospects for a resistance movement in Nicaragua. Its concern focused on El Salvador, which was reeling from internal discord and the much-touted final offensive of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN). Nicaragua seemed to be lost—a misfortune that could be blamed on the Carter administration. The Nicaraguan rebels and their Argentine advisers were coin of little value, except for what they might bring in bargaining with the Sandinistas over their intervention in El Salvador. (A more respectable group of resistance leaders might paradoxically have been worth even less, being harder to trade.) Assistant Secretary of State Thomas O. Enders traveled to Managua in August 1981 for discussions of just such a deal. But he was dismissed by the Sandinistas, who were confident that El Salvador's imminent collapse would assure victory for their revolution throughout the region.

Having allowed itself and the resistance to be stained with Somocismo and the Argentines, the United States then sought to regain respectability for the project. The people of El Salvador, who in March 1982 braved guerrilla violence to turn out in vast numbers to exercise their newly-acquired democratic rights, taught the administration the power of the democratic idea. It was time to turn away from the old guard in Central America—and to find a more effective way to pressure the Sandinistas. The administration—and specifically the CIA—believed it had been given just the personality to open this new gambit: a charismatic, charming, and immensely popular hero of the Nicaraguan revolution, Commander Edén Pastora, known as "Comandante Zero," who had broken with his former Sandinista comrades.

The mercurial Pastora was not chosen for his ability to sustain a political position or manage an army. Pastora is an indisputably intelligent and brave man. But he represents a mentality that will not survive the forces of modernity which are now dissolving the traditional culture of the region: he is a warrior chieftain, or *caudillo*. During the struggle against the Somoza dictatorship, Pastora directed the Sandinistas' most stunning military and propaganda triumph—the seizure of the National Palace in 1978. He stood as the figurehead of the Sandinistas' southern front during the final months of the insurrection: the front which bore the brunt of the National Guard's resistance. Young Sandinista soldiers and militiamen —officers and troops—idolized him. During the triumphant rallies of 1979, Pastora's name—and often his alone—was shouted by the crowds that massed in the plaza in front of Managua's ruined cathedral. With his leadership, the Reagan administration hoped, whole units of the Sandinista Popular Army could be persuaded to defect. What red-blooded young Nicaraguan would stick with the drab Ortega brothers and the hard-eyed Tomás Borge when Comandante Zero summoned them? The Americans—ever fearful of their own country's capacity to stay the course—grasped at Pastora as at a magical key to success.

But Pastora disappointed them. Rumors abounded that his circle of close advisers was deeply infiltrated by the Sandinistas. And, more important, the organizational grip that the Sandinistas—and the droves of advisers who poured in from the Communist world—exercised over their new army proved more tenacious than expected. This was the first intimation that a struggle against the new system being imported into Nicaragua would be far more difficult than the struggle against Somoza had been.

But the CIA continued to grope desperately for some dramatic way to break the Sandinistas' grip. In the winter of 1983 and spring of 1984 a group

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of commandos under the direction of the CIA planted mines in the harbors of El Bluff on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast and at Corinto, the major Pacific port. The blasts that followed did little actual damage: the mines were percussion mines, intended to frighten ship-owners and insurance underwriters, not to sink ships. But they echoed loudly in Washington and in the capitals of Western Europe. Paramilitary activity organized by the U.S. in Nicaragua had overreached its political support at home. Leaks sprang up all over Washington about CIA misadventures in Nicaragua. Congress, declaring that its oversight prerogatives had been abused, voted a prohibition on the use of U.S. funds for military activities directed against the government of Nicaragua. The mining of Nicaragua's harbors, intended to provoke defections and economic stress in Managua, embarrassed the U.S. and cost the resistance forces their U.S. government financing. Thus had another foreign-policy stratagem designed to circumvent a difficult and unpredictable democratic decision-making process splattered the reputations of those who had contrived it.

So in less than two years the United States had moved from pessimistic realpolitik to insurrectionary romanticism. (There is a tantalizing comparison between the CIA's mining of Nicaragua's harbors and those acts of "propaganda of the deed" carried out by 19th-century Russian anarchists.) What was it that linked the cold-blooded political bargaining of Enders to the romantic gestures of the CIA? One factor was that, in the aftermath of Vietnam, détente, and various Third World misadventures of the late 1970's, our national-security establishment despaired of the possibility that this country could conduct a sustained policy abroad which in some way involved the use of force.

Such despair can breed both resignation and fantasy. As popular discontent with the Sandinistas began to mount in Nicaragua in the early 1980's—the rebellion of Miskito Indians on the Atlantic coast, the strikes in the ports, the surge of opposition to the regime apparent in the enthusiasm shown for the Catholic Church—some Americans and Nicaraguans seized the hope that the Sandinistas would be swept away on a wave of popular rebellion. It was understandable: hostility to the Sandinistas, especially among Nicaraguans who live in the countryside, was growing to proportions that equaled or exceeded the hostility shown a few years before to the Somoza dictatorship. The economy was desperate, especially when foreign aid began to dry up and the economic policies of the revolutionary government began to demonstrate their disastrous effects. Rebel bands along the borders of Honduras, at first a dubious mixture of ex-Guardsmen and cattle rustlers, began to be transformed by infusions of tough, angry peasant recruits.

But insurrection against a Somoza-style dictatorship and insurrection against a government which is developing along Marxist-Leninist lines are two very different matters. Even among militant anti-Communists, this distinction is often missed. Such misunderstanding explains why Edén Pastora failed in his effort to promote mass defections from the Sandinista army, why derring-do assaults by CIA-sponsored forces on Nicaragua's ports and airfields did not destabilize the country, and why the resistance armies—as their critics in the U.S. Congress are wont to put it—"have never seized and held an inch of Nicaraguan territory." It also explains why it is foolish to rest the future of Nicaragua and Central America on the likelihood that a mass popular insurrection will sweep away the Sandinistas before the Reagan term is out.

Whatever else Cuban, Soviet, and East European advisers have brought to Nicaragua, they have also brought an unprecedented capacity for organization. Somoza was cruel, corrupt, and casually incompetent. But the new Nicaragua is *systematically* cruel, corrupt, and incompetent. While Somoza was interested merely in stealing, the new order has been engineered principally to repress the people. Under the new system, even incompetence is built in: i.e., the shortages of food, raw materials, and medicines. Under the Sandinistas, mere money is not enough for a bribe; one has to pay with allegiance to the state.

During the early years of Sandinista rule, efforts were made to prepare the country for the economic dislocations that seemed certain to follow its confrontation with the United States. It was clear by early 1982—before any organized resistance was under way—that agricultural production and real output in the manufacturing sector had drastically declined. The country imagined it was flying, when in truth it was in a free fall. There was no investment: capital had been flowing in through foreign aid, but it all was being used to support consumption. Once the foreign aid ended, a firestorm of inflation would inevitably sweep through the economy.

One of the authors of this article, then an adviser in the Department of International Relations of the Sandinista National Liberation Front, repeatedly presented the alarming economic data to his superiors. They reacted with Bourbon disdain. To every warning of impending economic catastrophe they responded with recitations of their political conquests: the strength of state security and the army; their mastery of the media; the creation of neighborhood-control cells like those that had proved so effective in Cuba.

The Sandinistas realized early on that economic scarcity had its uses in the political micromanagement of the population. The system of rationing that governs daily economic life in Nicaragua could hardly be effective were there not chronic shortages. In turn, this system of rationing, ad-

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ministered by neighborhood police agents in the Sandinista Defense Committees (CDS), is the regime's basic mechanism of political control. As popular support for the revolution has waned, these committees have ceased to be centers of political activity. But because of their critical economic functions, they sustain an atmosphere of fear and caution in the population that is a powerful deterrent to popular insurrection.

With these neighborhood-control committees as the foundation, Cuban and Eastern-bloc advisers are supervising the construction of a pervasive structure of repression in Nicaragua. Nicaraguans are a gregarious, family-centered people, with a notorious inability to keep secrets. This makes them easy marks for spies, wiretappers, and the bullying interrogators of a police system that far exceeds the capabilities of the Somoza dynasty.

Even the remnants of the openly organized political opposition in Managua may often serve the interests of the security police. Not only can the legally tolerated opposition deceive credulous foreign observers—who fail to see that its activities are firmly restricted—it can also unwittingly become a web for ensnaring domestic dissidents. When they join these opposition organizations, brave but naive opponents of the regime may simply be turning in their names to the file clerks at state security.

There is little prospect, then, that the embattled legal opposition in Managua can become an effective internal front for the resistance. Both the United States government and Nicaraguan resistance leaders might be well-advised to forswear any intention of using the political parties, the trade unions, or the religious institutions in such a fashion. (As for the Catholic Church, despite what some may wish, it is not likely to jeopardize its existence in Nicaragua for any political purpose. Nor, for that matter, is it appropriate to ask the Church to do such a thing.) The remnants of Nicaragua's free trade unions, business organizations, and political parties still can fill some symbolic and humanitarian purposes. But no one should imagine that they can serve as important instruments of rebellion against a Communist regime.

THERE are other obstacles to the prospect of insurrection in the new Nicaragua. Among the most formidable is the fact that today Nicaragua is in truth an occupied country. In his last days, Anastasio Somoza had the help of about a dozen U.S. mercenaries, while today there are as many as 8,000 Communist-bloc "internationalists" in the country. The recently adopted U.S. aid package for the resistance prohibits U.S. military personnel from coming within twenty miles of Nicaragua's borders. Meanwhile Cuban pilots fly the Sandinistas' Soviet helicopters, and Cuban officers fight in their counterinsurgency forces. East Germans operate sophisticated telephone-intercept systems, and Bulgarians formulate economic directives at the vastly powerful Ministry of Economic Cooperation. Even West European volunteers who come to do construction work or pick coffee have been issued automatic weapons, and can double as militiamen.

In his final days Anastasio Somoza was cut off from virtually all outside sources of military assistance. But today the Communist world provides the Sandinistas with a vast arsenal of military supplies. In the years since 1979, according to U.S. intelligence estimates, Soviet-bloc military assistance to Managua has risen to well over a billion dollars—about half of it in hardware and half in military construction. During 1986 alone it is estimated that over $200 million in Soviet-bloc military equipment was delivered to the Sandinistas. Five airfields with runways long enough for high-performance jet aircraft are being built with Soviet aid; just one of them, at Punta Huete, will cost $100 million, the entire amount appropriated for all forms of U.S. aid to the resistance this year. The ports of Corinto and El Bluff will both, as a result of Soviet improvements, soon be capable of handling large-scale cargo shipments.

The Sandinistas now possess at least a dozen armored MI-24 and MI-25 attack helicopters, 35 troop-carrying helicopters, 350 T-55 tanks, 700 SAM-7 anti-aircraft missiles, 100 rocket launchers and heavy artillery pieces, and steady supplies of ammunition and fuel. At least one AN-30 reconnaissance aircraft is already helping the Sandinistas to remap the countryside for pinpoint artillery fire. This arsenal supplies a Sandinista army of about 70,000 active-duty military personnel, and a militia of another 65,000 or so local and part-time troops. The Somoza government, it may be recalled, was able to field a National Guard of no more than 12,000 men in 1979, and almost half of these were recruited during the panic that followed the outbreak of serious fighting at the end of 1977.

The Sandinistas not only benefit from direct military aid from the Communist world, along with the millions of dollars they still receive in economic and technical assistance from Western governments, churches, and private organizations. They can also exploit the humanitarian sentiments of the democratic world, not least of all those of the U.S. This places the struggle against Somoza and the struggle of the resistance against the Sandinistas in two very different moral and political contexts.

The Somoza dynasty was capable of great viciousness, but its ties to the West nevertheless caused it to observe some constraints. In December of 1978, well after Edén Pastora's epic capture of the National Palace, Somoza himself declared an amnesty that freed many Sandinista prisoners—including some captured urban commandos. It is hard to believe that the Sandinista Directorate would permit such a thing in the Nicaragua that it now rules.

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Where the Somoza regime depended on the presence and effectiveness of one man, the Sandinistas have created a bureaucratic apparatus. One of the worst shocks to the old regime—more destabilizing than the early guerrilla forays of the Sandinistas—was Anastasio Somoza's heart attack in 1977. All Nicaragua sensed that without "Tacho" Somoza the very structure of the country would unravel. But no one today imagines that the death of a single person—Daniel Ortega or Tomás Borge—would bring a similar crisis upon the Marxist-Leninist machinery that now rules Nicaragua.

Finally, those who imagine that a blaze of insurrection will engulf the Sandinistas overlook one other much neglected reality about the Nicaraguan revolution: it was largely a revolution from above. Only in the final phase, when momentum had shifted decisively to the anti-Somoza forces, did Nicaraguans, principally urban youth, participate in any numbers. The most effective cadres of the revolution were the children of privilege: the sons and daughters of the wealthy Nicaraguan family dynasties that nursed resentments toward one of their number—Somoza—who had become overbearingly greedy. During the wave of revolutionary enthusiasm that swept the generation of the 60's—especially the elite youth of the Third World—many children of prominent Nicaraguan families discarded the quaint politics of their parents and became admirers of Fidel Castro, Che Guevara, and Ho Chi Minh. These young people became the essential element in the Sandinistas' internal front. Who would suspect that a Mercedes driving through the well-to-do Managua neighborhoods of Las Colinas or Los Robles might have a sack of weapons in its trunk? How many soldiers of the National Guard, sons of poor rural families, would force the poised young driver of that car off the road for a search?

So in many respects the Nicaraguan revolution was not a "circulation of elites." Instead, many young people accustomed to privilege simply adopted a new ideological perspective. This is not just a nice irony: the point is that in Nicaragua today there is no possibility of finding shelter for democratic revolutionaries in the safe houses of a decadent ruling class. Those who imagine a revolution against the Sandinista *comandantes* that is patterned after the revolution against Somoza overlook this difference.

But if there is little likelihood of a quick and massive insurrection against the Sandinistas, what hope is there for unseating them?

The possibility of direct military intervention by the United States is a virtually taboo subject in most discussion here in the U.S. Those who treat it so would probably be astonished to learn that many Nicaraguans not only wish for an invasion, but cling to the expectation that eventually the U.S. will recognize the necessity for such action. They cannot believe that the superpower which for so long held sway over their region of the world will let their country fall to the Communists—once it becomes apparent that this is actually what is taking place. This expectation, which sometimes verges on the messianic, is yet another impediment to the possibility of insurrection.

It should be remembered that Nicaragua is not, despite the incessant claims of the American Left, an anti-American country. The United States never seized Nicaraguan land or plundered its raw materials. The bitterness that such a history left in Mexico or the plantation districts of Central America was never present in Nicaragua. While there are some ugly memories—especially the support the U.S. gave to Somoza during his final orgy of corruption—there are also memories that are warm. The United States contributed a great deal to Nicaragua's prosperity, and also to what peace it has enjoyed. The occasional intervention of the U.S. Marines—something House Speaker Tip O'Neill argues has forever poisoned Nicaragua against the U.S.—was always viewed with mixed feelings in the country. Shirley Christian of the New York *Times* actually puts it tactfully in her book, *Nicaragua: Revolution in the Family*:

> Nicaraguan politicians and warlords regularly sought outside help from the United States or European countries to support their own cause. Those who complained about such interventions usually did so because the intervention of the moment happened to be working against them.

Even the legendary Augusto Caesar Sandino himself, Miss Christian reminds us, promised on at least two occasions to lay down his arms if only the U.S. military would take over Nicaragua's government and conduct elections.

Both this history and their present misery make it unlikely that the Nicaraguan population in general would support the Sandinistas if the U.S. were to intervene. Least of all would the Sandinistas be able to retreat to the mountains to resist, as Daniel Ortega so often boasts. The peasants of Nicaragua's mountain regions have been the bitterest opponents of Sandinista rule, and have provided the insurgency with most of its recruits. If the FSLN retreated to the mountains, an invading force from the U.S. could just sit and watch the fight. The same is true of Nicaragua's long and swampy Atlantic coast, whose native Miskito Indians and black Creoles are strongly anti-Sandinista, and have many ties to the United States.

But the Sandinistas do retain some significant support among urban youth. While they may talk romantically about fighting from the mountains, they have actually begun to organize for a defense based in Nicaragua's most populated urban centers. Such a strategy, assuring large numbers of

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civilian casualties, can be politically effective against civilized opponents, as the Israelis learned to their cost in Lebanon. Even if Nicaragua's cities could be taken, the Sandinistas would have the capacity for urban-guerrilla and terrorist attacks against an occupation force. It is also uncertain just what military capability the large numbers of internationalist military personnel in the country have. If the U.S. were to invade, their backs would be against the wall.

So a U.S. invasion of Nicaragua could be a gruesome business. But if young Nicaraguans' lives are given equal weight with those of young Americans, it could be less bloody, especially for civilians, than a prolonged civil war. The Sandinista army could not hold out for long against U.S. air, sea, and armored forces in a conventional conflict, even if its foreign bosses did manage to hold it together. Once the back of the Sandinista military were broken, the forces of the resistance could take over the grim and gritty work of securing the country. In fact, as they are presently trained and organized, that may be what they are best suited for.

But the military difficulties of a U.S. invasion are not really the principal obstacle to this possibility. The strongest arguments against U.S. intervention are political, and involve considerations that lie outside Nicaragua. Yet even here, the most common argument is also a questionable one: that military intervention would unite Latin America against the United States. A similar point was made about U.S. support for Britain during its war with Argentina, yet the threatened reaction never came. It was also said that the U.S. bombing raid against Qaddafi would provoke fury throughout the Arab world, yet that, too, did not materialize. It is likely that many Latin American political leaders would make *pro-forma* declarations of opposition to any such U.S. action. But certainly much of the Central American public would accept or applaud it, while leftist and anti-Yankee clamor elsewhere, if noisy, would be superficial.

NEVERTHELESS, there are serious political arguments against sending U.S. military forces into Nicaragua. It will be far better if Nicaraguans themselves free Nicaragua. Nicaragua needs to rebuild confidence in itself after the successive embarrassments of Somoza and the Sandinistas. It needs to develop the body of democratic political leaders and organizers that will be essential to make the country work after the Cubans and their cohorts are sent home. Moreover, if the Nicaraguan population can be mobilized for the central role in ridding the country of totalitarianism, there will be much less likelihood that Communist terrorism and guerrilla activity will persist to bleed a new democratic government after it has been established.

In addition, if the people of Nicaragua themselves took the lead in breaking the grip of totalitarianism on their country, they would deal a powerful blow to the political ambitions and ideological pretensions of the Soviet empire. Their achievement would defy the spirit of the Brezhnev Doctrine—the Soviet Union's commitment to protect every "socialist" advance. A rebellion against Communism from below would also rebuke what remains of the more fundamental Marxist-Leninist claim to represent an expression of popular will.

But the most convincing basis for opposing a U.S. invasion of Nicaragua is that as a practical matter it simply will not happen. The debate over a mere $100 million in U.S. military aid was so bitter, and the twelve-vote margin of victory so close, that it is foolish to treat U.S. military intervention as an imminent possibility. There are those (among them many Nicaraguans) who hold a fervent hope that President Reagan, personally so committed to ousting the Sandinistas, will overrule other political considerations and sweep them away during his final days in office. That faith is difficult to sustain.

Over and over the President and his chief aides have promised not to send U.S. troops to fight in Central America. The military situation in Nicaragua is such that if the President changed his mind he might indeed be able to get U.S. troops in and out of Nicaragua within the ninety days permitted before congressional disapproval under the War Powers Act. But the suspicion, ill-will, and backlash that this change of course would create would inflame U.S. domestic politics and provoke clamor abroad. It is hard to imagine such an undertaking now, when the administration is adopting a more accommodating stance toward the Soviet Union, and the Republican party is struggling with its own succession crisis. Those who recall how strongly the White House political staff resisted even a nationally televised presidential speech on the eve of the June vote on Nicaraguan aid will appreciate this point.

There are some provocations that could change the calculations about U.S. intervention: a Sandinista attack on a neighboring country, the deployment of offensive aircraft, or an increase in Soviet-bloc combat forces. But barring such developments, friends of Nicaragua's democrats should warn them not to expect the Marines. If the Nicaraguan resistance believes that the United States may intervene, some will surely try to maneuver the U.S. into doing just that. Others will stand aside waiting for their liberators to arrive. In either case, the future of Nicaragua's people will rest entirely in the hands of the United States. As the past has shown, that is not an entirely safe place to be.

IF NEITHER U.S. military intervention nor a quick and overwhelming popular insurrection against the Sandinistas is likely,

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what hope is there for Nicaragua? The Sandinistas are consolidating their political machinery and increasing their military capability. To many, it seems that time is on their side. How can the U.S. and the resistance use the limited resources now available to good effect?

It may be helpful here to recall a maxim of the Left that is somehow passed over when it comes to Nicaragua: the Communists are really not ten feet tall. The Nicaraguan resistance does have strengths, and the Sandinistas also have their weaknesses. In some respects, both of these are really quite considerable.

Most important are the size and proven battlefield capability of the insurgent forces. Critics may sneer at this guerrilla force as a "rag-tag army" which is reluctant to fight. But the Sandinistas have no such illusions, and are arming themselves for a serious campaign.

The guerrilla forces of the resistance now total about 18,000 full-time combatants—the largest peasant army in Latin America since that of the Mexican revolution. These can be broken down roughly into three groups. There are some 16,000 under the main guerrilla command, UNO-FDN, whose headquarters is located in the rugged mountains along Nicaragua's northern border. Another 1,500 or so operate in the humid lowlands to the south. This loose-knit collection of guerrilla bands, once allied to Edén Pastora, now is coordinating more closely with the UNO forces. There are also some 500 Indian and Creole guerrillas along Nicaragua's strategic Atlantic coast. Many of these peoples are English-speaking and Protestant, and historically have resisted domination by the Latino culture of Nicaragua's Pacific coast. The Miskitos were the first group in Nicaragua to take up arms against the Sandinistas, and remain hostile to them—although they are divided in their own attitudes toward the main resistance leadership. Nevertheless, they have a strategic potential that far exceeds what they are today.

The resistance movement, it should also be remembered, is all of four years old. The Sandinistas, by comparison, grew out of the wave of revolutionary movements that washed up on Central American shores after Fidel Castro seized power in Cuba. Their first military effort (an attack on a settlement along the Coco River) was not mounted until 1962, and ended in a defeat so devastating that it was five full years before they attempted another. It took them seventeen years in all to piece together the band of some 3,000 guerrillas that launched the final offensive against Somoza in 1979.

Such a long-drawn-out history is hardly unique among guerrilla movements. The Salvadoran rebels, now the FMLN, have never in their history mustered much more than 10,000 combatants —and that peak came when many imagined them to be on the verge of power. Their roots go back some fourteen years. The Chinese revolution was made by a movement that had been in being for some twenty years, a movement which suffered the now legendary rout to the caves of Yenan. The Nicaraguan resistance also compares respectably with the other anti-Communist guerrilla force against which it is often glibly and unfavorably measured: the UNITA movement in Angola. Jonas Savimbi began to organize the UNITA movement in Angola in 1966, against Portuguese colonial rule. He and his followers have been in the bush on and off for some twenty years, and recently have once again demonstrated by their military strength that they are an indisputable factor in the political future of their country.

The Nicaraguan insurgents also now have considerable battlefield experience. The troops and their commanders know and are loyal to one another. They are familiar with the terrain and the people in the regions where they operate. Unlike the bulk of the Sandinista forces, they are volunteers. One U.S. military expert who has worked with the armed forces of a number of Central American countries says that veterans of the Nicaraguan insurgency are man-for-man as good as any fighting forces in the region.

LARGE numbers of Nicaraguan insurgents have been fighting deep inside the country for three or four years. Guerrilla units regularly make twenty- to thirty-day marches through Nicaragua, and many remain there today, despite shortages of medical supplies and the communications equipment and munitions they need to stand off the Sandinistas' heavy weapons and helicopter gunships. Today, for example, 1,500 men of the Jorge Salazar Regional Command are operating in the Department of Chontales, some 60 miles southeast of Managua, and over 150 miles south of the Honduran border.

Nicaragua is a spacious and agriculturally well-endowed country, and there are few highways. It has long coastlines; the Atlantic coast has many rivers, islands, and lagoons. Mountain ranges cross it from east to west in the north, and one spur also cuts down through the center of the country. This provides a variety of good terrain for guerrilla operations. The most important geographical fact of all is that Nicaragua is so close to the United States: a fact that makes it so attractive to the Soviets and, because of our ability to provide supplies and to obtain intelligence, at the same time so vulnerable.

In sum: the size, the record, and the strategic circumstances of the Nicaraguan resistance make it a force that the Soviet Union would undoubtedly be glad to accept in trade for any pro-Soviet guerrilla movement in the world today.

These assets could, of course, be squandered in mindless demonstrations of the movement's military capabilities. The aid legislation adopted by Congress requires periodic reports from the Pres-

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ident on the "military progress" of the insurgency —presumably with the intention of cutting off the aid if little is accomplished. Senator Richard Lugar has said that the resistance needs to "demonstrate control of territory" if it hopes to sustain congressional support. Such remarks are heard widely.

Obviously it is fair to ask the resistance for evidence of progress, but should such progress be measured by the standards of conventional warfare? The Sandinistas, after all, engaged in guerrilla operations of one kind or another for more than seventeen years before they ever "held an inch of territory." There are some parts of Nicaraguan territory that would not be difficult for the resistance to capture today—but would be worthless to hold. There are some targets that could be quickly and dramatically attacked—but to no strategic purpose, and with a meaningless loss of life. (One recalls that Edén Pastora did in fact hold a large region of swampland in southeastern Nicaragua for several years. Far from winning him admiration, it became an international joke.)

There are more appropriate standards by which Congress can evaluate the progress of the resistance. Has it established an effective military presence inside Nicaragua? Have its military actions contributed to weakening the totalitarian controls of the Sandinista government, to building support among the Nicaraguan people, and to proving to the wider world that this movement deserves support? Specific measures of success will not be body counts or reports of vehicles destroyed—measures stressed by some critics who in other ways are attentive students of the errors of Vietnam. Better measures are whether the resistance can challenge the internal-security network, can destroy communications facilities and significant military installations, can coordinate a variety of military operations at once, and can rally defectors from the Sandinista army.

YET even if the resistance undertakes appropriate and effective military action, it must convey accurate information to the outside world about what really is happening on the battlefield. It must also coordinate its military action with political and diplomatic developments in Nicaragua and in the world beyond. This is, in essence, a problem of politics. And the paradox of the Nicaraguan resistance is that political leadership is at once one of its greatest weaknesses and one of the areas which offer hope of the greatest gain in the months ahead.

Outside sympathizers who are unfamiliar with Nicaraguan history are often dismayed by evidence of political weakness and division in the resistance. But this should come as no surprise. The Somoza dynasty ruled Nicaragua for almost forty-five years, and drove away, repressed, or corrupted almost two generations of political leadership. Most of those who maintained their independence of Somoza were drawn into the revolution against him. Today they in turn are fragmented among the Sandinista government, the resistance, and the vestiges of political parties, trade unions, and business organizations that linger inside the country. Very few Nicaraguans, needless to say, have yet acquired the skills and conceptual understanding needed to build a broad-based and effective political organization—let alone one that can hold its own against the international network of the pro-Sandinista Left. Many have been crippled by the cycles of failure and betrayal that make up Nicaragua's political history.

But alongside this liability one must enter an impressive asset: the instinctive uprising of tens of thousands of freedom-hungry Nicaraguans against those who have again betrayed them.

It could be expected that those who are gathered in the mountains are often steeped in a contempt for politics and politicians—an anti-political politics that is not wholly unfamiliar in the United States. Nor is it a coincidence that a number of them were young, low-ranking officers of Somoza's National Guard: the Guard, like the Church, was one of the few institutions of Nicaraguan life where loyalty and organizational skills were cultivated and respected. The imposition of a Communist regime in Managua brought chaos and despair to the politics of Nicaragua and the region. These people stepped into the political vacuum, took up arms, and began to resist. Nothing in Nicaraguan history could have prepared them for the complexities of regional and superpower conflict into which they were thrust by those simple acts of bravery.

But now the movement they created must develop the capacity to meet such political challenges. Most of the guerrilla uprisings with which we are familiar actually began in political circles: with leftist intellectuals or party organizers who reached out to the masses for soldiers who could do the dying. The heroism and pathos of the Nicaraguan resistance lie in its attempt to turn this experience around. *First* came the fighters. Only now is this movement contending with the need for spokesmen and organizers who can help broaden it, interpret it, and represent it in the tricky political arena into which its numbers and its endurance have raised it.

The difficulty of this work is compounded by the need to do it all in public, where much of the audience is hostile and even supporters are often less helpful than complaining. Yet in the past year, amid great airing of their conflicts and shortcomings, Nicaraguan democrats have begun creating structures that can conduct political work in behalf of the forces in the field and their hostage countrymen. The hard task that remains is to work out relations between this newly formed diplomatic and political leadership and the rebel army.

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Congress has stipulated that the military forces must be "subordinate to civilian leadership" if the resistance is to continue receiving U.S. aid. The impulse of Congress is a constructive one, but the politics of an insurrection are not the same as the politics of a constitutional democracy. As a practical matter, the relationships between the political elements and the military elements of a movement of this kind must be an organic one: neither can be the tail that wags the dog. "*Contra* reform," as it has come to be called, seems unlikely to succeed if a diplomatic and political leadership is simply imposed on the guerrilla army from without. Diplomatic, political, and military strategy must be shaped, understood, and accepted by all if it is actually to guide the forces in the field. Working these things out will generate endless controversy. But not all controversies are wasteful or destructive. Nicaragua's new democratic leadership will not be produced by immaculate conception and painless birth.

In this conflict, as often seems to be the case in war, the clock is the most deadly weapon in the field. The capacity the resistance has shown for sheer endurance—the capacity to withstand the siege of the clock—is now its most potent asset. It may be unlikely that the resistance will win conventional military victories in the months ahead. But if it can sustain itself as an effective military presence inside the country, it can buy the time it needs to strengthen its political base in Nicaragua and beyond. Perhaps the most intimidating claim the Marxist-Leninists make is that they control the clock: their assertion that history is always on their side. Those who can defy that claim should not underestimate the potential they thereby create to rally people to their side, or to demoralize their enemies.*

DESPITE their ideological claims, the clock is also ticking for the Sandinistas. The Sandinistas accepted economic scarcity as a means of manipulating the population for political ends, but what was scarcity has now become desperate poverty. When there is a shortage of plantains, a government can achieve control by rationing plantains. But when there are no plantains, it is difficult to sustain that control. In Nicaragua today shortages of food and other necessities have created a political tinderbox. The government that seized control of daily economic life also, perhaps unwittingly, grasped the responsibility for providing rice, meat, and medicines. This is now generating a political backlash with explosive potential, as the Sandinistas acknowledge in their frenzied campaign to blame all economic troubles on the resistance.

Popular discontent over the economy will present an early test of the ability of the resistance to coordinate its political and military strategies. The military forces of the resistance could attack economic targets in ways which would allow the Sandinistas to turn popular resentment against them. But if the resistance can direct its attacks on the economic and political pillars of Sandinista rule, while also pressing the case in the political arena that Nicaragua's new poverty must be seen as a byproduct of Marxist-Leninist repression, it can gain in strength.

This kind of focus and coordination will be difficult. The Sandinistas will use a variety of means to make everything the resistance does seem inhumanly destructive. Civilians and foreign volunteers will be located around likely military targets. Agricultural cooperatives will double as garrisons for counterinsurgency troops. The international media and human-rights groups will be fed a steady diet of atrocity tales. Great effort will be required of the resistance to see to it that as few of these charges as possible are genuine. But if concern for human rights and democratic values can be understood throughout the movement as a necessity for building the political strength of the resistance—not simply as a restriction imposed by the U.S. Congress—it is possible that this challenge can be met.

Although the Sandinistas may have made gains in strengthening their political and police cadres inside Nicaragua, they have unquestionably lost ground in terms of the breadth of their popular support. Sandinista youth who are fresh from indoctrination in Cuba and some of the veterans of the current fighting who have been demobilized may provide a measure of intensity to Sandinista political operations on the domestic front. But the Sandinistas have lost much of the support they once enjoyed among the Roman Catholic clergy and the large body of religious workers who manage many of the country's schools, hospitals, and social services. Pro-Sandinista labor unions, which once enjoyed a measure of grassroots support, have become the classical Communist labor fronts—mere government agencies that strive to improve discipline and meet production norms.

The bombastic campaign the Sandinistas launched to promote a new constitution has collapsed—a propaganda defeat that reflects the collapse of any pretense that political democracy survives within the country. The Sandinistas have worked hard to keep some independent political representation alive in the National Assembly,

* The fact that the resistance survived for two years without the direct support of the United States government is especially galling to its opponents, and a source of enormous political strength. It is this transgression against the laws of history—rather than any violation of the laws of the United States—that accounts for the frenzied campaign to prove that such a thing in fact could not have happened. To resist on the basis of one's beliefs—to be, according to the name the Sandinistas have given them, a *contra*—is to commit what for some on the Left is an unnatural act. Those who engage in such deviant practices are reviled with an intensity that must stir the envy of any Bible Belt preacher.

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and permitted the Managua leadership of a number of the old political parties to conduct the minimal functions necessary for survival. But these groups have grown increasingly unwilling to play the parts assigned them in the Sandinistas' Potemkin Village democracy. Harassment against them has increased, and many of their leaders have gone or seem likely to go into exile. Even if the Social Christian party decides to field candidates in municipal elections—as is rumored—this can only demonstrate again the fraudulence of Sandinista claims to honor political pluralism. As they proved in the abortive elections of 1984, the Sandinistas comprehend so little of the spirit of democracy that they cannot even organize a sham election.

The closing of the newspaper *La Prensa* and the expulsion of leading Nicaraguan churchmen can only be explained as attempts to scare the Nicaraguan population out of any anti-government actions that might have been inspired by last June's U.S. congressional vote. Future gains by the resistance and difficulties for the Sandinistas are likely to provoke similar reactions: it is hard to see what options this government has left but to tighten its hold with the only resource it possesses—military and police power. Foreign economic aid from non-Communist countries has been drying up fast and will surely continue to decline as the Sandinistas tighten their repression. Western European governments have begun to discourage private citizens (the "Sandalistas") from doing volunteer work in Nicaragua.

As the costs increase and as international and their own domestic pressures mount, Havana and Moscow will have to ask how great a commitment they are willing to make to sustain this highly vulnerable outpost in Central America. Colonel Harry G. Summers, the U.S. military historian and one of the most insightful strategic analysts of the Vietnam conflict, argues that the Nicaraguan conflict is not at all a replay of the Vietnam war. It is, in many respects, actually Vietnam in reverse. The Communists are supporting a new and unpopular regime. The neighboring countries are all hostile to the Communists. The Communists must rely on conscription for their military manpower (and the draft has proved more troublesome for the Sandinistas than it was for the U.S. in the late 1960's). The Communists have the strain of overextended supply lines. Finally, the Sandinistas are fighting the rich man's war: all those helicopters, trucks, weapons, troops, and advisers exact an enormous cost from Managua and its patrons.

All this must make the Sandinistas painfully aware that the Soviet Union has never accorded them formal standing as a fraternal socialist state: the degree of comradeship that supposedly entitles a government to the full protection of Soviet military power. Joseph Stalin abandoned the Spanish Republicans; strategic differences broke up the Marxist government of Grenada; dissension has at one time or another unraveled the Communist parties of Poland and Czechoslovakia. Who knows what can happen in Nicaragua? Big Brother is half-a-world away.

THE best hope the Sandinistas now have is that weakness and division in the United States will lead to another cut-off in U.S. aid to the resistance, either because Congress shifts to the Left or because Ronald Reagan will soon depart the Presidency. If the Sandinistas and their sponsors see that the resistance is committing itself to a do-or-die effort before President Reagan leaves office, they will be encouraged to dig in for short-term survival. Both the Nicaraguan people and other Central Americans will hesitate to commit themselves, knowing that if a one-shot effort fails, they will be left behind to face the consequences. Paradoxically, if its adversaries know that the resistance is planning for the long march, the chances are much better that some success can be won in the short term.

There are those—including some now in the national-security establishment of the U.S.—who are persuaded that this country is incapable of sustaining a long-term foreign commitment in a conflict such as the one in Nicaragua. Tocqueville's maxim is cited with a ritual pessimism: "Foreign politics demand scarcely any of those qualities which are peculiar to a democracy." But there have been times and situations where the U.S. has stood its ground abroad. This country has sustained the defenses of Europe and East Asia since the beginnings of the cold war, even in times when those it is protecting seem ungrateful, and unwilling to bear their fair share of the burdens. The armed forces of the United States have suffered over 400,000 casualties in the "long twilight struggle" since 1948, well over ten times those of the Soviet Union. The United States has also stood by Israel, even when that has entailed great costs and risks.

But there are several aspects of the Nicaraguan issue which at this moment make it uncertain that the American public will understand and accept the need to see it through. One is the official fiction that the Sandinistas can somehow be persuaded to set aside Marxism-Leninism and embrace some kind of pluralism or democracy. Given their government's continued public adherence to this fiction, it is no wonder that many Americans continue to imagine that diplomacy alone may still offer a real alternative to the war.

Another problem is the reluctance of political leaders to confront the public with the likelihood that this will be a long, harsh, and possibly dangerous conflict. There is, of course, the risk that such candor may prove frightening. But unless these things are said, many in the U.S. and in Central America are bound to remain ambivalent. The future of Nicaragua is going to be one of

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"blood, toil, sweat, and tears." Leaders who explain this frankly, and who candidly describe what part in it the United States and others have to take, may find, as Churchill did, that their people will respond honorably and even gratefully.

The U.S. presidential campaign of 1988 is the greatest vulnerability in the timetable of the resistance. Those who oppose U.S. aid have worked hard to portray this policy as Ronald Reagan's obsession, and some supporters of the effort have embraced that characterization for the short-term advantages the President's popularity provides. But if the U.S. commitment is to survive the 1988 campaign, Nicaraguan aid must be seen as more than the enthusiasm of a narrow circle of Reaganites, and more even than a Republican-party cause. It must be put before the country as an issue of the most basic national interest. Memories of last June's grating partisan struggle in the House of Representatives will make this a difficult thing to accomplish.

The intense partisanship that has colored this debate may in fact be one of the main reasons it has failed to stir broader popular support. In the eyes of the general public it may seem more a quarrel within the U.S. political system than a conflict which pits U.S. interests against those of serious foreign adversaries. Some Democrats in the House of Representatives saw the Nicaraguan-aid vote as their opportunity to vent long-building frustrations against a conservative administration. Some Republican political strategists saw the vote more as an opportunity to embarrass Democrats than as a serious matter of national security. (One Democratic supporter of the aid bill commented that the Carter White House did more to generate public and bipartisan support to give away the Panama Canal than Republicans did to rescue Nicaragua.) If the prospect of success in Nicaragua does require the resistance to undertake a campaign that can outlast the Reagan administration, supporters of Nicaragua's democrats in this country face a prodigious political challenge of their own.

BUT the clock is also ticking for the Sandinistas. Here is just one vignette, barely reported in the world press. September 15 is Independence Day throughout Central America. To mark this anniversary in 1984, Sandinista leaders came to the border to watch as a team selected from among the cream of their political youth, the finest products of the new revolutionary education, ran up to pass the traditional torch of independence to a team representing "bourgeois, decadent" Costa Rica. The Sandinista youths jogged down the Pan American highway toward the border, where a Costa Rican team stood gingerly waiting to receive the torch. Television cameras on both sides of the border followed them intently, while dignitaries and onlookers watched in a holiday mood. The Sandinista youths reached the border. Then they just kept on going. Past the cameras, past the border guards, past their revolutionary mentors, and on down the highway into Costa Rica.

This was an event that many in the resistance remind you of when they are told of the awesome size and the ideological indoctrination of the forces they face.

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Palestine for the Syrians?

Daniel Pipes

DURING a meeting with leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) in 1976, Syrian President Hafez al-Assad referred to Palestine as a region of Syria, as Southern Syria. He then told the Palestinians: "You do not represent Palestine as much as we do. Do not forget one thing: there is no Palestinian people, no Palestinian entity, there is only Syria! You are an integral part of the Syrian people and Palestine is an integral part of Syria. Therefore it is we, the Syrian authorities, who are the real representatives of the Palestinian people."

Although unusual in its candor, this outburst exemplifies a long tradition in Syrian politics, and one that has gained rather than lost importance in recent years. The Assad government presents itself not just as an Arab state with an interest in protecting the rights of Palestinians, but as the rightful ruler of the land that Israel controls. Since, according to this view, the existing republic of Syria is but a truncated part of the Syrian lands, the government in Damascus has a duty to recover and unite all other Syrian regions, including Palestine, under its control.

The growth in Syrian military capabilities in recent years makes these ambitions a major source of instability throughout the Middle East. Indeed, the Syrian claim to "Southern Syria" has become central to the Arab-Israel conflict; on account of it, Syria has become the principal opponent not only of Israel but also, paradoxically, of the PLO. Damascus is likely to retain this role for many years, certainly as long as Hafez al-Assad lives and probably longer.

When Assad uses the term Southern Syria, he implicitly harks back to the old meaning of the name "Syria." Historically, "Syria" (*Suriya* or *Sham* in Arabic) refers to a region far larger than the Syrian Arab Republic of today. At a minimum, the territory known as Syria up until World War I stretched from Anatolia to Egypt, and from Iraq to the Mediterranean Sea. In terms of today's political geography, it comprised the whole of four states—Syria, Jordan, Israel, and Lebanon—as well as the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, and substantial portions of southeastern Turkey. This territory, to distinguish it from the present Syrian state, is now generally known as Greater Syria. Pan-Syrianism is the ideology that justifies Greater Syria.

The term Greater Syria conjures up a cultural and geographical unit, not a political entity. Like Scandinavia or New England, Greater Syria is an abstraction. It has never assumed political form; indeed, no one has even tried to establish a Greater Syrian state as such. The last time the whole area was ruled from Damascus was during the Umayyad dynasty, which fell in the year 750 C.E. But when the British, aided by the Arab forces of the Hashemite Prince Faysal, conquered the area of Greater Syria during World War I, the possibility of achieving Syrian unity came to the fore.

Palestine, or "Southern Syria," was a primary focus of the drive for unity.* Indeed, from the moment Prince Faysal set up a government in Damascus in October 1918, he stressed that Palestine was a part of Syria. At the Paris Peace Conference, where after the war the British, French, and Americans sorted out their interests, Faysal called Palestine his "right hand" and promised to work for it as he would for Syria and Iraq. "I assure you, according to the wishes of its people, Palestine will be a part of Syria." Three months later, Faysal wrote General Edmund Allenby that Palestine "is an inseperable [*sic*] part of Syria."

Faysal was hardly alone in this view. His rival, Shukri Ghanim, an advocate of French rule in Syria, declared Palestine "incontestably the southern portion of our country." Two General Syrian Congresses identified Palestine by name as an integral part of Syria. The first called for "no separation of the southern part of Syria, known as Palestine"; the second unanimously proclaimed "the complete and unconditional independence of

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* Palestine had been called Southern Syria first in French, then in other languages, including Arabic. The 1840 Convention of London termed the area around Akko "the southern part of Syria," and the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (published in 1911) explains that Palestine "may be said generally to denote the southern third of the province of Syria." These examples could be multiplied a thousandfold.

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our country Syria, including Palestine, within its natural boundaries." Faysal sent agents to Palestine to boost his standing there, and Damascus became a major center of anti-Zionist rhetoric and activity.

SIGNIFICANTLY, the view of Palestine as Southern Syria was not limited to Syrians; from the end of 1918, almost all the Arabs of Palestine agreed on this point. Their enthusiasm for union with Syria greatly enhanced the legitimacy of the concept and did much to make it endure.

The three main political organizations in Palestine—the Arab Club, the Literary Club, and the Muslim-Christian Association (revealingly, none mentioned Palestine in its name)—all worked for union with Syria. The first two went the farthest, calling outright for rule by Prince Faysal. Amin al-Husayni was president of the Arab Club; the extremism which later made him notorious as the Mufti of Jerusalem (and an ally of Hitler) already showed itself in 1920, when he instigated riots on behalf of union with Syria. A member of the Arab Club, Kamil al-Budayri, co-edited from September 1919 the newspaper *Suriya al-Janubiya* ("Southern Syria") which advocated Palestine's incorporation into Greater Syria.

Even the Muslim-Christian Association, an organization of traditional leaders, men who could expect to rule if Palestine became independent, demanded incorporation within Greater Syria. Its president insisted that "Palestine or Southern Syria—an integral part of the one and indivisible Syria—must not in any case or for any pretext be detached." In early 1919, drawing up demands for the Paris Peace Conference, the Muslim-Christian Association declared that Palestine, a "part of Arab Syria," was permanently connected to Syria through "national, religious, linguistic, natural, economic, and geographical bonds," and resolved that "Southern Syria or Palestine should not be separated from the independent Arab Syrian government." Musa Kazim al-Husayni, head of the Jerusalem Town Council (in effect, mayor), told a Zionist interlocutor in October 1919: "We demand no separation from Syria." The slogan heard everywhere in 1918-19 was: "Unity, Unity, From the Taurus [mountains in Turkey] to Rafah [in Gaza], Unity, Unity."

Palestinian interest in Pan-Syrian unity peaked during the early months of 1920. One speaker at the General Palestinian Congress suggested that Palestine stood in relation to Syria as Alsace-Lorraine to France. The Congress passed four resolutions. The first of them noted that "it never occurred to the peoples of Northern and Coastal Syria that Southern Syria (or Palestine) is anything but a part of Syria." The second called for an economic boycott of the Zionists in "all three parts of Syria" (meaning French Syria, Mt. Lebanon, and the Palestine Mandate). The third and fourth resolutions called for Palestine "not to be divided from Syria" and for "the independence of Syria within its natural borders."

The crowning of Faysal as King of Syria in March 1920 elicited great enthusiasm among the Arabs of Palestine. Participants in a mass demonstration in Jerusalem carried pictures of Faysal and called for unity with Syria. Amin al-Husayni, just back from Damascus, incited the crowds with (false) news that the British government had recognized Faysal as ruler of Palestine as well as Syria.

Why did Palestinians accept submission to Damascus? In large part because this was an aspect of their traditional identity; also, because they thought they would gain from the connection. The Palestinians regarded Faysal as the only Arab leader capable of resisting the Jewish influx into Palestine; as a group of Palestinian expatriates observed, "If Syria and Palestine remain united, we will never be enslaved by the Jewish yoke."

But in April 1920 Britain and France disregarded these sentiments and divided Greater Syria between them. Then they subdivided their territories: the British part became Palestine and Transjordan; the French part became Lebanon, Syria, and several smaller units.

Although the advocates of Greater Syria had lost, they did not give up. For years to come, interest in union between Syria and Palestine remained strong on both sides. But Syrian nationalists had to contend with their new French masters and could do little about their southern ambitions. Activity on this front therefore abated for some time, to emerge again only in 1936-39, with the Arab revolt in Palestine.

The revolt captured the imagination of Syrians. Damascus sponsored a 300-man unit, "The General Command of the Arab Revolt in Southern Syria (Palestine)," that fought alongside Palestinian Arabs in 1936. In return for Syrian backing, one of the leaders of the revolt, 'Arif 'Abd ar-Raziq, called himself "Commander-in-Chief of the Rebels in Southern Syria." Under Syrian pressure in 1938, the "Bureau of the Arab Revolt in Palestine" changed the "Palestine" in its name to "Southern Syria."

IT CANNOT be said, however, that Palestinian interest in Syria remained as strong as Syrian interest in Palestine. When news of the April 1920 British-French agreement first reached Palestine, it prompted a flood of protests calling for a united Syria from Turkey to the Sinai Peninsula; but after the French took Damascus in July 1920, the attraction of a Syrian connection disappeared. Palestinian leaders now recognized that they were on their own against the British and the Zionists. Musa Kazim al-Husayni made this point only days after Faysal fell: "After the recent events in Damascus, we have to effect a complete change in our plans here. South-

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ern Syria no longer exists. We must defend Palestine."

As this remarkably frank statement indicates, tactical considerations had much to do with the rapid collapse of Pan-Syrian sentiment and its replacement by a nascent Palestinian separatism. At the time, the idea of making Palestine a political unit exercised limited appeal among the Arab residents, but it allowed Palestinian leaders to present themselves to the British as equals of the Zionists.

Many years were to pass, however, before Palestine meant as much to most Palestinians as did Southern Syria. Two Palestinian legations meeting with Winston Churchill in 1921 demanded that Palestine not be separated from the neighboring Arab sister-states, and the Fourth Arab Palestine Congress called for a Palestinian delegate to be sent to the League of Nations to lobby for unity with Syria. The Fifth Congress heard that "the inhabitants of Southern Syria see themselves and their land as an inseparable part of the rest of Syria"; and the executive committee of the 1924 Palestine Arab Congress referred to "the one country of Syria" and called Palestine "Southern Syria."

Faysal's dream of kingship over Greater Syria retained its force in Palestine for years. Palestinians mourning Faysal's death in September 1933, and marking its anniversary a year later, took the occasion to recall their hopes for his kingdom. And even afterward, the goal of Greater Syria continued to find a wide audience; groups of Palestinian exiles were among its most enthusiastic supporters. (The Palestine National League of New York asserted in 1922 that "the Palestinians ask only to be left alone with their fellow Syrians to develop the resources of their province which has been an integral part of Syria for two thousand years.") Even George Antonius, the leading Palestinian theorist of Pan-Arab nationalism, argued in a meeting with David Ben-Gurion in 1936 that "there was no natural barrier between Palestine and Syria, and there was no difference between their inhabitants." Such support among Palestinians helped legitimate Syrian claims.

As the European exit from Syria and Palestine loomed in the 1940's, Syrian hopes of absorbing Southern Syria increased. The Syrian premier, Sa'dallah al-Jabiri, declared in September 1944 that "the Syrian problem concerns four regions: Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, and Transjordan." Faris al-Khuri, Syria's delegate to the United Nations, called for the union of Palestine with his country on the grounds of racial, cultural, and historical ties. A spokesman for the Syrian legation in Washington stated in 1946 that "Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, and Jordan are separated by artificial borders."

The United Nations decision in November 1947 to partition Palestine between a Jewish and an Arab state led to riots in Damascus and Aleppo. Soon thereafter, Syrians organized volunteer forces to fight the Zionists, under the same army officer who had led the Syrian fighters in Palestine in 1936. These troops began infiltrating Palestine in January 1948, five months before the British left, and quickly took control of territory in the northern part of the country. When the British finally evacuated and the state of Israel was declared in May 1948, regular Syrian forces invaded. Significantly, the small areas they won were quickly incorporated into Syria itself rather than being administered as part of Palestine (as Egypt did with its Gaza conquests from 1948 to 1967).

The Arab failure to destroy Israel was a blow to Greater Syrian aspirations, but it did not eliminate them. The attitude that Palestine belonged to Syria reemerged during the Armistice Conference of 1949, when a Syrian delegate announced that "there is no international border between Israel and Syria. There was a political border between Syria and Palestine. We have to sign an armistice agreement not on the basis of a political border, but on the basis of an armistice line." To this day, indeed, maps of the Syrian armed forces show no international border between Syria and Israel, only a "temporary" border separating Syria from a region called Palestine.

Nevertheless, the idea of joining Palestine to Greater Syria was muted after Israel's creation. Syrian regimes were exceptionally unstable and weak between 1949 and 1970, and in no position to pursue irredentist claims. Then, too, Israel's strength of arms discouraged military confrontation. Finally, the period between 1956 and 1967 marked the heyday of Pan-Arabism, a time when all eyes were on Egyptian President Nasser and his program of Arab unification; the more modest aims of Greater Syria were nearly forgotten.

Syria's claims to its southern region were, to be sure, vented from time to time during those years, particularly at the United Nations. In 1956, the General Assembly was told "that Palestine is nothing but southern Syria." During the Six-Day War of June 1967, Syria's delegate to the Security Council declared that it was Syria "from which Palestine was severed and from the territory of which Israel was created." Such assertions were also heard in private discussions.

But effectively the claim to Southern Syria appeared dead. This was true for Palestinians as well, among whom the view of Palestine as a region of Greater Syria weakened. Palestine came to be seen either as a potentially independent polity or as a province of a united Arab world; the intermediate level of incorporation within Greater Syria seemed to have disappeared for good.

But it had not. Hafez al-Assad rose to power in 1970. He established a powerful police state, ending the era of domestic in-

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stability and foreign weakness. Under Assad, Syria became a predator. And Assad had room to experiment ideologically, for with the passage of years Pan-Arabism had become discredited by events: the failure of Syria's 1958-61 union with Egypt, the war in Yemen, and the Arabs' 1967 military debacle at the hands of Israel.

One factor, however—Israel's military strength—remained unchanged after Assad came to power in 1970. So he developed a new approach: recognizing that Israel was not going to be destroyed in battle, the Syrian leader targeted the fractured Palestinian movement instead. The concept of Southern Syria became a tool to be employed in a strategy to claim Syrian leadership of the Palestinian cause.

True, Assad does on occasion bellow directly against Israel; earlier this year, for instance, he threatened that if Israel were to annex the Golan Heights, "we will work to put the Golan in the middle of Syria and not on its borders." But for the most part the Syrian regime invokes the rhetoric of Greater Syria not in order to confront Israel but to assert its right to control those parts of Palestine *not* under Israeli rule. This places Damascus in direct conflict with the PLO (as well as with the Jordanian government).

Assad's assault on the PLO forms the heart of his strategy to stay in the conflict with Israel. His attacks take two complementary forms: verbal claims and financial and military manipulation. Words justify Syrian expansion; force backs up the rhetoric.

In 1976 Assad broached an argument that he still uses: the PLO no longer acts in the best interests of the Palestinian people. PLO delinquency is ascribed to a variety of problems: loss of purpose ("I cannot imagine what the connection is between the fighting of Palestinians in the highest mountains of Lebanon and the liberation of Palestine"); treachery ("Arafat acceded to becoming a U.S. tool against Palestine and Palestinian rights"); and cowardice ("Arafat and his supporters actually wanted to leave Beirut on the first days of the [1982] war. We told them we were against their departure and advised them to stay and resist"). But whatever the cause, the PLO by its misbehavior is held to have forfeited its right to lead the Palestinian movement or to claim the territory of Palestine.

NEXT, the Assad government asserts that it, rather than Jordan, Egypt, or some other state, deserves to inherit the PLO rule. Three complementary reasons support this claim: devotion to Palestine, correct strategy, and geographical ties.

First, as the self-proclaimed "heart, mind, shield, and sword" of Palestine and "the main state of confrontation," Syria is the natural leader of the struggle againt Israel. Radio Damascus can wax poetic on this subject, referring to Syria as "the defender of the Palestinian issue, the shelter of the Palestinian revolution, the refuge of the Palestinian strugglers, the lungs with which the Palestinian resistance breathes, and the arena which lovingly opens its doors, heart, and capabilities to the sons of the Palestinian people." It declares that "Syria will do everything possible to protect its self-defense, because to a great extent its self-defense embodies the entire Arab defense." Past, present, and anticipated sacrifices entitle Syria to a decisive role. "How can the Palestine question not be ours," Assad asks, "even though we are placing all of this country's human, military, economic, and political resources at the service of this question?"

Second, alone of the front-line states, Syria has the right strategy. While other governments have one by one betrayed the Palestinian cause by accepting Israel's existence, Syria has remained resolute. Assad takes credit for preventing the PLO itself from recognizing Israel: "Had it not been for Syria, the PLO would have agreed to the Camp David plan."

Third, and most important, Syrian leaders and (the state-run) media reiterate that Palestine is geographically part of Syria. Assad likes to startle Western visitors by telling them that "Jesus Christ was a Syrian Jew." In a major speech in March 1974, he relaunched the "Palestine is Southern Syria" campaign, stating that "Palestine is not only a part of the Arab nation, but a principal part of Southern Syria." (The less principal part, clearly, is Jordan.)

The claim has been expressed many times since. A Damascus newspaper noted in 1976, on the eve of a visit to Damascus by the President of Lebanon, that the two leaders would "examine new ties between Lebanon and its sister Syria, both those states' ties with Jordan, as well as the ties of all these with Palestine." The paper also suggested the creation of a federal state for all four, with one army and one cabinet. A few months later, another newspaper spoke of "the southern portion, that is Palestine, [that] was severed from this steadfast country." A Baath party official stated in May 1978 that "the question of Palestine is strictly a Syrian issue and [only secondly] an Arab security issue." In March 1980, the Syrian prime minister declared in an interview that "to Syria, the Palestine question is not just the issue of a fraternal people but a Syrian issue." And so on, and on.

Often, when addressing a foreign audience, Syrian leaders like to invoke the history of Greater Syria and its divisions. Just before President François Mitterrand arrived in Syria in November 1984, Assad bitterly recalled that "when France entered our countries they were united; when it left, they were disunited." American officials have gotten an earful too. Henry Kissinger recounts that when he visited Damascus as Secretary of State in February 1974, Deputy Prime Minister

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'Abd al-Halim Khaddam "could not forgo the opportunity to explain that historically Palestine had been part of Syria."

Operationally, the claim to Palestine affects Syrian relations with both Jordan and the PLO. Thus, according to Jordanian sources, in July 1980 the Syrian foreign minister insisted that his government be included, along with Jordan and the PLO, on a committee dealing with the affairs of the "occupied homeland" in Palestine. When it comes to the PLO, much of the debate is conducted in code. The PLO asserts a right to "independent decision-making" on the basis of its national autonomy, Damascus denies this right on the basis of Syrian or Arab nationalism; in fact, they are arguing over the PLO's right to act contrary to Syrian wishes. For example, Khalil al-Wazir, a leading PLO official, stated in August 1985 that "the Syrian regime wants to seize the independent Palestinian decision-making power. This is Syria's main obsession because we refuse to be under its control and hegemony and because we say no to it." Arafat has claimed that Damascus "stabbed the Palestinian revolution in the back, tried to confiscate its arms and offices, and is trying to confiscate the revolution itself." A pro-PLO writer observes accurately: "Some say that the Syrian leaders want to revive the Greater Syria plan, provided it is 'made in Damascus'—having always rejected it in the past when it was 'made in Amman' or 'made in Baghdad.' "

For his part, Assad has accused the PLO of "concocting a plot through the slogan of independent Palestinian decision-making," and a Damascus newspaper editor threatened to "amputate the fingers of whoever exercises decision-making contrary to [the Syrian] course. We will not tolerate freedom to commit treason or to sell out the cause. Palestine is Southern Syria."

THIS barrage of words is supported by ambitious efforts by Damascus to control Palestinian organizations. The PLO is weak and fractured, and Assad has taken full advantage of the opportunities thus created.

In the mid-1960's, to keep a finger in the budding Palestinian separatist movement, Damascus aided Yasir Arafat's Fatah. When Arafat reduced his dependence on Syria by winning support from Egypt, Damascus countered by helping the Palestine Liberation Front, led by a former engineering officer in the Syrian army, Ahmad Jibril. This small organization, which later became the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine-General Command (PFLP-GC), has continued to work closely with the Syrian government. Assad has also sponsored parts of the Palestine Liberation Army (PLA) since its establishment in 1964. Ostensibly the conventional military wing of the PLO, the PLA's three brigades have actually been directly controlled by Arab governments, two by Syria and one by Egypt.

But Syria's main Palestinian vehicle has been As-Sa'iqa. Established in December 1968 to amalgamate the Palestinian organizations sponsored by Syria, it soon became the second largest group in the PLO. From 1970 until his assassination in 1979, Sa'iqa was run by Zuhayr Muhsin, a long-term member of the Syrian Baath party and ally of Hafez al-Assad.

To assure complete control over Sa'iqa, Damascus staffed it with members of the Syrian Baath party. Many of Sa'iqa's troops were Syrian citizens who signed up after finishing their regular tour of duty. Indeed, Syrians make up about 50 percent of Sa'iqa's soldiers and 75 percent of the officers. Sa'iqa's equipment is almost all provided by the Syrian army, and some of Sa'iqa's training takes place at the Political Officers' Training School, with Syrian army instructors teaching guerrilla tactics and the handling of anti-aircraft equipment. Needless to say, the Syrian government foots the whole of Sa'iqa's expenses. Sa'iqa acts as Syria's agent within the Palestinian movement, and its aims are identical with those of Damascus. Sa'iqa's activities in the Middle East and Western Europe are authorized, and probably planned, by Syrian military intelligence units.

In March 1975 Assad proposed "to establish a single Syrian-Palestinian political leadership [and] military command." Arafat refused this offer, rightly understanding it as a veiled attempt to dominate the PLO. A similar offer in 1982 was again turned down. In 1976, to this same end, Assad sent troops against the PLO in Lebanon. The total obedience of the PFLP-GC, the PLA brigades, and Sa'iqa to the Syrian government became apparent in that campaign when they fought with Syria against Arafat's PLO. The PLA played an especially prominent role in this fighting: in effect, the uniformed military arm of the PLO was at war with the rest of the organization.

The Syrian government has often manhandled Palestinian leaders who defied its wishes. When a 1966 effort to subject Fatah to Syrian control failed, Arafat and the entire Fatah leadership were thrown in a Syrian jail for over a month. George Habash, leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), was jailed for seven months in 1968. In 1983 Arafat was taken to the Damascus airport and forced onto a plane.

Arafat's wing of the PLO has been attacked on a number of occasions. During the summer of 1981 a number of actions were directed against his followers to bring them under the Syrian thumb. With greater success, Assad caused a split in Fatah in May 1983 when Arafat insisted on pursuing policies of which he disapproved. Assad dominated the anti-Arafat faction that was organized in Damascus in 1985 as the Palestinian National Salvation Front (PNSF). Either Abu Nidal or the PNSF assassinated a number of Arafat's men in Europe, including Na'im Khadir in Brussels, Majid Abu Sharar in Rome, and Issam Sartawi in Lisbon. A

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Palestinian with close ties to Arafat who edited an anti-Syrian weekly in Athens was shot three times from a yard away as he left his apartment building in September 1985. Two Palestinian groups based in Damascus claimed responsibility for the March 1986 assassination of Zafir al-Masri, the newly appointed mayor of Nablus; in the West Bank itself, however, many residents accused Syrian operatives directly of the crime.

The shooting of Fahd al-Qawasma, a former mayor of Hebron and current member of the PLO executive committee, prompted a revealing comment from Arafat. Addressing the dead man at his burial, he said: "The Zionists in the occupied territories tried to kill you, and when they failed, they deported you. However, the Arab Zionists represented by the rulers of Damascus thought this was insufficient, so you fell as a martyr."

Damascus also does everything possible to foil Palestinian acceptance of a mini-state on the West Bank. The reason is obvious: such a polity, surrounded by Jordan and Israel, would be beyond Syria's reach and could not easily be dominated by it. The more the PLO shows interest in a West Bank solution, the greater the competition between it and the Syrian regime.

The effort of Damascus to arrogate to itself the Arab claim to Palestine mostly takes rhetorical and military forms. But in one case at least, it also takes a legal form. Syrian law permits a cash substitute for military service—but only to Syrian nationals living outside Syria. A decree of October 1984 specifies that this law also "shall be applied to Palestinian Arabs who, under the laws in force, are considered as Syrians." Thus, a Palestinian living in Jordan is legally considered under obligation to serve in the Syrian armed forces unless he pays his way out.

Palestinian leaders dependent on Syria must endorse the Greater Syria idea. Zuhayr Muhsin of Sa'iqa has done so without reservation: "There are no differences between Jordanians, Palestinians, Syrians, and Lebanese. . . . We are one people. Only for political reasons do we underline our Palestinian identity. . . . Yes, the existence of a separate Palestinian identity is there only for tactical reasons." It is noteworthy that Sa'iqa does not mention Palestine in its name; it argues that Palestine should not be independent, but part of a larger Arab unit led by Syria. The Palestinian radio station in Damascus announced in June 1983 that Syria and Palestine share the same destiny because they are both part of Greater Syria, the one being Northern Syria, the other Southern Syria.

Most explicit and remarkable are the statements by Sabri Khalil al-Banna, known as Abu Nidal, the extremist Palestinian leader who depends on Syrian support. Although ostensibly a Palestinian separatist, Banna repeatedly states that "Palestine belongs to Syria. Like Lebanon it will be part and parcel of it." His reasoning goes as follows:

> I am an ardent believer in the Greater Syrian state. . . . We [Palestinians] are Syrian citizens. For us, Syria is the mother nation, it is history, society, community, geography. Until recently, half of Lebanon was a region of Syria. As you see, we are true Syrian citizens. I myself have Syrian parents. . . . Greater Syria consists of Palestine, Iraq, Jordan, and Syria. A state like Jordan did not exist in Arab history prior to the 20's. Geographically seen, Greater Syria covers the territory from the Turkish border in the north to the whole of Palestine in the south.

It is extremely unlikely that these views express Muhsin's or Banna's true feelings; all the more impressive, then, that the Syrian government succeeds in making these men support its ambitions.

THE cause of Greater Syria is not the only basis for the Syrian government's involvement in the affairs of Palestine. Pan-Arab nationalism (which holds that all Arabic-speaking people form a nation) is one factor; Pan-Islamic solidarity is another; and some Syrians undoubtedly feel a genuine humanitarian interest in the Arabs of Palestine. All these motives have at times, especially in the 1950's and 60's, assumed more importance than the urge to build Greater Syria. But the most enduring motive since World War I, and certainly the most powerful force in the Assad era, has been the view that Palestine is Southern Syria and belongs under Damascus's control.

Of what significance is this view? Does it amount to anything more than a futile dream? After all, military realities make it clear that Assad has little chance of destroying Israel. And even if he did, Jordan, Egypt, Iraq, and the other Arab states would then contest his victory, while the PLO would continue to agitate for Palestinian separatism. The claim to Southern Syria, then, is likely to remain permanently unfulfilled. For this reason, some have concluded that it is of no importance.

But this overlooks the many ways that the claim does influence Damascus's behavior. The cause of Southern Syria helps to explain the extremely bellicose tone that has marked Syrian relations with Zionism through the 20th century. The irredentist desire to incorporate Palestine into Syria has deep roots, and there is therefore in Syria a wider popular base of support for anti-Zionism than in any other Arab country. The Syrians' view of Palestine as part of their own country distinguishes them from other Arabic-speaking peoples (such as the Egyptians) for whom Palestine is an important and closely related area, but nonetheless a foreign one. To put this in more familiar terms, Egyptians see Palestine as Germans see Austria, while Syrians see it as West Germans see East Germany. This difference accounts for the special Syrian animosity toward Israel, for Syria's leading role in the Arab-Israel conflict, and for the intensity of popular Syrian anti-Zionism.

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Assad, the self-appointed guardian of Arab militancy, has led efforts to block Arab peace with Israel. He has energetically committed Syria to a course of military challenge by stifling internal dissent, forming a tight alliance with the Soviet Union, and developing the most powerful military machine in the Arab Middle East. The current Syrian effort to attain "strategic parity" with Israel suggests that Assad is ready to go it alone, if necessary, without relying on assistance from other Arab states.

As we have seen, the claim to Southern Syria also leads to bitter competition with the PLO. If, as Assad believes, Palestine should be under the control of Damascus, there is no room for an independent Palestinian movement. And, indeed, no other Arab state tries to dominate the PLO as does Syria.

One frequently overlooked implication of the claim to Southern Syria concerns the Golan Heights. The Jordanian and Egyptian governments have indicated a willingness to live in peace with Israel once the territory they lost in 1967 is retrieved; not so the Syrian regime. Assad has clearly stated that he will not quit the fight upon recovery of the Golan Heights. For example, he told the PLO in 1981 that "Syria wants Palestine as much as it wants the Golan. . . . We want Palestine first and the Golan second." Along similar lines, the Syrian foreign minister has said of the Golan that "for us it is like any part of Palestine." This attitude trips up all would-be negotiators between Syria and Israel.

Finally, the domestic popularity of the campaign to control Southern Syria means that Assad does not find himself under the sort of pressure that caused Anwar Sadat, King Hussein, and other Arab leaders to seek accommodation with Israel. Again the German analogy fits; just as four decades of separation have not dimmed West Germany's interest in East Germany, so does Syrian interest in Palestine burn strongly. Accordingly, the Syrian government is unlikely at any time in the foreseeable future to acknowledge the permanency of Israel's existence. The simple fact is, Damascus is not ready for negotiations.

AMERICANS tend not to appreciate this fact. No matter how many times Assad declares his views on Palestine as Southern Syria, these are too radical, too nakedly aggressive, and too out of line with our expectations to be accepted by most U.S. officials, journalists, and scholars. (Henry Kissinger is a notable exception, having concluded from his 1974 shuttle efforts that "Syrians considered Palestine part of 'Greater Syria.'") Instead, the American foreign-policy elite favors its own interpretation: that Assad is trying to extricate himself from the Palestine imbroglio, that he has no long-term interest in fighting Israel, that he is merely intent on regaining the lands lost in 1967 (so that he can concentrate on economic development, political reconciliation, and the like). Assad's grandiose claims are dismissed as "Arab rhetoric"—which the cognoscenti wink at and declare unimportant;* his huge military build-up is deemed defensive in nature; and his ties to the Soviet Union are seen as transitory and weak.

Such views are conducive to U.S. peace initiatives, to be sure. Unfortunately, they happen to be wrong.

The United States cannot mitigate Syrian claims on Israel, much less bring about peace between the two countries. What, then, can we do? We can begin by taking Syrian irredentism seriously and firmly stating our opposition to it. We can help establish confidence-building measures between Syria and Israel and can provide good offices when these are requested. But the real help the United States can provide is military. To the extent that U.S. policy seeks to defuse Syrian-Israeli hostility, it must aim at dissuading the Assad regime or its successors from using force; and this is done by raising the costs of aggression. The United States needs to remind the Syrian leaders repeatedly that the balance of forces will not be allowed to deteriorate, and should help see to it that it does not. Vigilance and strength, not roseate views of Syrian intentions, will compel Damascus to desist from pursuing the dangerous dream of Southern Syria.

* There is nothing inherently rhetorical about Arabic political language. Moderate leaders like Hosni Mubarak of Egypt and King Hassan of Morocco speak no differently from American statesmen. That Muammar al-Qaddafi sounds like Lyndon LaRouche and Hafez al-Assad resembles the American Communist leader Gus Hall reflects on their politics, not their language. To deprecate the sincere words of Arab leaders is to impose a double standard on them, and to be guilty of racism.

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Capitalism and Selfishness

André Ryerson

Clearly, a civilization that feels guilty for everything it is and does will lack the energy and conviction to defend itself.

—Jean-François Revel

Western societies are routinely denounced from within and without for the sin of selfishness—a sin with which they are said to be afflicted not in some incidental or private way, but deep down and by the very nature of their social system.

In its milder forms the opprobrium finds expression in a kind of embarrassed silence that tends to fall whenever a cleric or professor makes bold to raise for discussion the moral basis of a capitalist economy. In its more energetic appearances, assault upon the West's economic system may adopt the logic of Marx. Thus we hear things like: "Based on a philosophy of avarice, the spirit of capitalism promoted the idea that the individual's duty was to increase his capital." "Under capitalism, when A wins, B loses." "One group produces the surplus and another appropriates it." In this bill of particulars, religion is often charged with a class-subservient role: "The creed of Calvin changed the moral standards and converted a frailty into an ornament of the spirit, canonizing vices as economic virtues." The United States is said to have invented myths to obscure the system's terrible human costs: "Since capitalism required losers, the myth of the melting pot was necessary to promote the belief in individual mobility through hard work and competition."

These quotations, the sort of thing one would not be surprised to encounter in a Soviet text, actually come from a handbook for American teachers issued in 1973 by the National Council for the Social Studies, an affiliate of the National Education Association (NEA). Since these bodies strongly shape what children are taught in America's public schools, and since the NEA is one of the most influential lobbies in today's Democratic party, their view of our society, a view which is hardly limited to them alone, needs to be taken seriously, and not least for its deleterious effect on what Jean-François Revel refers to as the West's "energy and conviction to defend itself."

Without falling into the temptation to justify by specious arguments what may be endemic flaws of our economic system, we are entitled to ask: is it fair to say that, overall, ours is a social system based on selfishness? Before addressing this puzzle directly it may be helpful to consider briefly two unsatisfactory answers. One is that offered by Ayn Rand and her libertarian followers. The other, more ingenious, comes from George Gilder.

With a certain courage, Ayn Rand approaches the dilemma posed by capitalism by stating flatly that the Marxists are correct. Yes, she says, capitalism is a system based on selfishness. Her quarrel with the Marxists comes down to this: where they argue that capitalism impoverishes and dehumanizes, she holds that what impoverishes and dehumanizes, rather, is the collectivist state, whether democratic or totalitarian. Capitalist selfishness, in her view, is not only rational, it is heroic—even godly.

The term "godly" may sound like an odd word to use in discussing the view of a declared atheist, but it is Rand's own. Thus in her 1938 novelette, *Anthem*, she has her hero say (in a passage she liked enough to include in a 1961 collection titled *For the New Intellectual*): "And now I see the face of god, and I raise this god over the earth. . . . This god, this one word: I."

According to Rand, what is "responsible for the collapse now threatening to destroy the civilized world" is not selfishness but its opposite, the cult of altruism and self-sacrifice which is at the base of the collectivist idea. With a sort of Nietzschean bravado, Rand hails the glories of unfettered individualism and condemns altruism, a morality for which religion must bear heavy blame, as an ethos fit for slaves. "Altruism is incompatible with freedom, with capitalism, and with individual rights. One cannot combine the pursuit of happiness with the moral status of a sacrificial animal."

One does not have to be a socialist to see the absurdities of this position, which leads in fact to a bizarre sort of anarchism. Rand's libertarian followers envisage an End of Days in which government and taxes will be abolished and in the ensuing stateless paradise purely rational and selfish individuals will arrange everything—from paved highways to the punishment of wrongdoers—by private contracts alone. Even setting aside the

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obvious impracticality of a modern society operating without a government, it is easy to show that the very ills which Randian libertarians deplore in the current state of things—such as businessmen avoiding competition and seeking special guildlike advantages for themselves or their industry—are themselves the products of a highly rational selfishness, an anti-social derangement Adam Smith was the first to notice and denounce.

Ayn Rand remains far more popular in contemporary America than observers of our culture like to grant. One wonders, in fact, how much of the erosion of traditional concern for the public good, from indifference to acts of business amorality to disdain for defending the West, can be attributed to her influence. Private selfishness, however "rational" its form, is a morally dangerous creed. To defend the innocent, and the free world, may well require personal sacrifices, whether in taxes or soldiering, which the citizens of a society in thrall to private rewards alone cannot be expected to assume. Still, this much must be said for Rand's philosophy of egoism: the ethic of pure selfishness needs to be disciplined, but it cannot be appealed to by fuehrers and ayatollahs to rouse whole nations to acts of insanity, mass cruelty, and suicide. Only a cult of radical self-sacrifice is equal to such ambitions.

As against Ayn Rand's rational selfishness, George Gilder, one of our most imaginative defenders of conservative instincts and institutions, has developed a moral case for capitalism based on, of all things, an ethic of altruism. The entrepreneur who risks his private capital and energy with no assurance of a return, Gilder argues in *Wealth and Poverty*, is offering a gift, much like the potlatch observed in primitive societies, a public "feast" which may or may not be reciprocated by others. Gilder puts it this way:

> By giving a feast, the *mumi* imposed implicit debts on all his guests. By attending it, they accepted a liability to him. Through the gifts or investments of primitive capitalism, man created and extended obligations. These obligations led to reciprocal gifts and further obligations in a growing fabric of economic creation and exchange, with each giver hoping for greater returns but not assured of them, and with each recipient pushed to produce a further favor. This spreading out of debts could be termed expanding the money supply. The crucial point is that for every liability (or feeling of obligation on the part of the guest), there was a previous asset (meal) given him. The *mumi*, as a capitalist, could not issue demands or impose liabilities or expand money without providing commensurate supplies. The demand was inherent in the supply—in the meal.
>
> The next step above potlatching was the use of real money.

Gilder glides toward a final definition of capitalism closer in language to what one might expect from an 18th-century Anglican bishop than from any traditional economist: "Under capitalism, the ventures of reason are launched into a world ruled by morality and Providence. The gifts will succeed only to the extent that they are altruistic and spring from an understanding of the needs of others."

It is a nice argument, certainly, and quite as good as the eristic arabesques of John Rawls in support of socialism. Unfortunately, and for the same reasons, it will not wash. An entrepreneur is not a giver of public feasts; a new business is not a potlatch. The fact that an entrepreneur has no guarantee of a return on his investment does not make him any more of a philanthropist than is a gambler pushing silver dollars into a Las Vegas slot machine. Though both by their investment provide employment to others (even if they themselves fail), this forms no part of their intentions, and hence can hardly be credited in a listing of their ethical acts. True, we rightly respect the creative function of the entrepreneur, a function which the gambler lacks, but that by itself is not enough to earn him the name of "giver," or altruist, or public benefactor.

In the end, Adam Smith still said it best: in economic life the individual tends naturally to use his talents and his resources to assure himself the greatest gain, and since the only lawful way of doing this in any tolerably run society is by answering the needs of others, he must provide goods or services which others will voluntarily choose to buy. The individual thus contributes to creating a generalized prosperity, but this larger good is not part of his original intent. It is not exceptional acts of private altruism but the system of free trade and reliable contracts that channels individual energies to produce more, invent new ways of doing things, and thus cumulatively augment the prosperity of all, a point at once so subtle and so modest that it took a Scottish genius to see it, and discern that it is the principal cause of the wealth of nations.

There is, consequently, no need to posit altruism as an obscure ingredient of capitalist economics, when common sense tells us that altruism belongs to a different order of human activity—the charitable, the religious, the civic, and the political. Asking for altruism in economics is like asking for fancy in a medical diagnosis: it simply does not belong there.

GILDER's error, like that of the libertarians (and the Marxists), comes quite simply from asking too much of economics. For a corrective we might look to Michael Novak, who like Irving Kristol (and indeed like Adam Smith) has argued, in sum, that economics is not enough. In *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, Novak usefully distinguishes three spheres through which power operates in Western societies. There is the economic sphere, or business. There is the realm of politics, or formal government. And there is the moral-cultural sphere, made up of such diverse elements as the press, the universities, writers and artists, and the churches. Rare is the

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individual whose power extends meaningfully beyond a single one of these three systems of power, and in none does he wield power alone.

"Oddly," observes Novak, "many scholars have missed the fact that capitalism—the economic system—is embedded in a pluralistic structure in which it is designed to be checked by a political system and a moral-cultural system." Just so. And the failure to observe this, whether by libertarians on the Right or by Marxists on the Left, leads to a fetishism of economics, and hence to a picture of Western society that is at odds with the functioning reality.

Totalitarian systems, significantly, insist on merging the three societal spheres into one, under the centralized direction of a one-party state. The abolition of the several spheres is what makes totalitarianism something novel and frightening in history, as no society where it has firmly established itself has found the internal means to get rid of it. Traditional societies of the authoritarian type, by contrast, do not attempt so radical a despotism, leaving to religious authorities the moral-cultural sphere, and to traders and businessmen the diversified management of the economy. The latter two can combine and overthrow the first, as occurred recently in the Philippines, and as occurred centuries earlier throughout the West following the Reformation. But if, as under totalitarianism, the three are fused into one, this option is foreclosed.

Where our self-definition as a society is atrophied by the simplistic term "capitalist," with all it leaves out of the picture, from the democratic political system to Jewish-Christian morals, the tripartite model offered by Novak invaluably expands our conception, supporting the view that businessmen are mortals—not gods, but also not devils. Like the rest of us, they require the restraint of law and of ethics.

But if we agree, morally speaking, that capitalism is "not enough," while affirming the countless benefits that a free-enterprise economy provides; if we judge that Adam Smith was essentially correct in observing that the market is driven not by charity or self-sacrifice but by contracts based on mutual self-interest; and if we nonetheless hold to the traditional faith (against Ayn Rand) that altruism and on occasion real self-sacrifice retain their place in the moral scheme of things—then we need to transcend the easy opposition of selfishness versus altruism and find some third or middle term to describe the ethos of capitalism.

The word "selfishness" is plainly a term of moral censure, applied to individuals who are not merely serving their own interest but doing so in such a way as to abuse, or grossly neglect, the interests of others. We apply this term selectively. No one would expect a sports commentator at a pole-vault match, for instance, to say of the victor, "John is unfortunately rather selfish, for by his victory he made the other pole-vaulters feel bad." The point of athletic competition is excellence, and we would justifiably feel cheated if the performers—for whatever reason—failed to give their best effort. It goes without saying that the self-interest of the athlete lies in winning, but no one in his right mind would on that account denounce the victor for selfishness.

What is true of sports is equally true of business. We expect a company to put forth the best effort it can, and we reward that effort with hard cash when we choose one company's product over another's. One would hardly take seriously a company president, answering a complaint about a faulty product, who said it was his compassion for his competitors that caused him, in an outburst of altruism, to ease their lot by issuing shoddy goods. Such "generosity" would seem as inappropriate in the marketplace as on the playing field. So long as the businessman, like the athlete, plays by the rules, we expect the highest level of performance of which he is capable. And the reason is very simple. That is what serves the greater social good.

Some of these principles extend even into private life. Bertrand Russell once gave an example that makes the point. What would we think of a man who, seeking to win the love of a woman, but overwhelmed with compassion for his rivals, immediately abdicated the field the moment a competing male appeared on the scene? The examples could be multiplied, because they form a surprisingly large sample of real life.

"Autonomy" is a term for describing the behavior of persons serving their legitimate self-interest. It is how we normally deal with others at work, in business, in politics, at school, at play, even in love. It is a corollary of the principle that all men are created equal, and must therefore deal with others as autonomous beings. Duties or obligations entered into toward others must follow from individual choice. The richest man cannot compel the poorest girl to marry him; the President of the United States cannot order the humblest citizen to join his party. And because so much of ordinary life in democratic society is based on autonomy, on legitimate self-interest (which in America is sustained by no less a document than the Bill of Rights), it is a severe distortion of reality to name such behavior selfishness, and to place it under moral censure.

Self-interest is not only not the same as selfishness, it is rather, as Aristotle and Hume affirmed, a positive good. The terms we use when we praise a man, says Hume in *The Treatise of Human Nature,* are not restricted to qualities that are of service to others:

> If we examine the panegyrics that are commonly made of great men, we shall find that most of the qualities which are attributed to them may be divided into two kinds, viz., such as make them perform their part in society; and such as render them serviceable to themselves and enable them to pursue their own interest. Their *prudence, temperance, frugality, indus-*

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try, assiduity, enterprise, dexterity, are celebrated as well as their *generosity* and *humanity*.

This is very striking. The final goal of morals being mankind's happiness, our personal improvement, Hume is saying, must have some place in the enterprise. Society rightly censures those who do not apply themselves accordingly, with terms like "lazy," "feckless," "improvident," "spendthrift," and even looks askance at those who do not maintain their physical appearance. The reason, as with economic self-sustenance, is that persons who neglect their own welfare end up becoming a burden on others. And before one can assist others, one must take due care of oneself. This was pointed out by Luther two centuries before Hume, and by Aristotle two millennia before Luther: "Therefore the liberal man, like other virtuous men, will give for the sake of the noble, and rightly. . . . Nor will he neglect his own property, since he wishes by means of this to help others."

Similarly the Hebrew Bible is replete with injunctions to work hard and show diligence in order to achieve the good life, side by side with exhortations to defend the rights of the poor and materially assist them when in need. Upon the joyful return from the Babylonian exile, the Jewish people are urged: "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared" (Nehemiah 8:10). Working for one's own sustenance and aiding others are not seen as contradictory, but as complementary and mutually sustaining. "If I am not for myself, who will be for me?" Rabbi Hillel timelessly put it, immediately adding, "But if I am only for myself, what am I?"

Since maintaining oneself is the precondition for assisting others, as well as being a positive good in and of itself, surely it deserves a formal place in our moral categories alongside the polarized simplicities of selfishness and altruism. In particular we need to inquire into given instances of human behavior, and to distinguish whether they are abusive (or grossly neglectful) of others; merely self-interested, often in a way that concurrently benefits others, as in commercial contracts; or involve a conscious risk to oneself in order to assist or defend others. We rightly condemn the first of these, selfishness; we often encourage the third, altruism; at the least we should sustain the second, autonomy, and approve the economic system it permits. The Mosaic code, which explicitly states, "You shall not steal," nowhere says, "You shall not trade."

While the best economic system for fostering autonomy is free enterprise within a framework of legal rights for all, or "the system of natural liberty," as Adam Smith called it, it nevertheless remains true that free enterprise alone cannot do the tasks appropriate to the other social spheres, the political and the moral-cultural. Ironically, the moral-cultural sphere in the West today, where the blessings of liberty would appear incontestable, is marked by little regard and less understanding for how a free-enterprise economy works, and how—by fostering wealth, initiative, and the spirit of inventiveness—it provides a foundation for addressing social problems that is altogether missing in systems where the economy has been massively transferred from the people to the state. But instead of supporting our economic pillar, Western moralists work tirelessly to disparage it. They demand the spirit of altruism where it does not belong, and belittle it where it does.

By any statistical measure, the level of "selfishness" in the United States is one of the lowest on earth. Americans contribute very significant sums to charitable and philanthropic causes, and, not content to abide by voluntary giving alone, have adopted most of the government-mandated mechanisms of the welfare state long an article of faith among European social democrats. The generosity of Americans is something Tocqueville remarked upon 150 years ago—just as he also noted that Americans disliked boasting about their charitable instincts, preferring to explain their philanthropic actions in terms of enlightened self-interest. "I think," wrote Tocqueville, "that in this they often do themselves less than justice. . . ."

What has changed since Tocqueville's time is the advent, both abroad and at home, of an aggressive anti-Americanism, inspired by Marxist-Leninist ideology and placing the ethos of democratic capitalism and its principal champion on the moral defensive. This makes it all the more necessary that we develop a clear vision of how capitalist democracies actually function, as distinct from left-wing animadversions about a "selfish society." Man being fallible, there will always remain, as there are today, moral shortcomings of intention and performance worthy of critical scrutiny. But the idea that all behavior is either selfish or else self-sacrificing leaves out a vast geography where most behavior by decent and self-sustaining persons takes place. Autonomy is the term that describes the basis of this voluntary interaction, and it completes a table of moral categories which otherwise distorts human conduct by forcing it into the terms of selfishness and altruism alone.

One area of moral shortcoming in this regard, rarely if ever mentioned by our mainstream moralists, has to do with the question of whether we are exerting ourselves sufficiently to help prevent weaker nations from falling into the hands of Soviet despots and their proxies. To assist the cause of freedom in the world is one of those long-term goals at the heart of which, as Tocqueville might say, self-interest and altruism are conjoined. For the corollary to Revel's apothegm is also true. Societies with a just pride in their freedom, including their economic freedom, and graced with a concern for the freedom of others, will respond with self-confidence to assaults by systems erected upon tyranny.

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The Judaism Born in America

Howard Singer

THE Conservative movement in Judaism, currently celebrating its centennial, is the largest Jewish "denomination" in the United States. Over 800 synagogues are affiliated with its national lay organization, the United Synagogue of America. The movement claims over 1,200,000 members, and many unaffiliated American Jews also think of themselves as Conservative; in one study, 44 percent of the respondents placed themselves in that category. Unlike Orthodoxy and Reform, moreover, Conservatism is a native American product, and its history is completely accessible. It has changed much over the century of its existence, and the story of its metamorphosis is in great measure the story of American Jewry.

I

IN January 1886, Dr. Sabato Morais, a rabbi in Philadelphia, established what eventually became the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. In the century that followed, the Seminary developed the rationale and the leadership for what became the Conservative movement. The movement is essentially the lengthened shadow of the Seminary.

At its establishment, the Seminary was regarded by its founders as an Orthodox institution. To get some idea of what Morais intended we may read what the *Jewish Encyclopedia*, published in 1907, had to say of him:

> . . . His ministry covered the period of greatest activity in the adaptation of Judaism in America to changed conditions. . . . As the advocate of Orthodox Judaism, [he] withstood every appeal on behalf of ritualistic innovations and departures from traditional practice, winning the esteem of his opponents by his consistency and integrity.

At the time, the Reform movement dominated American Jewish life. Morais believed Reform was discarding authentic Judaism in the hope of gaining social acceptance for Jews. He was deeply offended by the Reform movement's major statement of tenets, the so-called Pittsburgh Platform of 1885, a splendid example of late 19th-century theological rationalism. Its fourth and fifth principles read, in part:

> We hold that all such Mosaic and Rabbinical laws as regulate diet, priestly purity, and dress originated in ages and under the influence of ideas altogether foreign to our present mental and spiritual state. . . . Their observance in our days is apt rather to obstruct than to further modern spiritual elevation. . . . We recognize in the modern era of universal culture of heart and intellect the approach of the realization of Israel's great messianic hope. . . . We consider ourselves no longer a nation but a religious community, and therefore expect neither a return to Palestine, . . . nor the restoration of . . . the Jewish state.

Morais reacted to the Pittsburgh Platform by establishing the Seminary to defend "traditional Judaism."

What did he mean by this term? The popular impression that "traditional Judaism" stresses mainly personal ethics and social welfare and has but a marginal concern for doctrine is itself a reflection of contemporary secular influence. That God exists, that the Creator revealed Himself to the patriarchs and the prophets as lawgiver, that He chose the children of Israel for His own purposes and wishes them to remain faithful to Him, and that some day all men will acknowledge Him —all this is surely the irreducible core of Jewish belief. The core, moreover, was accepted, at least in theory, by the Reform Jew as well as by the traditionalist.

What distinguished the two was the degree of importance assigned to the religio-ethical-legal system known as Halakhah that had grown up around the core of belief. That system had produced an elaborate code of behavior. The code obligated the traditional Jew to daily prayer, daily study of sacred texts, the observance of the Sabbath and festivals. It governed intimate details of his life, extending to matters of diet and sexual relations. The traditionalist expressed his spirituality by a meticulous observance of the code; the Reform Jew had rejected the code as incompatible with modern life.

But Morais saw no incompatibility. Morais, an Italian Jew by birth, spoke French, Spanish, and English as well as Italian, and was completely at

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home in Western culture. In his own life he had blended faithfulness to Jewish tradition with modernity, and he wanted that for others as well. It was to achieve this end—to train rabbis who would themselves exemplify the reconciliation of tradition and modernity, and preach it as desirable and attainable for every Jew—that he established the Seminary.

THE Seminary was created with all due religious zeal, but without financial acumen; left alone, it might have gone under. Fortunately, in 1902, after the death of Morais, the financier Jacob H. Schiff went to the aid of the failing institution and helped reorganize it.

Schiff was one of an informal group of wealthy German Jews that included such notables as Isidor Straus and Louis Marshall. All were members of the Reform movement. All felt a moral obligation to help their Eastern European cousins adjust to American life. Immigration was unrestricted at the time, and Jews from Eastern Europe were arriving by the hundreds of thousands every year, nearly penniless, and (by Western standards) uncultivated. Those Easterners who were religiously observant practiced their Orthodoxy with undignified fervor; but as their German Jewish critics noted, young Russian Jews seemed able to swing easily from fervent Orthodoxy to equally fervent atheism, socialism, and anarchism. Their wild politics and shabbiness reflected upon all Jews. The leaders of the long established and affluent German Jewish community felt they had to do something.

One of the solutions they found and offered was the settlement house. Another was the Galveston Plan, intended to settle immigrant Jews in small numbers throughout the Southwest, where they could be Americanized easily and quickly. (In New York, by contrast, their sheer numbers allowed them to develop their cultural institutions and so perpetuate their foreignness.) But Schiff and his circle eventually decided, in the words of one observer, that "the surest and safest means of . . . Americanizing the foreign element [was] by sending among them trained and well-equipped Rabbinized teachers. . . ."

They asked for no advice from rabbis. With the sublime self-assurance that approximately $50 million can give its possessor, Schiff arranged for a large and dignified building to be the new home of the institution Morais had founded, and invited Dr. Solomon Schechter to lead it.

Schechter's scholarly credentials were impressive, but what probably carried more weight with Schiff was that Schechter, born in Rumania, had turned himself into a proper British gentleman, a Cambridge don, a friend of Sir James Frazer. Here, then, was a man with whom the "Russians" might identify, who had transcended their cultural disadvantages, and therefore could inspire them to follow his lead. As the head of a traditionalist Seminary, he would set the right tone for rabbinical students to pass along to the "foreign element" in the community.

By supporting a leading rabbinical institution and thus earning the right to guide it, Schiff and his circle also hoped to change Orthodoxy, whose rituals, as Louis Marshall put it, were "uncongenial to a mind influenced by American culture." One would think that a group of determined oligarchs supporting an institution could push it in the direction they favored. But as the group's private agenda became apparent, Schechter was appalled, and resisted. If religious rituals were "uncongenial to American culture," then, Schechter might have retorted, self-respect left the Jew with no choice but to say, so much the worse for American culture. In one of his many displays of temper, Schechter wrote to Marshall: "I must take it out of their [the board's] mind that I came to this country for the purpose of converting the downtown Jews to a more refined species of religion." Three years after his arrival, Schechter wrote:

> It cannot be sufficiently urged that the Atlantic forms no break in Jewish traditions. . . . They must never lose sight of the fact that the observance of the Sabbath, the keeping of the dietary laws, and laying of *tefillin* [phylacteries] . . . are . . . absolutely necessary for maintaining Judaism in America as elsewhere.

Ironically, though Schechter was too Orthodox for the German Jews, the Orthodox community did not accept Schechter precisely because he was involved with men like Schiff and Marshall; the Orthodox suspected their motives and resented their condescension. Besides, although Schechter was traditional in his personal habits, he was modernist in his scholarship, and so was the faculty he gathered around him. Even his great scholarly triumph, his discovery in a Cairo synagogue of the lost Hebrew version of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, was not the sort of thing that could impress the East Europeans. The atmosphere at the Seminary resembled that of an American university, and the notion of rabbinical students studying Talmud with English rather than Yiddish as the language of instruction struck the East European Orthodox as comic, if not repellent. Altogether it was more than enough to drive a wedge between the Orthodox community and what soon came to be known as "Schechter's Seminary."

In the meantime, however, changes were occurring in the American Jewish community at large, and a characteristically blunt remark made by Schechter in 1912 provides a clue to those changes. Explaining his resignation from the board of directors of a settlement house, he said that "the great question before the Jewish community at present is not so much Americanizing the Russian Jew as Judaizing [him]." In other words, what Schiff and his colleagues had hoped to accomplish by manipulating rabbinic education was rapidly being achieved by social conditions.

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The environment in which traditional religious life can flourish is fragile. As the religious believer goes through the daily and weekly round of prayers and practices, his faith in another reality needs to be reinforced by like-minded people, and by what the sociologist Peter L. Berger calls a "plausibility structure." In turn-of-the-century America, the plausibility structure of the Orthodox Jew was under constant assault.

Within days of their arrival, Jewish immigrants to the United States found that factories made no allowance for holy days and the all-important Sabbath. The old supporting network of extended family and neighbors disintegrated. It became difficult or impossible to observe the code of behavior—the habit of private prayer and the dietary laws. The pull of the old days receded, the satisfactions they provided became difficult to recall, and soon were no longer even comprehensible. The younger immigrants, and certainly their American-born children, found themselves experiencing the change not as coercion but as what in retrospect seemed a liberation from a suffocating web of obligations and restrictions. This liberation, they felt, would be partial until they escaped from old neighborhoods, associations, languages, foods, accents, the smallest vestige of the immigrant milieu.

These people were a latent new constituency. At the turn of the century they were still slowly emerging from an undifferentiated immigrant mass. With the approach of World War I, as poverty receded and Jewish identity no longer seemed as much of an obstacle, they felt secure enough for a sentimental journey back. They formed or joined local synagogues on the Orthodox model, but experimented to please their changing tastes. They were in the process of creating Conservative Judaism.

II

THE liturgical forms of Conservative Judaism were a reaction to embarrassment. In Eastern Europe, where Orthodoxy was shaped, behavior during worship was informal. It resembled the Mediterranean pattern rather than the decorous, restrained style found in Western countries, particularly in Protestant society. The dominant note in Orthodoxy was, and remains, intimacy, not civility. Consequently, American Jews of Eastern backgrounds entering the middle class identified the forms of Orthodox worship with immigrant, i.e., lower-class, behavior. Unwilling to be stigmatized as lower-class themselves, they proceeded to change the forms.

In his important book on Conservative Judaism, the sociologist Marshall Sklare takes up the subject of worship services and analyzes it by form and content. Sklare concludes that the Conservative constituency was eager to change the form, the external appearance, of traditional services, but not the content, the ideology reflected in the prayers and rituals. But, he notes, "Content defines form, while changes in form—made without apparent desire to change ideology—may deeply influence content. . . ."

In the early years of the century, synagogues served by graduates of "Schechter's Seminary" were likely to be located in cities or neighborhoods where the Jewish population was middle class, a small proportion of the general community, and eager to fit in. The congregational leadership was likely to be younger than the norm in other traditional synagogues, more concerned with decorum, and hence more discontented with the informality of Orthodox services. The younger people favored the Seminary graduates, who had the reputation of being more "polished" than graduates of other rabbinical schools. But all this still amounted to a difference in style, hardly enough to constitute a new movement. The turning point was reached with the issue of separation of the sexes in the synagogue.

Separate seating for men and women was and is the rule in Orthodox synagogues. But the new constituency, especially its younger members, opposed separate seating as a benighted European custom utterly incompatible with American life, and on this issue challenged the authority of tradition head-on.

The Seminary leadership, supplying rabbis to new congregations all over the country, and unwilling to see its congregations turn to the Reform movement, avoided a confrontation. But in each congregation a struggle ensued, with the older, more traditional members usually arguing for separate seating, the younger arguing for mixed. When the struggles subsided, congregations that had voted to maintain separate seating were still considered Orthodox; congregations that adopted mixed seating were something else. In time, "Conservative" became the preferred word.

Of all the changes that were later made in the traditional service, this one may seem the most innocuous to the contemporary mind; but the custom of separation of the sexes at worship was venerable. The system was set up in Temple times, after other arrangements had led to "light-headedness." The tradition takes gender-role differentiation for granted, reflecting what the ancients viewed as the natural order of things. Separation had been woven into the texture of Jewish law.

A Baltimore congregation on the verge of splitting over the issue sought advice from Professor Louis Ginzberg, a member of the Seminary faculty and a talmudist of towering reputation. In his response, Ginzberg said that mixed seating was certainly a violation of Jewish law. Another traditionalist would have left it at that, insisting on applying the law at whatever cost. But Ginzberg recognized the implacability of the younger generation on this issue, and felt a strong obligation to retain those moving to the margin of Jewish life. He wrote to Baltimore that breaking up a

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congregation was a greater evil than accepting mixed seating.

The seating issue marked the emergence of a new praxis, not yet a new ideology. The Seminary's own synagogue, the one in which its faculty and students worshipped every week, still maintained separate seating. The message thus seemed to be that the Seminary had no control over laymen in their own congregations, but on Seminary "turf" the tradition still ruled, and the Seminary would continue to abide by the tradition.

A series of changes then followed. Every Conservative synagogue was an independent duchy, and inevitably they began to diverge from one another as well as from the basic traditional service. Readings from Scripture were abbreviated, services were shortened, a new kind of service was started on Friday evenings. Congregations in the far west were most open to innovation, in the northeast most conservative, but some patterns were to be found everywhere. All the changes resulted in a service recognizably derived from the traditional (and most of it still in Hebrew) but substantially different in tone.

In a traditional congregation, for example, the cantor stands facing the ark containing the Torah scrolls, his back to the congregation. The increasingly acculturated Conservative constituency decided that this lacked aesthetic value and was out of harmony with American norms. Congregations therefore arranged to have the cantor stand with his back to the ark, facing the worshippers. The new position was not even a violation of the letter of Jewish law; there is precedent for it. But the change altered the ambience. A man chanting prayers while standing in front of a group of worshippers, his back to them, is perceived as praying for his people to the Presence symbolized by the ark. A man chanting as he faces a group is perceived as a performer.

In traditional services, to take another example, every worshipper proceeds largely at his own pace, in accordance with his personal progress through the prayerbook, and his edition of the prayerbook may well differ from his neighbor's. But the women and most of the men in the new constituency were less familiar with Hebrew and the order of the prayers. A uniform edition was needed so that the rabbi might announce pages. The logic of the situation subordinated individual prayer and led to greater emphasis on order. The rabbi and cantor conducted the services, and this had the effect of turning the worshippers into an audience.

The traditional synagogue often has a reading desk in the center of congregational seating. During the interlude set aside for the reading from Scripture, the scrolls are carried from the ark at the front of the synagogue to the reading desk, where the reader is surrounded by the congregation. The symbolism is clear: the Torah belongs to all the people; all are required to study and practice its teachings. The new synagogue structures eliminated the central reading desk. The younger generation preferred a formal auditorium.

During the 20's, 30's, and early 40's, organs were introduced into Conservative services. (The Reform movement had admitted organs into German Jewish services a century earlier, but traditional Jews regarded this as a violation of religious law.) The organist was usually invisible in an alcove above the pulpit. This meant that the cantor, unable to signal him during the prayers, had to plan the service well in advance. It also meant that the rabbi was inhibited from inserting or deleting English readings on a momentary impulse, or interrupting the smooth flow of services with a needed explanation. Any deviation would produce confusion, embarrassingly apparent to the congregational audience.

THE Committee on Law and Standards of the Rabbinical Assembly, the professional organization of Conservative rabbis, "legitimized" such changes retroactively, and maintained the impression that the old legal processes were still functioning. Thus a congregation might submit a question to the committee through its rabbi, but when the decision was handed down the congregation might choose to observe either the minority or the majority opinion. The late Rabbi Jacob Agus, one of the movement's theoreticians, in a retrospective article tracing the development of Conservative Jewish law, lists a number of changes and then writes: "All these and similar enactments were in effect *'takkanot'* [a type of talmudic legislation], though in some cases the rabbis were not consulted when innovations were begun. Mixed pews, the use of the organ, and a planned service were long left in limbo by the scholars, while congregations proceeded to act on their own."

The same could be said for individual congregants: they, too, proceeded to act more and more on their own. Over the years, the level of observance of the Sabbath and Jewish rituals, central to the traditional way of life, showed an unrelenting decline. Conservative Jews who observed the dietary laws at home seldom bothered to do so outside. The few who observed the Sabbath tended to adapt it to their own schedules. (The mother, for example, would light candles not precisely at twilight, when the Sabbath begins and as tradition requires, but whenever her husband came home and the children were seated at the table.)

But while personal observance fell, membership in synagogues (if not attendance at services) rose steadily. In the late 40's and mid-50's, the rate increased phenomenally. The great American exodus to the suburbs was well under way, and Jews were moving to areas from which they had previously been excluded. Conservative synagogues sprang up all over the country. By joining the neighborhood Conservative synagogues, the newcomers to a suburb asserted their ethnic iden-

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tity and legitimized it. For them, the center of gravity of Jewish religious life had shifted decisively from personal and private observance of the code to public identification with a Jewish institution.

Conservative synagogues offered a variety of benefits: religious schools for the children, a social milieu, status, something to talk about and raise money for, and a place to celebrate the children's rites of passage with exuberance. People were caught up in the enthusiasm generated by building drives, or burn-the-mortgage efforts. Synagogues were successful institutions, busy all morning with nursery-school activity, all afternoon with religious-school children, and every night of the week with committee meetings. They expanded to the point where they needed executive directors and large office staffs, and where the senior rabbi had an assistant and sometimes two. In most communities, suburban life without synagogue membership was almost unthinkable.

A period of great institutional vitality followed. Conservative Judaism produced a national chain of day schools, a chain of summer camps, a religious radio program featuring drama of high quality and undoubted worth. By the end of the 60's, the Conservative movement seemed on the way to becoming the dominant force in American Jewish religious life.

III

But a shadow was always present. In 1975, at the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of the founding of the Rabbinical Assembly, Rabbi Max Arzt, a pulpit rabbi and one of the movement's most popular figures, tried to capture the tension at the heart of the Conservative enterprise:

> Conservative Judaism aims to combine . . . piety with intellectual openness, a deep commitment to Jewish living with a critical understanding of the past. It affirms the revelatory inspiration of the biblical and talmudic sources of Judaism, but it also discerns in them a human context. . . . Conservative Judaism is not easily defined. . . . Unlike dogmatic extremists, Conservative Jews do not have the luxury of asserting with unequivocal finality where they stand. . . .

As it happens, Rabbi Arzt's observation was not true of Conservative laymen. The laymen knew where they stood, and had what they wanted: a way of asserting Jewish identity that entailed no restrictive personal requirements, did not interfere with their social lives, and yet, on demand, could put them in touch with their past. They attended services to celebrate rites of passage for family and friends. And they attended on the High Holidays, sitting through services that must have seemed endless to those who knew no Hebrew. It was their affirmation, and they were loyal "in their fashion." True, the younger people had come to prefer a certain lightness of touch; the note of formality, so important to the self-image of what was now the older generation, had lost its significance. But Conservative laymen, on the whole, seemed quite happy with the status quo; the Conservative "style" met their needs.

It was the Conservative rabbi who had the problem. As the movement developed, he found neither a clear intellectual rationale nor a satisfying communal role, and this was reflected in an increasing divisiveness within his professional organization, the Rabbinical Assembly.

On the intellectual-theological level, the Rabbinical Assembly rapidly developed three groups. One group was as eager for change as the younger laymen, though for different reasons. Rabbis in this group had grown up within Orthodoxy, but were troubled by what seemed its fundamentalist outlook and its failure to address the ideological problems presented by modernity. They had studied at the Seminary because they were attracted by its aura of enlightenment, typified above all by its espousal of the "historical school" of biblical interpretation.

In the traditional view, God chooses the Jewish people for His own purposes and gives them the Torah at one history-splitting moment, at Sinai. But the central pillar of belief of the "historical school" is that the sacred literature was produced over the centuries, layer upon layer, as religious ideas evolved, and that there has always been flux, growth, development. By implication, the Bible thus becomes the word of man, not God, though nebulous terms such as "inspiration" soften the impact.

The theological ramifications of this position were for a long time left unexamined—although one Seminary faculty member who did follow the argument to its conclusion, and as early as the 1920's and 1930's, was Mordecai M. Kaplan. Reconstructionism, the movement built upon Kaplan's rationalist thought, established its own rabbinical school in 1968 and is now independent. Others were satisfied with less disturbing implications, and were content, for instance, with the idea that since the Jewish people had adjusted the ritual code to meet their needs in ancient and medieval times, their descendants might do the same in the contemporary situation. Rabbis who accepted this idea naturally tended to advocate more innovation.

At the other end of the spectrum were those Conservative rabbis who believed that despite the intellectual fads that might be in favor at any moment, the genius of Judaism resided in Halakhah. This is what gave Judaism its unique character and discipline, and to slight it was to undermine the foundations.

The third group of rabbis, by far the largest, was the unorganized center. Most of these were pulpit rabbis rather than academics, and hence were sensitive to congregational realities. They were sympathetic to the arguments at the two ex-

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tremes but tended to be issue- rather than doctrine-oriented. They were also psychologically vulnerable to the wishes of their congregants, and without the air of conviction that only a solid ideological base can provide.

For some pulpit rabbis, therefore, the 60's, an era in which secular political commitments came complete with the rewards of zeal and certainty once associated with religion, seemed to offer an opportunity to reassert their role as leaders and reexert influence upon their flocks. These rabbis, many of them inspired by the example of the Seminary's Abraham Joshua Heschel, either took to addressing the political issues of the day—Vietnam, civil rights, the New Left—in their sermons (itself a highly problematical exercise given the mixed political sentiments of most Conservative congregations) or, in a few instances, became activists themselves, having their photographs appear in newspapers as they were arrested for challenging segregation laws at a swimming pool in the South, or demonstrating at the Pentagon. (Conservative rabbis were, however, always outnumbered at such events by their Reform colleagues. The Reform movement had long regarded the "prophetic role" as primary in Judaism, and so activism enjoyed a higher priority among Reform rabbis, and generally won greater toleration, if not approval, among Reform laymen.)

A challenge of a somewhat different kind was coming at Conservative Judaism in those years from young Jews, often enough themselves the products of Conservative schools and summer camps, who were demanding more "relevance" in Jewish religious life. In part such an initiative was a welcome one—at last, Conservative laymen were taking religion "seriously" at some level. But, like every other such movement of the times, this one tended to be highly confrontational, quick to classify everything and everyone as either part of the problem or part of the solution. To these young people, the organized institutional forms of Conservative Judaism were very definitely part of the problem, an "authority" not so much to be worked with and transformed as to be challenged, defeated, or simply ignored.

Rejecting affiliation with large synagogues, which they condemned as cold, impersonal, and hypocritical, some young Jews, influenced in no little part by the commune and counterculture movement of the 60's, formed small voluntary groups (*havurot*) of like-minded people. They believed they might "do their thing," conduct their own home services, and give their children a religious education without help from any "establishment-type rabbis." Eventually many large synagogues themselves adapted this technique and broke down their memberships into smaller *havurot* for socializing and celebration. But by questioning the very necessity of the synagogue in its established form, the independent *havurot* had planted widespread, nagging doubts about the legitimacy of Conservative religious institutions as they had evolved.

IV

As Conservative Judaism celebrates its centennial, news releases have been recalling the accomplishments of the past and forecasting a glorious future. Privately, however, Seminary officials, rabbis, and concerned laymen concede that the movement is in disarray.

In brief, Conservatism appears to have lost a good deal of its old momentum and morale. Some of this, of course, is owing to external factors. The recent much-noted revival of religious commitment in the United States, which has naturally affected Jews as well, has complicated but hardly arrested the relentless march of secularization. According to a national study, 60 percent of the Jewish population in the larger cities is now unaffiliated with any synagogue, and even in smaller communities, where there are stronger social pressures to belong, membership figures show a steady decline. Today young Jews need not join synagogues to assert their ethnic loyalties; moreover, for those who wish to be active in Jewish life, secular organizations are more prestigious and confer higher status.

But perhaps most significantly for those Jews who have remained religiously committed or have recently become attracted to Judaism, Conservatism seems to have been outflanked ideologically by a currently more confident and assertive Orthodoxy, on the one side, and a more innovative Reform on the other. The tension can be seen dramatically inside the movement itself. Conservative Judaism has always contained within itself all the quarrels Orthodoxy and Reform have with one another, but it is now finding it increasingly difficult to keep these quarrels from bursting out into the open.

Until recently, for example, the members of the Rabbinical Assembly, despite their differences, got along reasonably well. Suddenly, as if it were an atomic pile, the Rabbinical Assembly has gone critical. All the old tensions have been severely aggravated, and a sense of unity is now much more difficult to maintain.

One of several issues that have affected the Rabbinical Assembly was the Seminary's decision in 1983 to admit and ordain women. Until then, whatever changes were taking place among the laity, the Seminary itself had remained a stronghold of the traditionalists. But increasing pressure both from laymen and from the "left wing" of the Conservative rabbinate won the day. Rabbis at the traditional end of the spectrum are still unreconciled to the change. The dissenters (who include the Seminary's leading Talmud scholar, David Weiss-Halivni) have now created their own organization within the Conservative movement, and an independent law committee which now publishes its findings on questions of Jewish law.

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In effect this sets the dissidents up as a rival to the Rabbinical Assembly.

The traditionalists are also unhappy with the Rabbinical Assembly's new prayerbook for Sabbath and festivals, *Siddur Sim Shalom*. One of them, Rabbi Alan J. Yuter, has written that the deviations from the old prayerbook "form a consistent and disturbing pattern," and that the new prayerbook "is antithetical to Jewish tradition." According to Yuter, *Siddur Sim Shalom*

> rejects rabbinic law and theology for the anthropocentric secularism reflected on its pages in the following statement of Mordecai Kaplan: "Only by way of participation in human affairs and strivings are we to seek God." Kaplan's words, published in 1937, predated . . . and now encapsulate *Siddur Sim Shalom*: man takes priority over God, ethics precludes ritual, option replaces obligation.

Whatever the substantive merit of these comments on Kaplan, their tone contrasts markedly with the atmosphere at the Seminary when Kaplan was still on the faculty. (He died a few years ago, at the age of one hundred and two.) Other faculty members may have dissociated themselves from his views—views which, according to the traditionalists, have now all but triumphed at the Seminary—but criticism was rarely sharp. Today the old and carefully nurtured habit of courtesy among Conservative rabbis seems to be breaking down.

The last convention of the Rabbinical Assembly saw the raising of a potentially even more divisive issue, that of accepting Jewish identity by patrilineal descent. The norm has heretofore been matrilineal—i.e., a Jew is one born of a mother who is herself Jewish by birth or by conversion—but some Conservative scholars suggest that a case can also be made for patrilinealism in Jewish law. (The Reform movement accepts either.) In a period of declining Jewish birth rates and a high rate of intermarriage, the reason for interest in the subject is clear. But the traditionalists claim that a departure from matrilinealism would constitute a radical break with Jewish law, and so far they have carried the day. The Assembly passed a motion mandating expulsion of rabbis who do not adhere to matrilinealism. Still, according to one estimate, somewhere between two and three hundred rabbis are sufficiently interested to want the subject studied further, and there seems to be a movement afoot to rethink the resolution. The tone of letters on the subject circulating within the membership grows steadily more strident.

V

Ever since Nietzsche, conventional wisdom has had it that the modern sensibility is inhospitable to religion. Religion makes a case for transcendence, which is to say, a reality beyond the ordinary, familiar world, and wants us to direct some of our thoughts to that other reality. But secularity denies that other reality and would have us limit our attention to the world we know. The two positions are, logically, mutually exclusive, but Americans in general seem to embrace them both. In America, the historian George Marsden has suggested, "secularism is baptized." It may be more precise to say that in America, to be made socially acceptable, the sacred must first be partially secularized.

The process has its costs. Ritual and symbol are the delicate languages of faith, the means by which its message is conveyed. Change them ever so slightly, change even the background against which they are seen, and you change the message, diminishing the symbol's capacity to affect the community of the faithful.

Solomon Schechter believed the Jewish tradition so engaging that he was sure it would be accepted in its totality as soon as more effective ways of explaining it could be worked out. He assumed that all that was needed was for rabbis to preach in English, improve the system of Jewish education, and take advantage of the liberal interpretations possible within the existing framework of Jewish law. On one occasion he said that American-born Jews "accept all the ancient ideas, but they want modern methods, and this, on the whole, may be the definition of Conservative Judaism."

More than half a century later, Abraham Joshua Heschel wrote an essay from which I extract two sentences to serve as a summary of the Conservative movement's evolution: "Religion has become an impersonal affair, an institutional loyalty. It survives on the level of activities rather than in the stillness of commitment." Today, another rabbi, speaking of the Conservative laymen, has put it like this: "We rabbis are their problem and they are ours. We remind them that the institution stands for something, and they remind us of how little influence we have. If we talk of God or Jewish law, they act as if we breached a tacit understanding."

It was precisely to inculcate religious commitment—the sense of personal obligation at the center of the traditional code of behavior—that the Seminary was established. It was to imbue American Jews with a desire to live with Judaism's personal discipline, its imperatives, its endless round of blessings, prayers, duties, and rituals, its constant reminders of transcendence. The goal was to conserve the tradition by being open to modernity: open, that is, even to secularity. Perhaps no religious movement in the United States has ever articulated such a goal so clearly or sought it so consciously as has Conservative Judaism. Perhaps no religious movement can provide a better illustration of the results.

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Wish List

A Story

Allegra Goodman

A SHEIK rushes through Heathrow airport followed by his wives and children and his childrens' servants, each pushing a luggage cart. A young American couple cuts through with a screaming baby. "Where's the plug?" the mother asks desperately. Her husband fishes out a pacifier from his load of baby gear and plugs the baby's mouth. "We really shouldn't do this," he sighs. A group of stewardesses scuds across the terrazzo with their tiny rolling suitcases.

"And so," says the youngest of them, "I just said, 'I would hardly worry, sir. Our security is excellent. But if you are disturbed by your neighbor, we have one vacant seat in the smoking section.'" A young Hasid runs to catch a 10 A.M. flight closely followed by a group of middle-aged women wearing doubleknit polyester pantsuits, then a Japanese school tour, the students dressed like French schoolgirls.

Swaying a little in the crowd, Professor Edward Markowitz stops for a head count: Miriam, Ben, Avi, Yehudit—four kids, two friends, Grandma, six suitcases, three duffels, and the goddamn violin. Ed and his wife Sarah look warily at the crowd they have brought to England for the summer, the whole summer. Teen-agers and other non-grownups waiting to be transported to Oxford, fed and amused. Two of the kids are fighting already. The others want to get some real breakfast. Then there are the friends the boys have brought along: Noam, the gum chewer, and Ben's friend Scott, who leans against the wall reading *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. Ben lifts the left side of Scott's Walkman. "Still living in the 60's?" he asks.

Ed clears his throat. "Sarah, could I talk to you for a minute?"

His wife gives up fishing for a brush in her huge leather-thong bag. As they walk out of earshot Sarah calls back, "Ben, get a chair for your grandmother." Ben flashes Grandma a pearly smile and offers her a suitcase.

"What we should do," Sarah tells Ed drily, "we should get two cabs and a limo. One cab for the luggage, one cab for the kids, the limo for your mother. We'll send your lectures along with them. Then just the two of us cash in our tickets right here and bicycle through Brittany."

"Not bad," mutters Ed, "but I wouldn't trust my lectures to that crew."

Noam has gone to sit next to Grandma. "Piecegum?" he offers.

"I wear dentures," Rose Markowitz says in a terrible voice.

"O.K., O.K.," Noam eases, " 'scool, 'scool."

"This was not what I pictured when I got the invitation to Oxford," Ed tells Sarah. "The Wantage Center is very elegant. Underendowed, but elegant. It's got a kind of impoverished gentility and . . . *Christ*, what am I going to do with six stir-crazy teen-agers out there? This is not going to work, Sarah. I'm supposed to be in a lecture series with Israeli novelists and medieval Arabists —all these people take themselves very seriously. Not that anyone in Oxford ever comes," he adds. "What do Oxford philosophers and Russian historians care about Jewish-Arab relations? Half the speakers don't know a thing about any relations after the 13th century." Ed looks at the kids again and begins to smile. "Well, people are going to come to *my* lectures. Looks like I've shlepped myself an audience."

They squeeze into two cabs; the older Markowitzes in one, the younger tribe packed into another with Cadbury chocolate bars. The gray airport lifts away, and they speed through bright June fields.

The Wantage Center for Arab-Jewish relations is housed in an Elizabethan manor, or, as the kids dub it, "Jesus, the real thing." The cabs approach the manor on a long curving drive shaded with yew trees. Green lawns surround the house, sunken gardens, and flower beds. Beyond the gardens, the cottages, barn, and greenhouse are also owned by the Center. In each cottage lives a scholar with or without family. Some stay for the summer, some for a sabbatical. The manor itself is built of gray stone, a three-storey, heavy-browed building with deep walls, massive windows, and chimneys.

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Dick Frankel greets the Markowitzes at the door —a massive oaken portal with iron-claw hinges and a *mezuzah*. Frankel has pale blue eyes and a delicate beaklike nose.

"Edward, Sarah, welcome to Wantage!" the director beams. "Do come in. How was your flight? My goodness there are so many of us! The cottages seem quite crammed, so we've roomed you in the manor. Would that be *too* awful? Oh, excellent, then we can push on. Yes, all the way to the top of the stairs," he tells the kids, who have already pushed on. "McBride would help with the bags, but I don't want to trouble him." Frankel laughs nervously. "He is very probably the most important person at the Center. Sees to the heaters and the grounds. I'm certain we should all collapse without him. He has that practicality—well, I suppose we academics will always live in awe of it."

As Frankel utters these words, McBride is stirring in the second-floor blue bedroom. He grimaces and sits up in bed. "Yoff," he grumbles, "where's my clothes?" The other occupant is already dressed. She sits at her writing table watching him with dark, burning eyes.

"Why do you not say my name in all?" she demands in her heavy Israeli accent.

" 'Stoo long." McBride groans, trying to find his pants without leaving the warm bed.

"I think sometimes you do not know me—my name or my art. I am Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni. Do you read me, do you know my soul?"

McBride flops back in a tangle of sheets and shuts his eyes.

Her voice softens just at the sight of him. "But you do not need novels," she murmurs fervently. "You are a novel. D.H. Lawrence gave birth to you."

"She did?" McBride asks distantly.

"My God," Yaffa breathes. "Your hair, your eyes. My God, your shoulders. That mustache."

"D'you think I should shave it off?" McBride asks with sudden interest.

"It would kill me."

"Oh."

"I thought yesterday of your arms," she tells him. "They remember to me *Anna Karenina*. The meadow mown with peasants. Their muscling arms around the scythes."

McBride takes a towel and stumbles toward the bathroom.

"When will I see you again?" she asks.

"When I come out," he says, his mouth full of toothpaste.

"Tonight?" she persists urgently. "If you see the hall light burning, come to me tonight."

"Ease off, woman," he bellows and slams the door.

Ed Markowitz stops on the first-floor landing to catch his breath. The great staircase is carved, with dusty banisters. Below him lies the tiled entrance hall with its dark paneled walls. The front door is bolted shut with a massive wooden bar. Above it gleams a red EXIT sign.

The kids bang up the stairs with the cleaning woman. The attics have been finished and partitioned into bedrooms. "There's a ghost been seen in these attics," she tells them breathlessly.

"Yeah? Was it a girl or a guy?"

"She is the ghost of the lady who lived here and hanged herself because she loved a Moor and her parents locked her up and wouldn't let her see him."

"Good deal," says Noam looking around the rooms with new respect. He opens a diamond-paned window and looks out at the grounds in back of the manor: a wide green lawn and then a low stone wall; beyond that, a sunken garden, a higher wall, then an apple orchard; and beyond that, stretching out to the horizon, wind-ruffled fields of wheat. The others join him at the window. "Football!" he yells. The kids charge downstairs to take on the field.

On the second floor Frankel shows the older Markowitzes to the Rose Bedroom. Grandma has a green room next door. "It's small," she says. "But I'm glad of any place to lay my head. Edward, would you draw the drapes and bring me my book? Thank you." She eases a chair to the desk and turns on the little desk lamp. "It doesn't burn very brightly," she observes.

Frankel touches the desk pensively. "A brilliant graduate student used to live here." He says it much the way the maid had spoken of the ghost. "He was shortlisted for a post at Leeds but was edged out and forced to go to a ghastly university in America." Frankel shudders. "Texas, I believe."

"Austin?" Ed laughs. "He'll have the highest salary and lowest cost of living in the country. Somehow I wouldn't pity him."

"Oh, not *pity*. No one wants pity. In fact, when he left we did not speak of it. He was very proud."

"Come now," Ed says. "When you consider the money that school has."

"But you come from America yourself, Ed. So it wouldn't affect you the way it would him," Frankel urges gently.

Frankel drives home that evening in his Hillman Minx. He waves to McBride, who stands at the gate doing something clever with the hinges. Splendid. And when one thinks that ten years ago the place was used as a dormitory and cut up into little rooms! Mrs. Frankel was very unkind about that. Hostel for academics, she had called it. Cheap place for Israeli aesthetes, sanatorium for languishing Orientalists, halfway house for Persian miniature cryptographers after budget cuts.

It is absolutely untrue. Frankel's lips twitch in indignation. "We have a mission of peace," he says aloud, quoting the Center brochure. Even Mrs. Frankel admits it was quite a coup getting

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Ed Markowitz for the summer. A Georgetown expert in terrorism. It certainly modernizes the lecture series. "Professor Markowitz spent his undergraduate years at Cornell," Frankel murmurs, formulating a little off-the-cuff introduction for Thursday. No, perhaps something a bit more dramatic. "Understanding the motives, the practice, indeed the science of terrorism has always been, though we hope will not always be, of much concern to students in the field of Jewish-Arab relations." Yes, that has a nice ring. Personal, but solid and well considered.

Frankel turns on the little black radio perched on the dashboard. A modern string quartet prickles against his skin. He supposes it must be interesting, but turns down the volume just the same. Have they ordered the cakes for the Center's anniversary? Little white chairs on the South Lawn. He'll have to say a few words. "We have done much, but there is much to do." Yes. Frankel smiles at the modesty of the phrase. He hasn't spoken of it publicly, but he sees unlimited possibilities for the Center. Who knows? It is even possible that Arab scholars will one day accept invitations to Wantage.

As FRANKEL muses on progress in his Hillman Minx, Ed Markowitz wearily drives a rented Fiat to the Oriental Institute in Oxford ten miles away. He had not intended to make the trip on the very day of his arrival, but this is the only time he can be sure of seeing Mujahid Rashaf, who is returning to Saudi Arabia within the week. Rashaf is an Oxford Fellow and the son of a merchant prince. He will provide just the reasoned yet religious opinions that Ed seeks for his book, *Terrorism: A Civilized Creed*.

"A provocative title," the Institute director says languidly at tea. They sit in dark green leather chairs and sip Lapsang Souchong. A dozen scholars chat at the inlaid tables, leaning forward from the shadows of their hooded chairs.

"But it's meant to be provocative," Ed replies. "Terrorism must be understood as part of an ethical code. To study terrorism with any dispassion, we have to begin from the understanding that it is a logical, rational, and ethnically valid form of action. The real issue in the Middle East is cultural absolutism—something we must recognize in ourselves as well as in the Arab nations."

"Hmm." The director bites a chocolate-glazed biscuit delicately. "Not to press you to divulge your conclusions, but I suppose there are no easy answers."

"Exchange, moderation, tolerance," Ed answers confidently. "Not easy, but certainly answers."

Ed rises to refill his cup at the buffet table, glad to leave the director, who speaks in such a flat, bored voice. He joins the livelier circle around Mujahid Rashaf. The young man wears white trousers and a simple but hand-tailored linen shirt. He speaks with the natural, artless manner of one used to an audience. His features are not as delicate as his accent. He has a fleshy face and small bright eyes. Ed sees at once that Rashaf is absolutely brilliant. His dissertation is a study of the early industrial influences that shaped Fitzgerald's distortion of Omar Khayyam.

Ed is nearly faint with exhaustion when he leaves the tea. He shakes hands with Rashaf and suggests corresponding about the changing role of terrorism in Israel.

Rashaf smiles and presses Ed's hand. "There is no change," he says gently, patiently. "We will drive you into the sea."

AT WANTAGE a few scholars gather in the library after dinner. The small oak-paneled room contains a strange collection of chairs—some overstuffed and Victorian, some anorectic and modern. Books have overrun the shelves and advanced to the table tops: Saadya, Bellow, Imru 'l-Qais, Amos Oz, Abu Nuwas, Kissinger. A new history of Lebanon, an old study of international law as applied to the West Bank, Hourani's classic, almost elegiac *History of Arabic Thought in the Liberal Age*. Bound in green and red leather, rival Arabic dictionaries compete for space; French-Arabic edges out German-Arabic by a tome. The Fellows of Wantage talk placidly in a room of books uncatalogued and wild, toppling in precarious layers toward the light.

Itzhak Tapuz, the eminent Israeli playwright, confers in a corner with his illustrator, a young cousin he has commissioned to draw sketches for his forthcoming volume of collected stories. A birdlike anthropologist-poet perches on the movable library stairs. "So. Are you the scholar or the spouse?" she asks Sarah Markowitz.

"I earn my living as a novelist, so I'm probably. . . ."

"Got that. I'm Tiki Sofer. I'm the scholar. My husband drives a cab in New York. The Center invited me to speak, but the plane fare came from the cab. That's the way it is; the real work supports the fancy stuff. I write poems on Ocean Parkway, in the cab. I even got myself a cheap publisher right in the cab. From Oxford, yet. Just sitting in the back seat. And none of this vanity-press shit. I pay only expenses. That's the way I work."

"I have to use a desk," says Sarah, amused and discomfited. She had always thought of the desk in Washington as an emblem of the Great Tradition: Jane Austen, George Eliot, Tillie Olsen, Cynthia Ozick.

The door opens and the resident anthropologist Jonathan Collins steps in, his beard meaning to get trimmed. "Sarah!" he cries. "Come here, old thing. How are you? Where's Ed? Haven't seen him since the New York conference. What, tucked away in bed already? After all those hours on the plane? I always do a good run to reorient the spine. I've only just returned from the field,

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myself. Now, now, oral history in Albania is every bit as much field work as the Ituri forest. I would tell you, but you'd never believe me. But really, we're frightfully glad to see you. Especially Frankel. The thing is, it's been a dreadful winter. Peace institutes are simply becoming a drug on the market—not to mention the funding problem. But now the great American capitalist is coming to save us, and our Ed is the whole show. Oh, didn't you know? He's to make us relevant to the times and talk up the peace process and other American things."

Tiki looks at Jonathan shrewdly. "And what does this American get?"

"Oh—glory, of course. The one who gets is the little bourgeois fund-raiser who found him."

"A commission for bringing in money?" asks Sarah.

"What commission? Terrence Glueck finds and brings this donor and he gets the Center. One more donor like this and he could have full feudal rights to the place. We'll all labor in the cottages and pay a tithe of our pages." Jonathan laughs at his medieval vision. He himself cannot tell whether he speaks bitterly or from an instinct to amuse.

THAT night Sarah Markowitz sleeps deeply as only the jet-lagged can sleep: legs and arms extended without seat belt, cramped neck and shoulders melting slowly into relaxation. On the third floor only Scott is awake, still reading *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. On the second floor, Ed leafs through the Center brochure. The photo of a dark-eyed woman fills the back page with the legend: "Wantage is so precious a place for the majority of us. Even if I write only one chapter here I will know that I wrote it at the Center. —Yaffa Yehuda-Yardeni, novelist." Ed yawns and turns off the lamp.

Except for the one in the hall, the last light in the manor is Grandma's. Rose Markowitz never sleeps. If she did, she would be the first to notice, but sadly sleep is impossible because of the Pain. She feels it most when she is alone and when the rest are talking about things that mean nothing to her. It is an agonizing pain. It tears through her so fast that she could not tell you where it hurt. Rose closes her thick paperback romance. A loathsome thing and badly written. Not at all tasteful like *The Thornbirds*. She pads to the night table and bravely takes out her bottle of pills. There are now only 61 pills left. In the lighted hall, the door to that awful Israeli woman's room stands ajar. Rose walks past it to the high-ceilinged bathroom. A scalding bath is the only thing for the Pain besides the pills. She floods the claw-footed tub with steaming water. The sound reassures her, reminds her of bubble baths and white lace dresses. She had been a picture in that dress. The water rushes on. She turns off the faucet and suddenly is afraid to step into the brimming tub. It is too deep for her and she cannot climb out alone. She would sit down and sob, but no one would even hear her. She looks at the water and wonders briefly how to drain it, then turns off the hall light and shuffles back to her room.

THE next morning Yaffa thunders into the kitchen. The kitchens are remnants of the manor's days as a student dorm. Now the scholars use them. On the third floor an unshaven medievalist piles dishes in the sink; on the second floor a young Arabist grows bean sprouts. And here on the first floor, Yaffa slams a frying pan on the stove and takes out a stick of butter. She wears a man-sized shaggy plush bathrobe and orange terry-cloth slippers. Keys clatter down the hall and McBride enters whistling. He stands in the doorway with his cocker spaniel, Lorna. The two of them look at Yaffa bright-eyed. "Make me an egg, Yoff," McBride orders.

"What?" she snarls with her back to him.

"Not too runny."

She tilts the pan to spread the melting butter. "My only weapon," she whispers dramatically. Then she calls out, "Let Her do it."

"The wife hates eggs. Can't stand the sight of them. Calls 'em liquid chickens."

Yaffa slams the pan on the stove and whirls to face him. "Look. These shadows. These lines," she cries, pointing to the dark circles under her eyes. "I never slept."

"Huh," McBride says thoughtfully. Lorna thumps her tail at his feet.

"Where were *you*?" Yaffa explodes.

"In bed," he answers. "Look, are you making my egg?"

Yaffa takes an egg from the icebox and hurls it at him. The egg smashes on the doorframe and drips down to the floor where Lorna licks it up.

"In bed. With Her," Yaffa hisses. "You lied."

"You said if the hall light was on and it was off," reasons McBride.

"Liar!" screams Yaffa.

"Bloody mess," mutters McBride. He whistles to Lorna and ambles down the hall.

The Markowitz kids run past him into the kitchen. "Food! Breakfast!" they scream. They freeze in the doorway as Yaffa slaps into the seething pan three strips of fat-marbled bacon.

THE manor Orangery has been converted into a three-bedroom house for the Albert and Joyce Siedenstein Fellow on a year's sabbatical from the Hebrew University. This year's fellowship funds the Yemenite Arabist Gavriel Ben-Zion, his wife, and their two children who eat chocolate Rolos behind the couch and watch the neighbors through the glass walls of the converted greenhouse. "People are coming," thirteen-year-old Ezra whispers to his younger sister Naomi.

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"Back to the table," orders Geulah Ben-Zion. Her voice carries. Ezra and Naomi push their Rolos under the couch and join their parents for blueberry muffins. The Orangery is filled with modern furniture in keeping with its glass structure. In winter it's the warmest place in the institute, but in June the greenhouse effect overheats the place. Geulah Ben-Zion has put up green curtains to screen out the sun and passersby. She has covered the picture window in the bathroom and the glass walls in the kitchen. "I hardly blame her," the cleaning women in the manor said to one another. "It's like living in a cucumber frame."

"Can't you see them?" little Naomi calls out. She draws the curtains by the kitchen table, revealing a long line of Markowitzes winding toward the door. Gavriel Ben-Zion puts down the *Times* and goes to greet them. He stands in the doorway imposingly, a tall dark-eyed man with a military haircut.

"Hi!" Sarah Markowitz says hopefully.

Ed puts out his hand. "I don't suppose you've ever seen us before, but I'm Ed Markowitz; we just got in last night. Uh, this is my family," he gestures hurriedly.

"Edward," Grandma hisses disapprovingly at his elbow.

"This is my mother, Rose Markowitz," Ed adds. "As I said, we just woke up this morning; I mean we just got here last night. . . ."

"Food, Dad," one of the kids prompts from behind.

"We had no idea the kitchen wasn't kosher," Sarah tells Geulah at the table.

"It is kosher on the second and third floors." Geulah reaches for the plate of blueberry muffins. Only crumbs are left. The kids have finished off the muffins and run outside. At the window Geulah sees Ezra and Naomi leading the teen-agers to the sunken garden. McBride passes, naked to the waist and carrying a rake. "*That* is a beautiful man." Geulah opens the green curtains a little wider for Sarah to see.

"Yes, he certainly is," agrees Grandma.

"You have beautiful children," Sarah says, embarrassed. "The little girl looks just like you."

"Oh, no." Geulah comes back to the table. "They're both adopted. And they're Yemeni like Gavri, not like me."

"I AM so glad to find you here, Gavriel," Ed says in the study. "I've heard a great deal about you."

"Really," Gavriel replies drily. "What have you heard?"

Ed searches quickly for something repeatable. He is a left-winger. He married money. She is six years older. He has a whole house in Jerusalem. "Well, about your eminence in the field," Ed beams with vague joviality. "I was riveted by your book *Jihad as Proletarian Uprising*. I'm hoping to get a lot of work done this summer. I'm just finishing my new book about terrorism."

"A difficult subject." Gavriel shifts his weight back in his swivel chair.

"Oh, yes, of course. Very difficult," Ed agrees. "But not necessarily tragic. In fact, I do something I haven't seen done in any of the literature. I've been talking about terrorism as a dynamic process involving elements of anarchic creativity. In fact, we see in the four terroristic elements the mirror image of so-called constructive action. In simple terms, both the terrorist and the rescuer use the four elements, secrecy, surprise, team or theistic loyalty, and escape. You're smiling. You think this is shocking."

"No," Gavriel says honestly, "I think you're a jackass."

BACK in the kitchen, Sarah and Geulah plan for both families to go to the Eights Week boat races.

"None too soon," says Sarah. "The kids will have done and seen everything in the village by tomorrow."

"It's important to plan activities," Geulah says earnestly. "I work with the children every day on their projects, but they must have outings."

"You sound very scientific," Sarah laughs. "I just let the kids scrounge."

The women hear rising voices from the study.

"Listen!" shouts Gavriel. "You know nothing about rescue missions."

"What do you mean nothing? I was on-call consultant for *Entebbe—The Movie*."

"Right!" Gavriel shoots back bitterly. "The movie. Creative dynamics. You don't know."

"So you were there?" Ed asks sarcastically.

"I was in Yemen. Operation Magic Carpet. I was sixteen, and I knew the language. I was ordered to go from village to village and gather up the people. So I did, and they followed me to the landing strips. Sold everything to get there. And there they were. We got them there. Was there organization? Dynamic? Not enough planes, and the flights came late. They died on the landing strips without food or money. No shelter. Waiting for the planes I promised them. Don't tell me about creativity. There's a fifth element, you see: the success factor. And terrorists have more success than rescuers. It's a lot easier to blow up people than to keep them in one piece."

"Hey," says Ed, abashed, "I should have been more sensitive. This is heavy stuff. We run into this a lot."

"Go to Ethiopia," says Gavriel. "More of you experts should go out into the field."

"Oh, no, the field is very crowded at the moment," Ed demurs. "You have no idea the numbers of grad students."

OUTSIDE on the lawn the kids tramp past the little garden study built for Tapuz. They peek in the window and see the playwright scribbling furiously in his undershirt. Ezra and Naomi take

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the Markowitz kids through the Elizabethan grass tennis courts where Ian Scott and his wife Gwendolyn live in the converted tennis pavilion. "This is not a Jewish Center," Frankel likes to tell prospective donors. "This is a Center studying Arab-Jewish affairs." He always mentions the Scotts' excellent work in ancient siege archeology at this point. The Scotts are charmed by this, and try to come to Wantage every winter. "It's lovely at Christmas time," Gwendolyn says. "I get out all my traditions and we have a great big Advent party for all the Wantage Fellows. Not everyone eats, of course, but everyone can come because there aren't any other Advent parties competing. The whole thing seemed a bit Jewish at first. But we hardly notice any more."

The kids walk past the barn, now the Center library, and the other cottages. They climb over the low stone wall and jump into the orchard. "A rabbit!" gasps Naomi. She points to a tiny gray rabbit with quivering ears startled from under an apple tree's gnarled roots. Naomi moves toward it slowly and takes it up in her hands. The rabbit sits in her cupped hands paralyzed with fear. "It's a girl rabbit," Naomi announces without looking. "And her name is Shlomit." "It means peace," she explains to the visiting Americans.

AFTER the Markowitzes have gone, Geulah gathers up the wash in her wicker basket and walks to the gray stone horse stalls at the side of the manor which now house the washing machines. Red roses cover the stalls outside, and inside iron rings still lie embedded in the stone. Tiki Sofer is folding towels from a pile on the drier.

"Hi," she says briskly.

"I didn't know you did laundry, Tiki." Geulah has heard Tiki expound on domestic philosophy.

"I take my turn. You should put your husband on the rotation system. Why slave? I learned that from watching Yemeni women. Even in America they want to kill themselves. I say, look—they want peeled vegetables, I'll buy them peeled. Diced? I'll get pre-diced from Birdseye. They want child care? I'll send the kids to day care."

"I'm not like you," Geulah says defensively. "My children are a full-time occupation. Their needs come first."

"*Ima*—Mummy!" calls Naomi running into the laundry stall. She holds out the baby rabbit in her hands. "*Ima*, we have to take her in."

"Please, *Ima*," says Ezra. "We'll keep her in our room. Her name is Shlomit the Rabbit."

JONATHAN COLLINS's worst fears gain substance that afternoon when he sees Frankel drive up with the American fund-raiser and his multimillionaire find. As Jonathan watches at the library window, the fund-raiser emerges from the car. He is a tall, bony man wearing white pleated pants and a sapphire-blue silk shirt unbuttoned at the chest. He carries a small leather purse under his arm. "Oh, my God, my God," Jonathan gasps in real horror. "Is he a pansy, or is he just American?" A woman in a red silk dress follows the fund-raiser. She wraps her arm around the American's waist and whispers something into his ear. The couple help an elderly man out of the car. He walks bent and wispy-haired toward the stone manor steps. Frankel pops out, looks around for McBride, and then opens the trunk to carry the suitcases himself.

Jonathan turns away from the window miserably. He picks up a copy of the *Economist* and tries to read. He puts it down again. What will become of the Center? Can Frankel really be that desperate? He'll give it to the Americans and they'll send their students over. Girls taking their junior year abroad. The old man will die and the Americans will take on the trust, carve up the lands. Start high-tech concessions.

"This is the library," says Frankel, opening the door grandly. "Oh, Jonathan! What a pleasure! Jonathan, I'd like you to meet Terrence and Pat Glueck from Miami. And this is Mr. Armistead Buchsbaum, also a Miamian. Mr. Buchsbaum, Jonathan is one of our treasures here at Wantage —an anthropologist doing marvelous things with the study of fundamentalism in the Middle East. I think he's taught us all how much common ground there is for extremists *qua* extremists. Jonathan, Terrence was up at Oxford a bit before your time."

"What did you read?" Jonathan asks Terrence.

"I'm an art historian," Terrence answers with unaffected boredom. "I focus on the Mannerists."

"You all make me feel terribly unacademic," Pat asserts comfortably.

"Oh, heavens," Jonathan moans after they have left. She must be an orthodontist. The American Dream: stainless-steel teeth. They'll hollow out the Center and fill it with silver.

THAT evening two desk lights shine in the library. At one desk, Ed Markowitz is revising his lecture for Thursday—"Gathering Storm: The Bekaa Air Strikes." At the other desk, Sarah is revising part three of her novel, about a woman named Rachel Meyers who grew up in the 1950's in New York and studied English at Barnard. After she moves to California with her husband, Bob, Rachel finishes her Masters at UCLA. The job market is tight, and Rachel takes a job on a research grant with a group of linguists evading the draft. By the end of the 70's the soft money is gone and Rachel takes time off to paint. She joins a painting group and starts discussing her work with others. Friends urge her to develop her talent, but she decides to go back to school and finish her Ph.D. in English. With Bob's support, she does this. After she has earned her Ph.D. she leaves the field to paint full time.

"Sarah," Ed looks up from his desk. "We're going to have to do something about my mother."

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"You make it sound like euthanasia."

"No, no. I mean you're going to have to take her to see Henry."

"Why me?" Sarah unscrews the parts of her ballpoint. "He's not *my* brother."

"But she's been *kvetching* about it all day: I only came to England to see Henry. I must see my son."

"Then you should take her, Ed. How is Henry going to feel if his sister-in-law brings her? He knows we're all here."

"I can't go to that house."

"You mean you won't."

"No, I can't. And don't do that to your pen. You're getting ink all over."

"Don't tell me what to do with my pen. I want to know why you can't take your own mother to visit your own brother. You don't have to stay very long."

"Can't do it. I'm allergic to that house."

"You are not."

"Yes I am. Look, don't use that tone of voice with me."

"You don't have any allergies," Sarah reminds him.

"Yes I do. It's just that I'm allergic to very rare things that we don't have in Georgetown."

"Like what?"

"Cracked leather bindings, moldy *shmattes* from the 17th century, old wine with cork fragments."

"You mean you're allergic to his whole *lifestyle*," Sarah huffs. "I think that's extremely insensitive."

In the end they decide to take Henry on neutral ground. Henry will meet them at the boat races with all the kids and the Ben-Zions. Grandma will be happy, and Ed can escape his allergies in the open air.

The Markowitzes rent another Fiat for the overflow of kids. After long and violent disputes, the oldest daughter, Miriam, gets to drive it. Miriam secures this right by convincing Naomi Ben-Zion that Shlomit the rabbit doesn't want to go to the races.

The day is hot, the lines long. Students drink beer in Edwardian clothes. The men are dressed as usual, but many of the women wear long skirts and white starched blouses with high collars and muttonchop sleeves. They sport straw boaters with wide ribbon bands. One woman with her hair piled up wears a blue dress with a bustle and carries a parasol. The Markowitzes meet Henry in front of the boat house of St. Edmund Hall, Teddy Hall as it is called.

"Darlings!" Henry cries and runs toward them with wet kisses. He wears a Greek fisherman's cap incongruously small on his large domed head. "Mother!" Henry beams. "You're looking well!"

"As well as can be expected," sighs Rose.

"Children!" Henry moves on. "Tell me everything!"

"I'm at Georgetown," Miriam begins.

"She's doing very well," Sarah continues. "And Ben will also be going to Georgetown in the fall."

"Are you still playing that tuba?" Henry asks Yehudit.

"Sax," she corrects.

"She just made the Northwest Washington select band. And Avi got the Most Improved award in all of high-school gym."

"Mom," Avi groans.

"And who are these young people?" Henry points to Scott and Noam who watch the oarsmen carry the boats down the cleated boathouse ramp to the river.

"The boys brought their friends, Scott and Noam."

"Hey," says Scott.

" 'ts-happenin'," says Noam.

Ed appears, having found a parking space.

Henry takes Ed's hand and presses it between his own. He looks into Ed's eyes and says, "You mean a lot to me."

"Uh, yeah," says Ed and laughs at himself like a bad stand-up comedian. "You look well," Ed says.

"I feel good." Henry clings to Ed's hand. "I've decided to be happy. I've decided; it's really a conscious decision like deciding to go to the theater or switch analysts."

"Is that what you've done?" asks Ed.

"What have I done?" Henry echoes. "Is that what you're asking? Well, I went to Stratford and saw *Romeo and Juliet*. You really must go. They did it as an episode from *Miami Vice*. With the commercials. It was just astounding technically, especially the use of the rock video for the Queen Mab speech. Yes, it was incoherent, but the fragments added up to a sort of anarchic realization of pattern. And it was also a real indictment of American society."

"It sounds terrible," says Ed.

"Oh, it was terrible, but after all, that was the point. The ass in the *Times* headlined his review: More Pity Than Terror. But I personally thought that was just his bit of egoistic fun. Obviously a theater critic has read Aristotle, but the fact that he has to prove it so vulgarly really speaks to us about the educational system. But I'm telling you this, Ed, because I think you should go—as a student of violence."

"A student of terrorism," Ed corrects as they follow the Ben-Zions to the bridge.

"Well, it's the same thing," Henry eases.

"No it is *not*, Henry." Ed's face reddens. "It's a valid cultural expression." How could the two of them possibly be brothers, he wonders.

Henry takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. Ed's opinions always make him ill.

The starting gun fires and the boats pulse forward, oar blades skimming the water.

On the other side of the bridge stand Terrence Glueck and his wife Pat. "Darling," Pat says. "Do

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you really think old Armistead is going to give a million to the Center? It's not very hope-of-the-next-generation looking. I haven't seen any students."

"They're working," says Terrence.

"In their little garrets," Pat muses. "Manual typewriters. If I were Frankel I'd get the whole place Wanged. Wang gives matching funds and they would have some word-processing."

"It doesn't matter," Terrence asserts. "Armistead Buchsbaum doesn't know from high-tech. Frankel has charm and English teas, and Oxford stumble in his voice."

"Well, I think that before Buchsbaum pops off, he's going to give it all to the Cancer Society or the Lung Association."

"He doesn't have any major diseases."

"Then he'll give it to the osteoporosis fund."

"Oh, Pat, don't be morbid. He's going to live a long time and give the money here. And we'll have a nice little Chair at Wantage for the summers. Without the children."

"I wonder how they're doing with Mrs. Lopez." Pat gets out her binoculars to watch the faraway boats.

"I wonder how Mrs. Lopez is doing with them."

THE weeks pass, and the Markowitz kids take over the television room to watch the Wimbledon matches. "It's live," says Ben. "It's there," says Noam.

Ed Markowitz delivers his weekly lectures on terrorism in the paneled ballroom. He has the largest audience of any summer fellow: a core number of seven and a half people (Rose comes about half the time) plus an occasional student. Sarah has finished revising her novel. Despite the fact that the heroine's mother-in-law, Iris, comes to live with the family, Rachel's future as a painter is assured. In the Orangery, Shlomit has grown from a tiny ball of fluff into an enormous gray jack rabbit. She shreds her newspaper, knocks over her water dish, and thumps across the carpet leaving behind a trail of brown pellets.

ON THE day of her lecture, "The Novelist as Peacemaker of Nations," Yaffa walks with McBride in the orchard.

"Why will you not come to hear me?" she asks, gripping his arm.

"I don't want to come."

"It's Her," Yaffa thunders.

"No."

"Someone else." Yaffa holds him by the shoulders and stares into his eyes.

"No. I have to go into town and rent chairs for the anniversary lunch."

"They exploit you," Yaffa whispers. "Let's run away. I would sleep on the moors."

McBride looks at her, puzzled. "You're a funny girl, Yoff."

"It's crazy," she hisses. "They walk on you."

"They pay me."

"You no longer want to leave." Yaffa's black nylon skirt catches on the rough bark of an apple tree.

McBride says dreamily, "What I really fancy is a ladies' hairdressing shop."

"A hair shop! A head shop! You want to finger ladies' hair after I leave! You have no money!"

McBride smiles. "I'm going to hock the silver tray Frankel gives me for ten years of service."

"The Novelist as Peacemaker of Nations." Yaffa pronounces the title of her lecture slowly. Then she throws up her hands and cries, "What can the novelist do?"

She clasps her hands behind her and paces the floor as some members of the audience scribble, "novelist peacemaker nations," and others note down, "what can novelist do?"

Yaffa stands against the dark wood paneling and continues. "What can she do but work and learn, developing her own work in the singular experience that is her own? I can only tell you the method of my own. The life of my own days. The novel is a thing of work and blood. A love-child of mysterious parent. The birth is long. A longing for the soul to speak to a companion. A desire great like the lust of the crops in the earth."

Frankel creeps into the back row to take full-length pictures.

"And," continues Yaffa, "the novel is a tension, an inner fight of split identities. Rain and Piss. Stream and Consciousness. Dream and Illusion. Pregnancy and Barrenness. Woman and Male."

The Markowitz kids slump drowsily by the end. Ben's friend, Scott, lies with his head thrown back, Adam's apple exposed on his long neck.

"Ms. Yehuda-Yardeni," Sarah Markowitz asks during the quiet question period, "how valuable do you find the writing-workshop experience?"

"*In*-valuable," Yaffa spits disdainfully.

Sarah writes in her notebook: "workshops invaluable."

THAT night, McBride directs the caterers as they set up white tables in the great hall for the Wantage dinner honoring Armistead Buchsbaum's visit and his lifelong commitment to peace. McBride sets out placecards according to Frankel's seating chart. Ian and Gwendolyn Scott sit with Tiki Sofer and Itzhak Tapuz. Dr. Ben-Zion the Arabist sits next to Dr. Markowitz, and the Gluecks of Miami sit with Buchsbaum and Frankel at the head of the table.

At dinner Terrence Glueck talks to Frankel with earnest rapidity. "You see, what we'll do next year is have the same dinner, same food, but for 200 pounds a head."

"Dear me," says Frankel. "I certainly wouldn't pay 200 pounds for a bit of trout. Though it *is* superb," he smiles up at McBride who serves the fish with heavy silver tongs.

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"No, no. That's not it at all," says Terrence. "The 200 is a donation to the Center; it's not really for the food. Maybe ten pounds for the food. That's the way it's done in America. You'd need more tables, of course. Then if you want to make it a real *gala*, charge 300 pounds. Open up the ballroom for dancing. Wine-tasting on the tennis courts. Cash bar in the Blue Room. Strolling violinists. If you sent out a mailing you'd be in good shape. You'll have to cull your list and put together a group of donors good for 500 pounds or more."

Frankel stares at Terrence. "It sounds rather frightening."

"Just a matter of organization," says Terrence. "I hope you have someone working on bequests."

Armistead Buchsbaum looks up vaguely and mutters, "Good fish."

At the other end of the table, McBride takes a trout in his tongs and says, "Well, Yoff, do you want it with the head?"

After McBride clears the dishes away, Frankel stands up and taps his spoon against his glass. "All of us at Wantage would like to welcome and honor Armistead Buchsbaum, one of the newest, and we hope soon to be one of the closest friends of Wantage in America. And surely one of the greatest friends of peace in the world. He is a man who has visited India and Russia and served as an ambassador of peace in his position as one of the most prominent leaders of the world's scrap-metal trade, both ferrous and non-ferrous. Accompanying Mr. Buchsbaum are his two young friends and fellow Miamians, Terrence and Patricia Glueck, new, and we hope frequent, visitors to Wantage. . . ."

McBride appears in the doorway with a tray of key lime pie slices. Yaffa's eyes brim with angry tears.

Frankel continues, "In honor of these three distinguished guests, I would like to propose a toast: to peace in the Middle East, an end to war among nations, and better understanding through culture—and, as Ms. Yardeni showed us so eloquently. . . ."

The sight of McBride serving pie is too much for Yaffa. That magnificent body stooping to serve Geulah Ben-Zion! Yaffa can bear it no longer. She pushes back her chair and rushes from the room.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" gasps Frankel. "The poor girl. Is she ill? Should someone go after her?"

"Contact lens trouble," Gwendolyn Scott murmurs.

"No, no," Tiki tells Gwendolyn. "She is lusting for him."

"Who?" whispers Gwendolyn, laughing.

"The old lech, McBride," Tiki answers, more loudly than she intended.

"Oh God, Tiki," gasps Gwendolyn. "You're such a card."

"But he *is* a magnificent specimen," Geulah sighs as she watches McBride pick up a fallen fork. Geulah glares at her bullet-headed husband who eats placidly, allowing Ed Markowitz's insights about Libya to float by him.

"I wish Yaffa's books were in English," Sarah Markowitz tells Geulah.

"Oh, it's all rubbish," Geulah sniffs. "She has written no good books since the first one. Now that book was a work of genius. *Induction Currents*. That was *takeh* a best-seller. Not a cheap best-seller. A real seller of excellence. That book had a power—men just could not understand it. It had new ways of writing Hebrew never done before. *That* was a *book*. But now? She has nothing. Nothing."

Jonathan picks at his pie miserably. He watches Terrence Glueck draw out a plan for the Wantage campaign on a cocktail napkin. "Well," Jonathan says to Frankel's wife, "exciting new developments for the Center, eh?"

Mrs. Frankel spoons in more pie. "Hmm," she replies. "About time, I'd say. Dick has done enough. I've told him time and again he should leave the administration to an administrator. Dick has his own books to write."

Jonathan groans. "You don't *really* think this Glueck is going to take over the Center?"

"We can only hope and pray he does," sighs Mrs. Frankel. "You know, Dick originally wanted to live here in the manor! Like living above the shop!"

McBride finishes serving the pie, but takes Yaffa's piece back to the kitchen and eats it himself.

THE following Thursday, Ed delivers his last lecture on terrorism. The lecture is a special layman's summary for Armistead Buchsbaum and a tour group of senior citizens from Temple Beth Shalom in Cleveland, Ohio. Ed begins his lecture: "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter." He looks up mildly at his audience. Suddenly Tiki Sofer stands up.

"I object!" she screams.

Ed sighs. "I assumed," he says, "that I wouldn't have to delve into relativist methodology. All right, let's backtrack. Let's take a look at what cultural relativism means. When a man. . . ."

"I object," Tiki repeats, still standing. "I object to you using the male noun."

"Oh, I see," says Ed, relieved. "Thank you. I was afraid we were going to have to deal with some epistemological stuff, here. Well, there you go. All right, once more with feeling. One person's terrorist is another person's freedom fighter."

AFTER the applause, the Markowitzes pile into the two rented cars and drive off to the Cotswolds. "A picnic in the fields," Rose sighs. "This is what I came for."

"I thought you came to see Henry," Sarah teases.

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"Henry? Never. He just came to see me only a few months ago. He knows that I don't like to travel."

They spend the day spreading out food and picnic blankets and then packing up to move as cows graze closer. Rose sits on a folding chair and falls asleep under a tree. The kids drive off in one of the cars in search of ice cream. As the sun sets, the Markowitzes walk along the river and watch the swans.

It is late when the family returns. Ed gets into bed, pulls up the covers, and falls asleep.

In the distance a telephone rings. Thudding sounds on the door and a woman's husky voice. Sarah shakes Ed awake. Yaffa stands, back-lighted in the hallway. "It's long distance. The public radio in America. They are calling for Edward Markowitz."

Ed stumbles out of bed to the bathroom. Splashes water on his face. He pulls up his pajama bottoms and runs to the telephone in the common room.

"Hello. Hello," he says.

"Hello, Professor Markowitz? This is Peter Henkey in Washington from National Public Radio. We've been discussing tonight's hijacking with several specialists and we would like to ask you for your insights. I understand you are at work on a book about terrorism."

"Yes. I am," Ed replies in a clear voice as he gropes frantically for a copy of the *Times*.

"Well, Professor, as you know, the hijackers have allegedly killed three and wounded eleven. The terrorists claim to be members of the radical Shiite group, Black December. How would you describe the mind of a Shiite terrorist to our American listening audience?"

Ed shakes himself. "Perhaps the most important motive for a Shiite terrorist is his belief in the rise of Islam through jihad. This term is commonly mistranslated as 'Holy War,' but the actual meaning of the Arabic word is moral struggle. As for the mind of the guerrilla fighter, I would like to stress that terrorist tactics are not necessarily implied in Arab culture. It is a dangerous oversimplification to say. . . ."

"Yes. Now, we understand that the two young men on Flight 52 have no other supporters in the plane. The captain reports three passengers have been shot in three hours by one young man, while the other guards the plane. Very briefly, what further developments do you envision?"

Ed feels suddenly nauseated. It must be the mayonnaise from that chicken salad.

"Professor Markowitz?"

Ed's stomach tightens. He needs to get to the bathroom. Nevertheless he clutches the phone and continues. "We must first take a closer look at what terrorism means on a level deeper than the ideological—the human level, if you will. . . ."

But the caller interrupts. "Thank you, Professor Markowitz. That was Professor Edward Markowitz, expert on terrorism from Georgetown University."

Ed hangs up and takes two Pepto-Bismol tablets. He climbs back into bed, a pillow under his stomach. He feels fat and soft and angry with himself. Always overeating, oversleeping, overachieving.

The day of the garden party is clear and cool. The maids lay out the tables with petits-fours and chocolate-covered strawberries.

Tiki follows the girls, questioning and taping them with her little black machine. "English oral histories," she writes home to her husband. "I've found publishable material. This Jonathan Collins has to go to Hawaii, Albania; and I find data under his own nose!"

"Who told you about the ghost in the manor?" she asks a maid.

"My mum."

"Who told her?"

The garden fills with people. The Markowitz kids mob the tables. The Ben-Zion kids clutch their sprawling jack rabbit. Yaffa arrives all in white. She wears a white lace dress, white stockings, white shoes, and long white gloves. McBride pinches her behind the punch table. "Yoff," he tells her, "this is my last day. They're going to give me a silver tray and I'm going to hock it."

"We'll hock together," Yaffa whispers.

Women in silk dresses gather in little groups, spike heels sinking into the turf. The American and English men wear three-piece suits. Gavriel Ben-Zion feels awkward with all this formality. He wears a long-sleeved white shirt open at the collar. He makes his way to Tapuz who wears a clean khaki jacket. Gavriel looks the playwright up and down. Jacket, pants, new shoes, champagne flute in his hand.

"Bialik," he says, saluting him with the name of the Olympian poet of modern Hebrew.

Eyes glittering, Tapuz clicks his heels and bows before returning the name of the Shelley to Bialik's Keats: "Tchernichowsky."

Rose Markowitz pulls Sarah by the elbow during Frankel's anniversary address. "I feel ill," she says. "I can't bear crowds."

Sarah guides her to a chair as Frankel concludes, "Peace is an elusive quality. One which seems, at this point in our culture, almost ineffable, impossible to grasp. Only through scholarship, I submit, can peace become graspable, effable, if you will."

The audience applauds and Frankel continues, "Like peace, the subject of funding has always been problematic. I know I am among friends today, and so I can confess I have a little list." He puts on his reading glasses and unfolds a piece of paper.

"As the Center director, I am a bit of a

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librarian, a bit of a housekeeper, and so I've compiled a wish list I thought you could help me with. First on the list—and you must excuse me mentioning this just after eating—new toilets for the first-floor lavatories."

"Oh, my God," shudders Terrence Glueck to the man next to him. "The Center needs a *program*, a major gifts committee, a fund-drive, *leadership!* He just never learns."

"No," Jonathan Collins agrees happily.

Naomi Ben-Zion begins to cry. Shlomit has jumped out of her arms and run away.

"Naomi, you are nine years old," Geulah scolds. "And high time the rabbit goes. She's too big, and she ransacks the house."

"Oh, Shlomit," Naomi wails. "She was such a sweet rabbit."

Ed sees Shlomit dash behind the punch table. He jumps up and tears after her.

"Oh, Ed!" Geulah tries to call him back.

"Don't worry," laughs Sarah, "He won't catch her."

Frankel presents McBride with his silver tray engraved in huge script letters:

For Lt. C.P. McBride
On the Tenth Anniversary
of the
Wantage Center
for
Arab-Jewish Relations
in recognition and gratitude
for his ten years
of
Outstanding Service

"Mm," smiles Tiki, "He can't sell that with the whole citation." And just at that moment, Ed appears red-faced and panting from his run around the garden and entanglement with a tablecloth. Even he cannot quite believe he holds Shlomit in his arms.

"My rabbit!" screams Naomi.

Many years later, Ed would still remember the look of disappointment on Geulah's face.

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For Whom the Bell Tolled

Jeffrey Hart

It is now fifty years ago, the "wound in the heart." Rightist risings against the Republican government occurred throughout Spain and succeeded in Seville, Galicia, and Badajoz. Government forces held in Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona. In an azure dawn fifty years ago, General Francisco Franco, commander of the Spanish forces in the Canary Islands, arrived in Morocco in a Dragon Rapide monoplane rented in London by a journalist, to take command of the Spanish Foreign Legion. The war in Spain became a political obsession in the West.

That summer, fifty years ago, Hitler and Mussolini loomed over the continent. It seemed to many that the Axis powers were on the march against democracy in Spain, and that Franco and the Nationalists were its chosen instrument. Looking back on the Spanish Civil War today, however, one concludes that it was not very well understood. Franco was not Hitler or even Mussolini, and, in victory, refused to cooperate in Hitler's projected seizure of Gibraltar. Spain was different.

And so it remains. Some years ago, I was hitchhiking along the beach road north of Barcelona, the sun so bright that it hurt my eyes, the landscape utterly parched. A pickup truck pulled up and I climbed in. A young Spaniard was driving, dark eyes and all smiles. I tried not to notice that on the floor by my feet was a small sophisticated-looking submachine gun. On the floor, also, was a stack of political literature. His organization appeared to be something called Warriors of Christ the King.

We chatted about the upcoming bullfights in Gerona, a provincial capital. At length, I acknowledged the presence of the machine gun with a weak joke: "Going to do some hunting?" "No, Señor. But you just don't know what can come up." Basque terrorists? Catalonian separatists? Communists? A rival faction? Who knows.

My point is that this was Spain, and not England or the United States. Would that, fifty years ago when the Civil War broke out, this distinction had been clear. The fact is that the Republican government in Madrid in 1936 could not govern the country; perhaps no government could. Politics were wild: partisan *pistoleros* roamed the streets, parliamentarians were murdered, the Communist Deputy known as La Pasionaria made blood-curdling speeches in the Cortes, churches were put to the torch. This hot and tawny peninsula, a piece of Africa attached to Europe, became a killing field.

Different or not, however, the mentality of the democratic West became intensely involved in Spanish matters, and, on the evidence of the recent bout of nostalgia aroused by the fiftieth anniversary of the war, it remains involved to this day. The literary critic Alfred Kazin has recently lectured in Spain, and there is fire in his ashes. The Spain of today is "not my country," he has written in the *New Republic*. "The Spanish Civil War, like what followed, was *my* war. In the course of it, I lost friends . . . the destroyers of the Spanish Republic would always be my enemies. . . ." Kazin acknowledges that today his "Spanish colleagues and friends smiled gravely at this. Since they and their families, the Spanish people, had borne the brunt of the war, they now seemed disposed to let well enough alone." Spain now has a moderate democratic government. It has joined the Common Market. The Spanish Communist party is a fossil and Spanish conservatives consider pornography a greater threat than Communism. For most Spaniards, then, the war is over. But not for Kazin. The "destroyers of the Spanish Republic" will "always" be his enemies.

In 1936, a young Communist, Josip Broz, who would be known to history as Tito and who could not then live in his native Yugoslavia, ran an operation in Paris. He funneled volunteers down the road to Spain to fight for the Republic. George Orwell, seething with resentment at the British class system, experienced Spain (very temporarily) as a deliverance. In revolutionized Barcelona, he had a kind of social orgasm, seeing at first hand *real* egalitarianism. Barcelona was the antithesis of Eton. You could get shot for wearing a necktie. "Sitting in the lobby," Orwell wrote, "it came to me that in the most real sense my vital life did indeed end with Spain. Nothing so vital, either in my personal life or the life of the world, has ever come again. . . ."

At the front, Orwell got a bullet through his neck and went home. John Cornford, the brilliant young Cambridge Communist, died fighting in Madrid. W.H. Auden went briefly to Spain and wrote a great poem about it. He was appalled by the carnage, but the poem remains a strong expression of the passions involved. Auden's theme was that the past was dead, the future a possibility, but today we face the harsh struggle:

> Tommorow, for the young, the
> poets exploding like bombs,
> The walks by the lake, the
> winter of perfect communion;
> Tomorrow the bicycle races
> Through the suburbs on summer
> evenings; but today the
> struggle.
>
> . . .

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Today the inevitable increase
in the chances of death;
The conscious acceptance of
guilt in the fact of murder;
Today the expending of
powers
On the flat ephemeral pamphlet
and the boring meeting.

. . .

The stars are dead; the animals
will not look;
We are left alone with our day,
and the time is short and
History to the defeated
May say Alas but cannot help or
pardon.

Auden later excluded this work from his collected poems because of embarrassment over the ruthless emotions it documents, and over the personification of "History." From the perspective of the present, indeed, its apocalyptic language about the war in Spain does seem rather absurd. But the poem perfectly expresses an important aspect of the spirit of the time. Emotionally, just about everyone in the world of arts and letters went to Spain, from Auden's friend and fellow young poet Stephen Spender to novelists like Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, and André Malraux. No wonder Kazin is still so possessive.

THE exact nature of the Spanish Civil War, imperfectly understood at the time, can be crystallized in retrospect. At least three wars were going on there. First, many people saw the conflict as an early version, a rehearsal, of the coming war against Hitler and Mussolini—indeed, some thought the defeat of the Spanish fascists might forestall that war. For their part, Mussolini and Hitler, the former eagerly and the latter reluctantly, supported the insurgent Nationalist side represented by Franco. From this perspective, Spain was a struggle between national powers, actually not so dissimilar to an old-fashioned war.

Within Spain, however, the conflict had roots that went back at least a century, involving monarchists and republicans, anti-clericals and the Church, landowners and labor unions, Basque and Catalonian separatists and Madrid centralizers, Communists, anarchists, and the fascist Falange. The permutations were often peculiar. The Basques, for example, though intensely Catholic, fought with the Republicans because they offered them greater local autonomy.

From another perspective, the Spanish war prefigured not so much World War II as it did the ideological battles of our own time. It was an internationalized civil war. As the historian Vincent Brome has written, "The civil war in Spain represented a cleavage in European thought too deep and universal to remain confined to the Iberian peninsula." Indicative enough is the fact that the authoritative bibliography of the conflict, by Juan Garcia Duran, published in 1964, provides a scholarly apparatus in three languages, Spanish, French, and English. Because opinion in the Western democracies was so deeply engaged, the Spanish Civil War in this perspective resembles the internationalized postwar conflicts in Greece, Korea, Vietnam, and now Nicaragua.

About 40,000 non-Spanish volunteers fought in the Communist-led International Brigades; among them were the Americans gathered in the Abraham Lincoln Battalion. Some 75 percent of these soldiers were members of the Communist party. The Soviet OGPU, predecessor of the KGB, investigated every volunteer to ensure political orthodoxy. The German Communist Willi Munzenberg, until murdered for obscure reasons at Stalin's orders, set up a vast array of "front groups" focused on Spain, and was a master at manipulating the media; the Soviet agent Kim Philby, for example, went to Spain as a British journalist.

At a camp in Albacete run by the French Communist André Marty, the volunteers received perfunctory military training and then got a quick trip to the front where they would come up against Franco's professionals. Every unit in the International Brigades had a Communist political commissar. The only non-Communist battalion commander was an English professional soldier named Wilfred Macartney. But not for long: the unfortunate Macartney was summoned to headquarters by car, accompanied by the political commissar of the British battalion; on the brief trip a gun somehow went off and Macartney was wounded. Tom Wintringham, a party member, took command of the battalion.

All of the International Brigades marched behind red banners. The German contingent, the Thaelmann Colonna, took its name from a German Communist, Ernst Thaelmann, who had been murdered by Hitler. Its marching song, "*Freiheit*," was written by Gerhardt Eisler, later a Soviet spy.

Stephen Spender visited the front a few months after the November 1936 battle of Madrid, in which a suicidal charge by 2,000 men of the Eleventh International Brigade broke the back of the attacking Nationalist forces. There he met a young Englishman who had left school to fight in Spain because he identified the struggle with liberalism. When the boy discovered that the International Brigades were run entirely by Communists, he was severely disillusioned. Spender told him that nevertheless this was a liberal cause. "I don't know about that," the boy said. "All I see are the Communist bosses of the brigade." A couple of weeks later, the boy was killed.

SPAIN was, altogether, a place to die, and Hemingway with his unerring nose for death understood this perfectly. Like so many others who went to Spain, Hemingway used the war to work out and express personal problems. The result was his 1940 novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

The "daylight" narrative of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* goes something like this. Robert Jordan, a university instructor in Spanish, joins the government (Loyalist) side in Spain because he wants to fight fascism. He accepts Communist discipline because at that time and in that place the Communists seem to be offering the most practical military program and the best military discipline, especially when compared with the Anarchists. Jordan believes in the idea of a Spanish Republic; he falls ecstatically in love with Maria, the daughter of a Republican mayor who has seen her parents killed and is herself the victim of a rape by Falan-

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gists; and he dies in a military operation designed to support an important government offensive. As Jordan dies he thinks, "If we win here, we will win everywhere."

But a dark mass of knowledge in the book presses in a contrary direction. The central movement of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is an awful rowing toward death, and the boat moves faster as Robert Jordan's cynicism about his political cause deepens. That deepening cynicism, and the growing perception within the narrative of the corruption, disarray, and incompetence of the government side, are indeed the reason this novel was received with such hostility by many "progressives" when it appeared.

Robert Jordan's relationship to his own immediate past is one of disgust: his father was a sentimental and religious weakling who committed suicide. The man Jordan most admires back in America is his grandfather, a Civil War hero and Indian fighter—who is dead. In a powerful scene, Jordan recalls throwing his father's suicide weapon, which was the grandfather's Civil War pistol, into a lake: ". . . and then he dropped it, holding it by the muzzle, and saw it go down making bubbles until it was just as big as a watch charm in that clear water, and then it was out of sight." But Robert Jordan is more closely involved with his father than this act of exorcism might suggest. Indeed, he possesses a sharp awareness of the reasons for his father's suicide, as the following ironic exchange with Maria indicates:

> "My father was a republican all his life," Maria said. "It was for that they shot him." . . .
> "My grandfather was on the Republican national committee," Robert Jordan said. That impressed even Maria.
> "And is thy father still active in the Republic?" Pilar asked.
> "No. He is dead."
> "Can one ask how he died?"
> "He shot himself."
> "To avoid being tortured?" the woman asked.
> "Yes," Robert Jordan said, "to avoid being tortured."
> Maria looked at him with tears in her eyes. "My father," she said, "could not obtain a weapon. Oh, I am very glad that your father had the good fortune to obtain a weapon."
> "Yes. It was pretty lucky," Robert Jordan said.

"To avoid being tortured." Like his father, Jordan avoids thought, immerses himself in his professional task, and relies on absinthe because of the many things he cannot stand. What he cannot stand is the truth about existence as it is unfolded in the novel.

For Whom the Bell Tolls contains a series of set-piece narratives within the larger narrative that in their revelatory intensity resemble the italicized "chapters" of Hemingway's early collection of stories, *In Our Time*. They include a description by Pilar, the powerful female whose spirit dominates the novel, of the slaughter of some "fascist" villagers, and her discourse on the odor of death. These are some of the things revelatory of existence which Jordan cannot stand.

What might be thought to justify such inevitable horrors is the "cause"—the cause of the Republic, of anti-fascism, of the socialist future. But the novel relentlessly strips away the possibility of such a political justification. Pilar, a true believer, puts her trust in the Republic "with a fervor as those who have religious faith believe in the mysteries." Pilar asks Jordan if he too believes:

> "And you have this same faith?"
> "In the Republic?"
> "Yes."
> "Yes," he said, hoping it was true.

At other times, his fundamental skepticism comes to the fore. "You're not a real Marxist and you know it," he tells himself. "What were his politics then? he had asked himself. He had none he told himself. But do not tell anyone else that, he thought. Don't ever admit that."

For Jordan, the ostensible political cause represents a kind of fiction which permits him to function without thinking about the inexorable doom he faces or about those things which constitute the dark truth about existence. Only by completely absorbing himself in his major task, blowing up the bridge over an obscure river in the Guadarama, can he choke off his dark consciousness; but as the cause itself wears thinner, this becomes increasingly difficult to do. By the denouement Jordan knows how it will turn out. As he spends his last night with Maria, she tells him: "The Pilar told me that we would all die tomorrow and that you know it as well as she does and that you give it no importance." Later Jordan whispers to Maria as she sleeps: "You have not known about it. We'll all be killed but we'll blow the bridge." Jordan heads for self-destruction like his father, though in the military mode of his grandfather:

> Oh, let them come, he said. I don't want to do that business that my father did. I will do it all right but I'd much prefer not to have to. I'm against that. Don't think about that. Don't think at all. I wish the bastards would come, he said. I wish so very much they'd come.

This is the point toward which the novel has been driving with all of its energies from the very beginning.

As THE case of Robert Jordan suggests, and probably that of Hemingway too, those who went to Spain fifty years ago did so for all sorts of private and personal reasons. They told themselves they were fighting fascists, and so in part they were; but to what end? They could not know that Franco quickly would purge virtually all fascists from key positions, or would later block Hitler's projected march on Gibraltar, an act which undoubtedly saved the vital Mediterranean for the Allies. Recent studies have demonstrated that Franco's Spain had a better record in its policy toward Jewish refugees from the Nazis than most other countries in Catholic Europe. And as for Stalin, whose purposes the International Brigades were mainly serving, he clearly did not want victory in Spain enough to intervene in sufficient force to achieve it; perhaps what he wanted was the Spanish gold reserves, which were shipped to Russia before the final defeat of the Left. Not long after that defeat,

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in any event, Stalin signed a pact with Hitler.

Yet thousands of non-Spaniards waded into this mess, among them Robert Jordan and his creator, with their pathological tug toward death. George Orwell went to Spain seeking a classless society, just as, seething with guilt and class resentment, he had earlier gone "down and out" in Paris. The classless utopia Orwell thought he saw briefly in Barcelona was crushed by the Stalinists, and he got shot through the throat for his trouble, and then abused by his old comrades on the Left for telling the truth about Spain—something his friend Spender deliberately refrained from doing.* No doubt similarly powerful private emotions could be demonstrated for the journey to Spain by Spender, Malraux, Cornford, and the rest. Alfred Kazin went to Spain only in his imagination, and for him it still seems to be 1937, though, as he admits, the Spanish themselves have mostly packed it in. At least Auden had the sense to know that he was in over his head and got out fast.

* See "Spain and the Intellectuals," by Ronald Radosh in the *New Criterion*, October 1986.

W.E.B. Du Bois: Up to Slavery

Eric J. Sundquist

In his exceptional satire on American race relations in the early 20th century, *Black No More* (1931), the black journalist George Schuyler caricatured W.E.B. Du Bois as the pompous Dr. Shakespeare Agamemnon Beard. The leader of the NSEL, the National Social Equality League (read: NAACP) and editor of the *Dilemma* (read: the *Crisis*), Dr. Beard denounces white "Nordics for debauching Negro women" while taking care himself to hire "comely yellow stenographers with weak resistance." He fulminates against white institutions he secretly admires, and heroically endures "the perils of first-class transatlantic passage to stage Save-Dear-Africa Conferences." Unfamiliar with the sufferings of poor blacks, Beard nevertheless bewails their hardships and poses as a Pink Socialist; but in time of war he rallies to the flag and "bivouack[s] at the feet of Mars" (as did Du Bois during World War I). When faced with a chemical amalgamating process whereby all blacks can be turned white, thus undermining black nationalism and eliminating the need for the NSEL, Beard-Du Bois intones: "The Goddess of the Nile weeps bitter tears at the feet of the Great Sphinx. The lowering clouds gather over the Congo and the lightning flashes o'er Togoland. To your tents, O Israel! The hour is at hand."

Du Bois is by no means the only race leader held up to ridicule by Schuyler, who spares neither whites nor blacks, but Du Bois's egotism and pretensions were an easy target by 1931. Schuyler was particularly offended that Du Bois, in his belligerent "Negrophilism," could gloss over modern slavery in Liberia and excuse other African or Soviet failings while making a career out of increasingly fierce attacks on American and European ideals. Schuyler himself, to the horror of many black leaders, became more conservative over the years, whereas Du Bois marched steadily to the Left, at long last joining the Communist party in 1961 and exiling himself to Ghana.

Even though the federal government's charges against Du Bois and others involved in the 1950 Stockholm Peace Appeal against nuclear armament were dismissed, his continued travels to Communist countries, where he proudly embraced every letter of totalitarian ideology and excoriated the Allies (the Soviets, he pointed out, had to "neutralize" Eastern Europe "in sheer self-defense against expanding Western capitalism"), inevitably gave grounds for the suspicion and harassment he claimed drove him from the United States. The last of his various accounts of his own life, the *Autobiography of W.E.B. Du Bois* (1968), was published in abridged form in the Soviet Union, China, and East Germany before it appeared posthumously in the West, after the manuscript was retrieved from Accra in the wake of the 1966 military coup that ousted Ghana's "Redeemer"-turned-tyrant, Kwame Nkrumah.

Would Du Bois, who became ever more contemptuous of the United States and the West, have viewed his inclusion in the standard-edition Library of America series as one more capitalistic assault upon the Pan-African ideal, a pandering to those bourgeois values that (as he said of civil-rights advances after World War II) tempted blacks "to ape the worst of American and Anglo-Saxon chauvinism"?

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Perhaps so; but for the rest of us, the new volume of his writings,* chosen and annotated by Nathan Huggins, affords a fresh opportunity to reassess Du Bois's evolution from scholar to romantic ideologue to intransigent Marxist. Although slighting his historical and contemporary work on Africa, and mostly suppressing his considerable adulations of socialism and the Soviet bloc, Huggins's choice of materials offers a clear picture of Du Bois's mind. We have the complete texts of *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade*, *The Souls of Black Folk*, and *Dusk of Dawn*, and numerous essays on such topics as segregation, education, black arts, race pride, colonialism, and women's suffrage, most of which first appeared in the *Crisis* and some of which were revised as chapters of *Darkwater*, *Black Reconstruction in America*, and Du Bois's final *Autobiography*. With the conceivable exceptions of *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade* (as a pioneering work of historical scholarship) and *The Souls of Black Folk* (as a classic cultural study), no one work by Du Bois is great, and many are deeply flawed; rather, it is his entire production, at once energetic and diffuse, that merits reconsideration.

Du Bois's story, if not exactly tragic in a grand sense, is an indictment of both his country and him. His life (1868-1963) and writings encompass the modern history of black life, from Reconstruction through the advent of the civil-rights movement, and in international terms from the European "scramble" for African colonies to the early years of African independence. "My autobiography," he declared grandiosely but not inaccurately in *Dusk of Dawn: An Essay Toward an Autobiography of a Race Concept* (1940), "is a digressive illustration and exemplification of what race has meant in the world in the 19th and 20th centuries."

Born of parents whose lineage combined French, Dutch, and African ancestry, William Edward Burghardt Du Bois was raised in close to middle-class comfort by his mother (following his father's desertion) in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, where her family had been free for nearly a century. As early as 1883 the precocious Du Bois began to contribute articles on black life to the New York *Globe*, and by the time he became undergraduate editor of the Fisk University *Herald* he had developed clear, condemnatory views of race prejudice in America. Further study at Harvard and the University of Berlin, leading eventually to a doctoral thesis on the abolition of the slave trade, prepared him intellectually for a professorial career at Wilberforce, the University of Pennsylvania, and Atlanta University, while also preparing him socially to withstand the strain of being a talented black man in a white man's world.

From the beginning, Du Bois's double interest in historical science and romantic cultural study gave his work a visionary dimension. Both statistics and aesthetics carried for him the indelible marks of race, and he translated into black terms the fervent race nationalisms of the era. In his graduate training at Harvard during the early 1890's under such men as William James, George Santayana, and Nathaniel Shaler, Du Bois absorbed a program that led from a philosophy of ethical responsibility to economic and social analysis. His two years of study at the University of Berlin under the economist Gustav Schmoller and the historian Heinrich von Treitschke were perhaps even more important in promoting his black nationalism.

In one of his first important essays, "The Conservation of Races" (1897), Du Bois called for "Pan-Negro" race solidarity in the post-Reconstruction period: "We are the first fruits of this new nation, the harbinger of that black tomorrow which is yet destined to soften the whiteness of the Teutonic today." Denying biological differences among races but accepting the idea of differing racial "gifts," Du Bois even in this early essay promoted a separatist philosophy that was inspired in part by his professors in Berlin but also appeared to have deeper roots. As a student at Fisk University, in fact, Du Bois had already given a commencement oration on Bismark, whom he then considered a role model for black leadership; and in a similar, but more ironic, address at Harvard he chose as his subject the "Teutonic" Jefferson Davis. Although he would later determine that German imperialism had played a significant part in the colonial upheaval in Africa, and come increasingly to denigrate Anglo-Saxon nationalism, he remained entranced by the romantic idea of a nation's or people's "soul" and styled himself an autocratic race leader.

Du Bois's understanding of the diversity of black American life was not completely theoretical. The rural teaching he did among poor blacks while attending Fisk introduced him to the worlds of poverty that lay outside the academy. His neighborhood study of blacks in Philadelphia, undertaken while he was a temporary instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, resulted in one of the first significant works of urban sociology, *The Philadelphia Negro* (1899). Against the biological racism that prevailed in much of the period's social science (and led to such ignominious works as Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race* and Lothrop Stoddard's *The Rising Tide of Color*), Du Bois's early scholarship sought to work from extensive data toward sound descriptions of black achievements as well as black pathology, a project best reflected in the utopian plan he developed while teaching at Atlanta University from 1897 to 1910 to bring forth ten ten-year cycles of books on various aspects of black life in America. The volumes that did appear (*The Negro Artisan*, *The Negro Church*, *The Negro in Business*, among others) vary greatly in quality; but along with *The Philadelphia Negro* and *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade*, they established Du Bois as an excellent scholar. There seems little question that, had he not been black, Du Bois would have received a major academic appointment on the basis of this early work.

But he was black, and even he could barely profit from his idea that a "talented tenth" of blacks

* Library of America, 1,334 pp., $27.50.

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should through their professional success raise up the mass of their brethren. Alongside his sound academic scholarship, Du Bois became an essayist skilled in lyrical polemic, most notoriously in the attack—in *The Souls of Black Folk* (1903)—on the strategy of progress by accommodation urged by Booker T. Washington, whose best-known work, the autobiographical *Up from Slavery*, had been published in 1901. Denouncing Washington's Atlanta Compromise as a complete surrender of civil rights and his advocacy of black manual labor as a degrading capitulation to the "triumphant commercialism" of the Gilded Age, Du Bois laid the basis for the forceful arguments on behalf of suffrage, higher education, integration, and jobs that in coming years would characterize the agenda of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and his own writings in its official organ, the *Crisis*. If *The Souls of Black Folk* is occasionally marked by wild flights of lyricism about the potential for black development, this is because Du Bois saw clearly that the times demanded a rhetoric of empowerment to counteract both the legacy of slavery and the growing racist inclination to treat blacks at worst as "beasts," at best as a scientific problem. "While sociologists gleefully count his bastards and his prostitutes," he remarked, "the very soul of the toiling, sweating black man is darkened by the shadow of a vast despair."

Bringing together essays that Du Bois had published in a variety of magazines, *The Souls of Black Folk* represents some of his best thought and writing. Besides a short story, a lament on the death of his son, a sketch of Alexander Crummell, and other essays on topics ranging from his own experience teaching in backwoods Tennessee to the "sorrow songs" of the slaves, the volume contains probing treatments of the labor problem in the postwar Black Belt, with vivid depictions of the desolate landscape of the "Egypt of the Confederacy." It demonstrates the great range of Du Bois's talents and painfully displays his contention that the American Negro always feels "his two-ness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder." In coming years, Du Bois himself would be torn asunder by the problem. Disclaiming America and embracing the supposedly transcendent idea of "Negro," he would seek to overcome the question of color by rediscovering the mythic soul of the African diaspora.

The statement for which Du Bois became most famous—"the problem of the 20th century is the problem of the color line"—appeared first not in *The Souls of Black Folk* but in an address to the initial Pan-African Congress in 1900. Both the Congress and the address contained the seeds of Du Bois's philosophy over the next sixty years, in imposing a unity upon the darker races of Africa, Asia, the Americas, and the world's islands and setting them collectively against the ever "imperialist" white race, also a supposedly unified body. By 1939, when Du Bois came to speak of the "future of world democracy" in *Black Folk Then and Now*, the "problem of the color line" referred specifically to the world's dark "proletariat," which he saw "supporting a superstructure of wealth, luxury, and extravagance." Still, although many of his strongest positions on black nationalism and socialism seem implicit in his earliest work, it is possible that Du Bois, had he witnessed less vile treatment of blacks in his own country, would not have embraced Marxism and veered toward the anti-capitalist counter-racism of his more mature thought.

In 1905, spurred by his increasing impatience with Booker T. Washington's moderation, Du Bois launched the Niagara Movement, a group demanding immediate equality in education and jobs. The group met sporadically and issued impressive statements, but made little headway against Washington's "Tuskegee Machine," which received the bulk of such existing support and accolades as the white establishment would offer.

It was the formation of the NAACP in 1909 that rescued Du Bois from the relative stagnation of his academic career. As editor of the *Crisis*, a post he commanded more and more imperiously until 1934, when he returned to Atlanta University, Du Bois often diverged from the NAACP leadership, but in the process created a forum for black opinion (much of it his own) unrivaled then or since. A number of the major literary figures of the Harlem Renaissance of the 1920's were promoted in the *Crisis*, and all of Du Bois's significant positions were initially aired in his editorials and essays. In particular, his controversial philosophy of self-imposed black segregation and separatist economic development germinated in the *Crisis*, and the fiery polemics against American discrimination and on behalf of African internationalism that became his hallmark were evident from the beginning of his editorship.

Two events, the death of Booker T. Washington in 1915 and World War I, thrust Du Bois to center stage. His notorious 1918 editorial, "Close Ranks," asked blacks patriotically to put aside racial demands in order to further the military effort. Du Bois, for example, was willing to accept segregated armed forces in order to ensure the commissioning of black officers. Yet this move toward accommodation was somewhat deceptive, for even as Du Bois was taken to task, not only by staunch leftists like Chandler Owen and A. Philip Randoph but also by some among his own more conservative constituency, his optimism about black advances during and after the war proved to be short-lived. The riots and oppressive labor measures that greeted returning black veterans prompted some of Du Bois's most bitter remarks and fixed in his own writing a counter-racism that would first reach full expression in *Darkwater* (1920).

"Close Ranks" is even more misleading as an index of Du Bois's development when one takes account of his work on Africa, beginning in earnest with two publications of 1915 that coincided with his displacement of Washington as America's most prominent black spokesman. *The Negro*, a relatively modest work on African historical

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traditions and race pride, would receive more detailed political elaboration in two subsequent revisions, *Black Folk Then and Now* and *The World and Africa* (1947). The book's concluding arguments, that the enslavement of Africans in the New World was at the base of modern industrial development, and that the European exploitation of the dark continent had brought on a world crisis, influenced a number of black American intellectuals. These arguments were also at the center of Du Bois's prescient essay the same year in the *Atlantic*, "The African Roots of War," which anticipated Lenin's thesis on colonialism and in effect projected Du Bois down the long road to Ghana.

Deriving mainly from the theory of underconsumption and financial "parasitism" espoused in J.A. Hobson's *Imperialism* (1902), Lenin's *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism* (1916) contended that "surplus capital" was used not to raise a nation's standard of living but rather to increase profits by exporting capital abroad to "backward countries." Likewise, Du Bois's *Atlantic* essay made finance capital the root of the Great War. Ignoring numerous instances of imperialism *without* capitalism (including black intra-African empires), he too imagined that modern imperialism was fueled strictly by white capitalist greed: "With the waning of the possibility of the Big Fortune, gathered by starvation wages and boundless exploitation of one's weaker and poorer fellows at home, arise more magnificently the dreams of exploitation abroad." There is no doubt that much colonial policy was ruthlessly disruptive of native society. However, neither Lenin nor Du Bois (nor many radical theorists in their wake) cared to take account of the fact that the great bulk of "imperial" investment occurred not in nonindustrial nations but in Europe, the United States, and Canada, or that such investment in Africa and Asia was made at great risk and, when it produced profit at all, often did so by creating wealth that had not previously existed in the colony. Concluding that all the violence and inhumane practice in Africa were imposed from without by bankers and bejeweled socialites, Du Bois made the dark continent the heart of capitalism's world crisis. Cecil Rhodes, he said, was responsible for World War I.

WHATEVER its shortcomings as a theory, "The African Roots of War" (later expanded as "The Hands of Ethiopia" in *Darkwater*) brought into focus ideas on imperialism and the color line that Du Bois had begun to formulate even prior to the period of the Boer War and the first Pan-African Congress in 1900, but that now began to approach the mystical proportions of his later Pan-African manifestoes. Between the 1920's and the 1940's, Du Bois adopted two rigid positions: romantic faith in the Third World and its history and, as a corollary, contempt for Western (capitalist) values.

The longed-for brotherhood of the world's dispersed darker peoples was a symbol of Du Bois's frustration with American prejudice that paradoxically fueled his own form of segregationist thought. In an age of intense race nationalism, Du Bois sought salvation in the unity of color. True, his powerful pleas for black suffrage, civil rights, education and jobs, and black cultural nationalism in America never fell back upon a proposed emigration to Africa, but they did require faith in the *idea* of Africa as a spiritual, even a political, homeland.

Extending one of the central analogies of anti-slavery rhetoric—the slaves' delivery from pharaonic bondage—Du Bois often compared Pan-Africanism with Zionism. "The African movement means to us what the Zionist movement must mean to the Jews," he wrote in the *Crisis* in 1919, "the centralization of race effort and the recognition of a racial fount." (Du Bois sometimes expressed admiration for the economic achievements of the Third Reich, but from the early 1930's on he also publicly condemned Hitler and the German regime's "race hate," likening it to prejudice against American blacks.) In fact, however, the diverse colored races of the world had no such clear fount of unity, and his repeated attempts to discover one in the multitudinous conflicts of Africa, Japan, China, India, and Latin America often led to bizarre contentions—for instance, that Japan's expansionism was an attempt to rescue Manchuria from the West and make it "Asiatic by force." Unsatisfactory in its specific claims and premature in its judgments, Du Bois's thesis of a unified color militancy and anti-colonial revolt has nevertheless been partially borne out—most of all, perhaps, when such revolt has been driven by Marxist subversion.

FROM 1915 on, Du Bois advocated a Pan-African socialist ideal. The first important international statement of his position came at the 1919 Pan-African Congress, which was held at the same time as the Peace Conference in Paris. The Congress' membership of fifty-seven was predominantly American and West Indian, and among the Africans the Senegalese minister Blaise Diagne and others proved somewhat embarrassing in their support for European colonialism. The Congress did, however, propose that Africans be granted gradual participation in their own governments, and asked that the League of Nations create an agency to oversee legal and economic guarantees.

Subsequent Pan-African Congresses in 1921, 1923, and 1929 largely produced rhetoric without substance (the "rape of land and raw material" by "white capital" was a constant theme), but they furthered the imagined reality of black internationalism and confirmed in Du Bois his opinion of his own messianic power. Du Bois's version of Pan-Africanism, however, both ignored obvious cultural conflicts among black Africans themselves and put American blacks, an oppressively "colonized" nation within a nation, in a central and supposedly inspirational role that many Africans found incomprehensible or foolish. By the same token, Du Bois rejected out of hand Marcus Garvey's "Back-to-Africa" schemes (denouncing Garvey as a "demagogue," a "little, fat black man, ugly, but with intelligent eyes and a big head"); and he seldom gave any recognition whatsoever to early race nationalists like Ed-

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ward Blyden, whose concept of "African personality" he certainly adopted, to important contemporaries like Carter G. Woodson, or to such later proponents of *négritude* as Aimé Césaire and Léopold Senghor, all of whom contributed intellectually to the movements for African independence.

His first trip to Africa in 1924 provoked the purest expression of Du Bois's romanticism. "The spell of Africa is upon me," he wrote in a Conradian moment in the *Crisis*:

> The ancient witchery of her medicine is burning my drowsy, dreamy blood. This is not a country, it is a world—a universe of itself and for itself, a thing Different, Immense, Menacing, Alluring. It is a great black bosom where the Spirit longs to die. . . . One longs to leap against the sun and then calls, like some great hand of fate, the slow, silent crushing power of almighty sleep —of Silence, of immovable Power beyond, within, around. Things move—black shiny bodies, perfect bodies, bodies of sleek unearthly poise and beauty.

Significant though such a view was for the cultivation of an Afro-American heritage, it was in essence Euro-American, as much a fantasy as the imperialist conception of African savagery. Du Bois's Africa was to a great degree literary. His visit to the motherland confirmed the ethereal symbolic role Africa had already begun to play for him in *Darkwater*, a volume of poetry, autobiography, essays, and fantasy that anticipated Jean Toomer's *Cane* in its mix of literary genres and themes. The volume's celebration of African primitivism and the native sensuousness of black artistry was in accord with the dominant mood of much of the literature and art of the Harlem Renaissance, and its mixture of politics and literature testified to Du Bois's evolving position on the social purpose of art. Riddled with vituperation for the "pits of slime" of the dark colonial world, a world that bears "the white man's burden / Of liquor and lust and lies" while awaiting the appearance of a "black Christ," *Darkwater* swings between rigorous economic and political analysis and asethetic fancy.

By 1926, the year he first visited the Soviet Union, Du Bois was firm: "All Art is propaganda and ever must be, despite the wailings of the purists." Far from working in tandem, however, Du Bois's art and his propaganda often led him to simplistic views or contradictory dead ends. With a few important exceptions such as "A Litany at Atlanta," written in response to the 1906 race riot, his own poetry (on topics ranging from black women to the Rosenbergs) is largely a combination of heated polemic and saccharine aestheticism. His first novel, *The Quest of the Silver Fleece* (1911), is a strong realistic portrait of the cotton market and its labor; but his 1950's trilogy, *The Black Flame*, traces United States race history in a plodding, self-indulgent epic; and his own favorite among his novels, *Dark Princess* (1928), is a stilted fusion of militancy and allegorical romance that forecasts the realization of a political-spiritual "Black Belt" running from India and Africa through the Caribbean to the Southern United States, and ends with the birth of a colored savior of this united Third World.

Like the strain of deliberate exoticism in the Harlem Renaissance, the Pan-African mythology sought power but risked creating a literature of alienation. Central to Du Bois's "Ethiopianism"—that is, his infatuation with the ideal of a sensuous, pacific Africa destroyed by European imperialism—was the view that Africa and Africans, with few exceptions, were morally sacrosanct. It was such slippery mythologizing that led Du Bois to proclaim in *The Gift of Black Folk* (1924) that the black worker's spirituality, thanks to its roots in the "communistic" proto-industry of Africa, could be made an antidote to the Western work ethic. Although he had much of value to say about the transition from the slave trade to colonialism, Du Bois systematically undermined his critique by asserting, for example, that Bantu aggression and Ashanti slave-trading were solely the result of the European "degradation" of Africa. Similarly, in the blinkered assessments of Liberia he made as an envoy of President Coolidge, Du Bois overlooked the standing practice of "pawning"—the economic exchange of human chattel, especially children—and the selling of slave labor to France and Spain, and chose to imagine all of the country's economic problems to be the result, not of Liberian inefficiency or corruption, but of white imperialist pressures epitomized by the largely progressive and economically regenerative Firestone rubber concession.

As in the case of Africa, Du Bois's visit to the Soviet Union in 1926 merely confirmed his existing inclinations. It was a conspiracy of capitalism that had so far prevented a realization of the workers' paradise (a view Du Bois would still hold on his deathbed). Standing "in astonishment and wonder at the revelation of Russia," Du Bois announced in the *Crisis*, "I am a Bolshevik." The Depression further radicalized Du Bois, although his defenses of Marx in the 1930's (as in "Marxism and the Negro Problem") coldly rejected an American Communist solution to black discrimination: "No soviet of technocrats would do more than exploit colored labor in order to raise the status of whites." Yet he continued regularly to announce the doom of capitalism and the death of what *Dusk of Dawn* referred to as the "Beast" of "White Imperial Industry," which "kills men to make cloth, prostitutes women to rear buildings, and eats little children."

No wonder that by the time he wrote *Black Reconstruction in America* (1935), Du Bois chose to characterize slaves and ex-slaves as an industrial proletariat whose surplus labor was the cornerstone of global capitalism. This unorthodox appropriation of the pro-slavery "mud-sill" theory of society allowed Du Bois to rethink his earlier accounts of Reconstruction (which had argued simply that positive black political and economic advances had been hindered and finally reversed by white racism) and to propose the dubious theory that Reconstruction had been a successful Marxist experiment destroyed by a capitalistic "counter-revolution of property." If Du Bois's claims for black revolutionary action in the Civil War and its

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aftermath were farfetched, however, this volume contained sound, often brilliant, critiques of standard white accounts of Reconstruction. His exposure of Southern racism and his elevation of black political and economic achievements entirely changed the historiographical record and continue to command attention in scholarly reinterpretations of Reconstruction.

WITH the exception of the founding of the journal *Phylon* in 1939 and a brief, mainly honorific, return to the NAACP from 1944 to 1948, Du Bois's late career involved more urgently radical stances and activities. The movements toward African independence found in Du Bois a willing spokesman, and the cold war found in him a likely martyr. At the 1945 Pan-African Congress in Manchester, England, the first at which anything of lasting historical consequence can be said to have been accomplished, the now venerable Du Bois did little but give testimony to his own importance in the movement. But the change in the character of the Pan-African Congresses from 1919 to 1945 is a significant index of changes in Du Bois's thinking as well. Led by the West Indian George Padmore, and featuring abundant African representation (including Kwame Nkrumah and Jomo Kenyatta), the 1945 Congress explicitly adopted a socialist program, called for labor and political organization of the black masses, and threatened violent resistance to colonial rule. As Nkrumah noted in his autobiography, at the 1945 Congress the prevailing ideology "became African nationalism—a revolt by African nationalism against colonialism, racialism, and imperialism *in Africa*—and it adopted Marxian socialism as its philosophy."

The spectrum of pronouncements at Manchester predated by a decade the Afro-Asian Conference in Bandung, often considered the benchmark of anti-colonial organization. *Négritude*, the romantic philosophy of worldwide African cultural and political unity, now came to full flower. Although Padmore himself would give more inspirational credit to the "Black Zionism" of Marcus Garvey than to Du Bois, the Conference—like Bandung in 1955, the Paris Congress of Negro Writers and Artists in 1956, and the 1958 All-African People's Conference in Accra—prominently featured the anti-colonial and anti-apartheid views Du Bois had long held and recently expressed most completely in *Color and Democracy* (1945) and *The World and Africa*. Having failed earlier to implement his visionary doctrine, Du Bois, by endurance and the force of will, at last became the honorary father of Pan-Africanism.

During these same years Du Bois was also active in radical groups like the Council on African Affairs. In *I Take My Stand for Peace* (1951) and *In Battle for Peace* (1952), he mounted fierce attacks on postwar American policy (and his own harassment by the government) and in public pronouncements adopted the typically eccentric view that civil-rights progress such as the Supreme Court decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* would not have been possible "without the world pressure of Communism led by the Soviet Union."

DU BOIS'S visits in 1958-59 to China ("Mistakes are but stepping stones upon which one may climb higher and higher," Mao told the admiring Du Bois) and to Khrushchev's Soviet Union, where he helped found an Institute of African Study and received the Lenin Peace Prize, were penultimate acts to his final declaration of faith in the Communist party and retirement to Ghana. There he hoped to oversee the composition of a huge *Encyclopedia Africana*, a key to all Pan-African mythologies. Du Bois died without undertaking the encyclopedia, but his life's voluminous work had itself become a key to black history and Pan-African thought in the modern era.

If Du Bois's vindictive plunge into totalitarian philosophy, at just the time significant civil-rights progress was taking place, may be understood in part as an act consonant with his romantic faith in nationalistic power, it could as well be construed as further evidence of his prophecy. The Third World is never likely to coalesce idyllically as Du Bois imagined, but there is little question that he foresaw in rough outline—and perhaps helped indirectly to create the conditions for—the pattern of anti-colonial revolt.

Given his remarkable body of work and his important contributions to black American and Pan-African cultural studies, it is striking how little attention Du Bois has received in intellectual history. In the United States both his ardent work for the NAACP and his wide-ranging scholarship make him unique among analysts of black history, and his idiosyncratic plea for Third World unity has turned out to be an uncanny harbinger of contemporary anti-Western thought.

To be prophetic is not, of course, the same thing as to be right. Du Bois's career and work are worthy of study for their scathing commentary on the failures of American race relations, and on the failure of the West more assiduously to cultivate freedom in the post-colonialist world. But they must also be read as a case study in conversion from democratic faith to faith in tyranny—to faith, ironically enough, in slavery. Or, as he remarked in an essay of 1961, Africans "will make up their own minds on Communism and will not listen solely to American lies. The latest voice to reach them is from Cuba."

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Slaughter of Innocents

"The Target Is Destroyed." By Seymour M. Hersh. *Random House. 282 pp. $17.95.*

Reviewed by
Angelo M. Codevilla

Seymour Hersh, the famous investigative reporter, clearly means to convince his readers to stop thinking so harshly about the Soviet Union for shooting down a civilian passenger plane on September 1, 1983, killing 269 innoment men, women, and children; instead, he means them to think harshly of the President of the United States and of most of the people who run U.S. intelligence. His argument is that the U.S., and particularly U.S. intelligence, provoked the Soviet Union into understandable possessiveness about its borders; that the unlucky plane, Korean Air Lines Flight 007 from New York, strayed into Soviet airspace in circumstances that made it reasonable for the Soviet Union to mistake it for a U.S. spy plane; that the actual shootdown was a "screw-up" which the Soviets regret but understandably cannot avow; and that the most despicable part of the whole affair was the irresponsible translation of an accident and an "international tragedy" into a campaign to vilify the Soviet Union unjustly and to diminish the chances for arms control.

Apologetics is the art of the possible. Had Hersh stated his argument so clearly, it would not stand a chance outside the fever swamps of academe. Neither would the even more direct argument that the Reagan administration not only used the incident as a provocation but actually caused it. Hence Hersh floods the reader with details of the telephone calls the State Department's Richard Burt received about the crisis while dining with his fiancée, and with a lot of information about U.S. intelligence, nearly all of which is irrelevant, much of which is wrong, and some of which he reveals in what would seem to be direct violation of the federal criminal code (Sec. 798 18 USC). Into this flow—which by itself takes the reader's eye off the question: what kind of government could authorize such killing of innocents?—Hersh injects interpretations that gradually, as the book moves along, harden into "the facts." If anyone reads the book closely, he will see through the sham. But it will sway some. That is all one can ask of apologetics—especially considering what a tough row Hersh has to hoe in this case.

Consider, for example, how unique is the Soviet Union's killing of 269 innocent travelers. Not only has no other country ever done this, but it is impossible to conjure up a situation in which even the American Left's worst bogeymen, South Africa and Chile, would shoot a 747 out of the sky. Consider that the U.S. presented to the world the original tape recordings of the conversation between the Soviet pilot who shot down the airliner and his ground controller; that the pilot has admitted seeing the plane for some twenty minutes from a variety of aspects; and that the U.S. has records of the Soviet Union's tracking of the plane for over two hours, and of communications between Moscow and the ground controllers about the decision to shoot it down. Consider that the man in charge of the decision, the head of the Soviet Air Defense Command, was subsequently promoted. If this was not a deliberate act, there is no such thing.

American officials relied on what the Soviet pilot had said during the shootdown, but (as Hersh's favorite Soviet expert comments), "It was a one-way translation, in which everything was out of context." Hersh evidently wants his readers to feel that in another context the Soviets would look better. How then does he set about placing everything in the "right" context? Like this:

> Little newspaper attention was paid that spring to America's aggressive patrolling and revitalized military presence in the Far East. . . . American warships were authorized by the President late in March to operate and exercise closer to Soviet borders than ever before. Three aircraft carrier battle groups, part of a forty-ship armada, accompanied by Air Force B-52 bombers, specially equipped Advanced Warning Aircraft (Awacs), and F-15 fighters, sailed *defiantly* in the icy waters of Alaska's Aleutian islands, 450 miles from the Soviet Union's Kamchatka peninsula. [Emphasis added]

You see how we frightened them!

Or again: some Japanese fishermen who were in an area thirty-five miles from "Soviet-held Moneron island" were on an "illicit adventure." You see how Soviet rights are violated!

Or again: ". . . [T]he Soviets, like all coastal nations, have established an arbitrary zone off their coasts." Well, they have a right to defend themselves, don't they?

Or again: the day after the shootdown, "American intelligence knew more about what happened over Sakhalin" than did the Soviet Foreign Ministry. You see, they did not even know what they had done! How could anyone hold them responsible?

As for our response: "One State Department Soviet specialist who was aware of the immense Soviet anger after the Navy had overflown Soviet territory in the Kurile islands, suggested to colleagues that the destruction of Flight 007 might be linked in some way to the earlier incident." If only we had more people capable of such understanding! Instead, a wide spectrum of Americans called the Soviets murderers. "[Senators] Leahy, Levin, Hatch, and the others were behaving no better or worse than the Secretary of State. . . ." Bad as they were, however,

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the worst villain of all was Charles Lichenstein, our acting Ambassador to the UN, who quoted Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in his speech regarding the affair: "It was," says Hersh, "as if the Soviet Ambassador to the United Nations had quoted Benedict Arnold as a moral authority and expert on the United States."

HERSH's central counter-contention is that there exists in the files of U.S. intelligence a "real story," a "scoop," "facts," which, had they been acted upon, would have made for a much more restrained U.S. response to the shootdown. The essence of this "real story" is that the Soviet Union reasonably mistook the civilian 747 for a military 707 intelligence aircraft, code-named Cobra Ball. Hersh does not straightforwardly argue this proposition. Rather, he asserts it as the opinion of the "pros" in Air Force intelligence.

But the fact is that everyone who knew of the existence of a Cobra Ball flight in the region that night asked immediately upon hearing of the shootdown whether there might have been a connection. After learning that the Soviets had tracked the U.S. intelligence flight nearly until it landed back home, while also tracking the Korean airliner and assigning it a different track number, *and* after learning that at least one Soviet pilot had had the airliner in view for some twenty minutes, just about every highly cleared person in U.S. intelligence was forced in all good conscience to dismiss the possibility that the Soviets had confused the two. True, as a few of the "pros" have pointed out, it is impossible to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the confusion did not occur. Hersh, by assertion and sleight of hand, tries to turn the impossibility of denying absolutely that the confusion existed into certain proof that it did exist.

Thus, one of Hersh's Air Force sources insinuates (but never maintains directly) that the intelligence airplane had been quite close to the Korean airliner. But Hersh never confronts the issue of how close KAL 007 and Cobra Ball were, for the simple reason that at their nearest point they were hundreds of miles apart in space and over an hour away in time. Most important, they were at different altitudes, were tracked simultaneously for a while, and—to repeat—had been assigned different Soviet track numbers. Also, given Cobra Ball's mission, it would have made no sense for it to overfly the Soviet Union. Hersh, indeed, ends up claiming that the Soviets did not think the airliner was Cobra Ball at all, but another intelligence flight, Rivet Joint. Yet Rivet Joint never overflies the Soviet Union, and would gain nothing by doing so. Nor was Rivet Joint operating that night.

Another of Hersh's sources says that there is one angle from which

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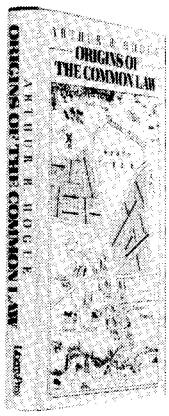

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW

By Arthur R. Hogue

First published in 1966 by Indiana University Press Arthur R. Hogue's *Origins of the Common Law* looks at the deep medieval roots of our legal system during the early formative period of the common law. Between 1154 and 1307, from the reign of Henry II to that of Edward I, common law experienced a spectacular growth as a legal system enforced in the English Royal Courts. Paraphrasing Professor Hogue: in the form of writs, judicial decisions, treatises, royal ordinances, and parliamentary statutes, the common law, in large part the definition of established customs, emerged into explicit written form and formal procedure to order better such ordinary relationships among Englishmen as those between landlord and tenant, merchant and money lender, and buyer and seller.

In his final chapter, "From Medieval Law to Modern Law," Hogue concludes, "The rule of law, the development of law by means of judicial precedents, the use of the jury to determine the material facts of a case, and the definition of numerous causes of action—these form the principal and valuable legacy of the medieval law to the modern law." And one might add, to the growth of the concept of liberty as well.

This thoughtful, lucid account is a work of history, not a technical legal treatise, and should be of interest to the general reader and the specialist alike.

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Early Judaism and Its Modern Interpreters

George W. E. Nickelsburg, Robert A. Kraft, Editors

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it is difficult to tell a 747 apart from a 707—from below. For Hersh, this is as good as proof that the Soviet fighter *had* to be below the Korean airliner, and hence out of sight of the distinctive 747 hump. But he also lets the reader know early on that the American intercepts show the Soviet pilot flew "abeam" of the Korean airliner just before dropping behind to fire the missiles; the fighter pilot located the airliner 80 degrees on his left. Later, in *Red Star*, the pilot, defending his alleged effort to force down rather than to shoot down the plane, described a heroic maneuver he performed as the "spy plane" tried to evade him. Clearly, then, the fighter pilot believed that he had been seen by the KAL pilot, sitting up ahead of the hump. Hersh never explains how all of this could have happened if the Soviet pilot had stayed in the one and only position in which it is difficult to tell the difference between the two kinds of airplanes.

HERE now is how Hersh escalates his case: "The American intelligence system had not developed any specific evidence showing that the Soviets had knowingly shot down an airliner." He quotes a participant in Vice President Bush's crisis-management group as saying, ". . . it was clear that the Soviets could have gotten the tracks mixed up." He characterizes the view of the chief of Air Force intelligence as "an intelligence scenario that—if described fully—directly conflicted with the stated views of the President's Secretary of State and the known views of his Director of Central Intelligence." This "scenario," of a confusing coincidence between Cobra Ball and the airliner, was supposedly based on "complicated charts and minute-by-minute accounts of the airliner's flight path."

What was in this mysterious "scenario"? We never learn. Instead, Hersh keeps on escalating: "The evidence was no longer problematical; it was empirical: the Air Force now had intercepts demonstrating that the Soviets had not knowingly targeted a civilian airliner." What intercepts? Hersh, not otherwise known as a hoarder of classified information, does not say. Instead he escalates again: "The President of the United States, relying on information that was *wholly* inaccurate and misleading, was accusing the other side of telling lies . . ." (emphasis added). Although the President may not have known it, "most of the facts he relied upon were wrong." No evidence at all is presented to support this assertion.

Hersh's case for the Cobra Ball/KAL confusion, such as it is, is summed up by James Pfautz, former Assistant Chief of Staff for Air Force intelligence: we simply have to give the Soviets the benefit of the doubt. But let us recapitulate briefly what we would have to believe in order to do so. First, we would have to believe that the Soviet radar operators on Kamchatka identified the Korean airliner as Cobra Ball while still having Cobra Ball elsewhere on their scopes or hundreds of miles away, and while the airliner was flying neither like Cobra Ball nor like Rivet Joint but like . . . an airliner. Second, we would have to believe that the pilot who had the airliner in view for twenty minutes did not perform all the maneuvers he claims he did perform, or performed them with distorting lenses over his eyes so that he saw the plane from various aspects without actually noticing its distinctive hump.

FINALLY, we would have to believe that it would make a difference *how* the Soviets identified the plane. And that is the hardest thing of all to believe. In 1978, with U.S. intelligence listening in to both sides of the conversation, a Soviet general instructed an obviously reluctant Soviet pilot to fire missiles at an airplane which the pilot had repeatedly identified as a 747 airliner. The pilot obeyed. Most of the passengers survived, but only because the missiles happened not to strike vital parts of the airliner. The Soviets claimed that the airliner was on a spy mission. It must have been, by definition; after all, it had crossed Soviet borders without permission.

Now, why should any reasonable

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person expect the Soviets in 1983 to have treated KAL 007 any differently, even if Cobra Ball had not been aloft, if the sun had been shining, or if the airliner had been in full view of the interceptor aircraft for hours? The *policy* of the Soviet Union is to kill *anyone* who crosses its borders without permission, in either direction. And that is one of the reasons the Soviet Union cannot be counted among civilized nations. Hersh's thesis of possible confusion is obviously intended to cover up this simple point.

One aspect of this book, however, has about it the ring of truth, and that is Hersh's account of the Reagan administration's approach to the affair. The gap between what the President and his Secretary of State thundered and what they did—or rather did not do—was so wide that no one could miss it. The American people have now been taught that the appropriate response to the slaughter of 269 innocents, which their President characterized in the strongest words in the English language, is to seek summit meetings with the murderers, and to continue faithfully observing arms-control treaties which they violate.

IT SHOULD be noted that although Seymour Hersh tells us more than anyone would want to know about fleet exercises in the Pacific, Shemya Island, who is doing what to whom in Washington, and the pay scales of U.S. signals-intelligence analysts, his book is actually quite ignorant on the subject of intelligence. For example, the security designation SAO is not a compartment like "Umbra," but a general category within which fit a variety of specific compartments; Senator James A. McClure was never a member of the Senate Intelligence Committee, much less of its budget process; and so forth. But this is beside the point. All Hersh's celebrated "leaks," and the devious twists and turns of his narrative, go for the unworthy purpose of pulling the thickest possible veil of doubt over an obscenity. Everyone connected with this book, and everyone who has promoted and praised it, ought to be ashamed.

Man of Letters

GOING TO THE TERRITORY. By RALPH ELLISON. *Random House. 338 pp. $19.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE SIM JOHNSTON

IN 1965, the book-review supplement of the old New York *Herald Tribune* asked two hundred critics to pick the best American novels published since World War II. The resulting list of the "top twenty" was quite solid, as such lists go, and if it were to be revised today to take account of the novels published since then, it would, sad to say, require little revision. The first choice of the critics was Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, which was published in 1952, and the book still stands as probably the best American novel to be published since—well, pick your favorite Faulkner.

Among Ellison's many accomplishments in that book was to demolish the Chinese Wall which critics like Philip Rahv had erected between the two main tendencies in American writing—between, as Rahv phrased it, the "palefaces" and the "redskins." Ellison's strategy was impeccably "literary"; he rejected the formulas of the social novelists of the 30's—given the story he wanted to tell, they must have suggested themselves as models—and took what he needed instead from the likes of Henry James and T.S. Eliot. The techniques of allegory and symbolism he learned from them gave his narrative both a depth and a surface texture which was beyond anything the writers in the naturalist camp were capable of. But at the same time, Ellison gave the impression that he was writing flat-out in good "redskin" fashion; he not only injected his dialogue with the rhythms of jazz and Harlem street talk, but also seemed to draw on an enormous fund of raw, primary experience. It was as though Henry James were improvising riffs with Charlie Parker on the corner of Lenox and 125th Street.

GEORGE SIM JOHNSTON, *a new contributor, is a writer living in New York. His literary criticism has appeared in the* American Spectator *and other journals.*

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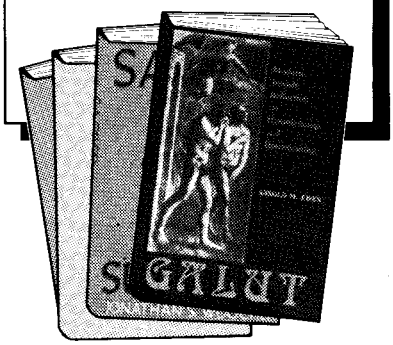

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Among the lessons which Ellison's novel would seem to hold for younger American writers today is that it is possible to explore the subject of alienation without writing about an adolescent off in a corner doing lines of cocaine. It is a lesson that Ellison tells us he first learned from André Malraux. For implicit in his novel is the idea that the identity and fate of an individual are inextricably tied to the public life of the society in which he lives.

Ellison has also told us that as a young writer he deliberately set about making himself familiar with "the major motives of American literature" and in the process discovered books like *Moby-Dick* and *Huckleberry Finn*. (And these books *were* a discovery for a writer starting out in the 30's. Joyce and Eliot did not become acquainted with *Huckleberry Finn* until they were past middle age.) Even more, perhaps, than the modernists, Hawthorne, Melville, and Twain helped Ellison to write a novel that, while deeply political in its implications, went far beyond any "protest" novel in its exploration of the social realities of America.

ELLISON is much taken with his own biography, and in his new collection of nonfiction pieces, *Going to the Territory*, we learn a great deal about how he turned himself into a novelist. *Invisible Man* is a work of such high order that we do not begrudge the information. But Ellison's one novel appeared thirty-four years ago, and only a few fragments of the big (or at least very long) novel which he has been writing since then have been allowed to leave the workshop. So far as his public is concerned, then, we may say that Ellison's main work since *Invisible Man* has been the crafting of himself as a man of letters.

It has been very careful and measured work, and has produced one of the more dignified, if somewhat mannered, presences on the literary landscape. I do not think Ellison would object to my implication that there is an element of calculation in his public persona, for in the strongest essay in this new book, "An Extravagance of Laughter," he quotes Yeats on the necessity of fashioning a "second self" if one is to do any work in this world. According to Ellison, Yeats's demand for a "mask," for a self-elected identity, applies doubly for an American, and triply for a black American like himself, because he lives in a fluid society in which the social identity of an individual is far more problematic than it is on the other side of the Atlantic.

Like *Shadow and Act*, which was published in 1964, *Going to the Territory* brings together some of the speeches, interviews, and articles which have come forth, at wide intervals, from the public Ellison. Like most artists who take it on themselves to instruct outside the medium of their art, Ellison turns out to have a few favorite hobby-horses which he mounts again and again. To begin with, he has a healthy obsession with the American writer's role as a continuator, as an improviser on the themes set down not only by past American writers, but also by the men who "conceived" America in documents like the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Ellison understands American democracy much the way he understands literature—as a highly deliberate and self-conscious act. Like Emerson, he sees the writer as an energizer, teaching the possibilities of the individual in an open society. (Here, as elsewhere in these pieces, Ellison is playing the themes of *Invisible Man* in a different key. Early on in that novel, the nameless hero is told to read Emerson, and the epilogue contains phrases which might have been spun during a walk in the woods around Concord.)

Ellison, of course, is not the only postwar writer to have taken the American classics to heart and set up shop as a public "witness" to the democratic experience. There has been Robert Lowell, for example. When Lowell read his poem, "For the Union Dead," to a cheering crowd of thousands in the Boston Public Garden, he went about as far as a writer can go along these lines. But Lowell's most famous public act was his refusal to accept Lyndon Johnson's invitation to the White House Festival of the

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Arts in 1965 because of his disagreement with Johnson's policies in Vietnam. Ellison accepted the invitation, and in a subsequent interview he took Lowell to task for mixing art and politics. And here we come to another major theme which connects many of the pieces in this new book with one another and with *Invisible Man*. Ellison does not care for partisan politics, and he thinks that an artist contributes far more to the commonwealth by sticking to his work than by going public with an agenda.

Ellison's distaste for political activism, which seems to date from his involvement with the Communist party as a young man, caused him to be subjected to a fair amount of abuse during the salad days of the New Left. In the same year that Lowell and Norman Mailer marched on the Pentagon, Ellison tweaked the nose of the New York literary establishment by quoting in *Harper's*, with approval, a speech of Lyndon Johnson to the effect that art is not a political weapon. Like Saul Bellow (who is far more prickly on the subject), Ellison is impatient with those who would force him into the reductive certainties of a "position," and, again like Bellow, much of what he has put into print during the last few decades would seem to be an exasperated response to the sectarian clamor around him.

It would be a mistake, however, to say that Ellison rejects the use of political pressure to achieve ends like racial equality. But for him, that goal is promoted far more effectively by powerful *non-political* forces which are at work in this country. America's vernacular culture, he points out, is a potent leveler. It is the great solvent of social disparities, constantly eating away at traditional barriers of class and race. And in relation to the cultural whole, he writes, "we are all minorities," anyway. The implication of Ellison's argument—that Stevie Wonder and Bill Cosby are the cutting edge leading to a successful multiracial society—is not likely to sit well with those who are still intrigued by various forms of social engineering; but Ellison is supremely confident that our pluralistic culture will always manage to "outflank" politics.

ELLISON'S sheer relish of American vernacular culture expresses itself in just about every piece in this book. He is really most at home writing about jazz and folk humor. He points out that from the beginning our general culture has been strongly influenced by blacks—Ellison prefers the term "Negro American"—and that even in the South before the Civil War, blacks and whites shared in a cultural relationship which was nothing less than organic. Black artists, he says, should not subscribe to "the myth of the Negro American's total alienation from the larger American culture—a culture he helped create in the areas of music and literature. . . ." Cold comfort, perhaps, to a black musician who finds himself on the less remunerative side of the so-called "crossover" line, where records do not go triple platinum, but Ellison is making the valid point, which again will not sit well with those who have not yet graduated from the 60's, that a minority artist unnecessarily handicaps himself if he surrenders to "sociological notions of racial separatism."

The pieces in this book deal with a variety of subjects, but many of them, even when they have titles like "Remembering Richard Wright" and "Homage to Duke Ellington on His Birthday," are heavily autobiographical. The writing varies in quality. Ellison is crisp and engaging when he addresses a concrete topic—his own past, for example, or jazz—but he tends to get windy when dealing with abstractions like culture and democracy. His generalities have a way of drowning in a sea of five-dollar words. ("So perhaps the complex actuality of our cultural pluralism is perplexing because the diverse interacting elements. . . ," and so on.) But one thing Ellison never loses is his humor. It is constantly brought forth by his contemplation of the American scene. James Joyce complained that not one of the critics of *Ulysees* saw that the book was "damn funny," and Ellison in effect makes the same point to critics of America.

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For all its problems and incongruities, the country is blessed with a vernacular culture which produces "an extravagance of laughter," and in that laughter, Ellison tells us, much that is painful can be transcended.

Manual of Statecraft

THINKING IN TIME: THE USES OF HISTORY FOR DECISION MAKERS. By RICHARD E. NEUSTADT and ERNEST R. MAY. *Free Press. 329 pp. $19.95.*

Reviewed by LARRY D. NACHMAN

Thinking in Time grew out of a course taught jointly by Richard Neustadt, a political scientist, and Ernest May, a historian, at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government. The "student body" was made up of officials in both government and private industry, and the course was designed to improve their ability to make decisions. Both course and book are eminently practical in orientation.

In the Harvard tradition, the book employs the "case-study" method. The goal is to develop principles or rules of analysis through the meticulous examination and evaluation of actual instances. Whatever else may be said for this method, when it is done well, as it is here, it makes for fascinating reading. The cases are many, including examples of both foreign and domestic policy-making. Among those considered are the decisions to defend South Korea and South Vietnam, the Cuban missile crisis and the Bay of Pigs invasion, the swine-flu program of 1976, and the Social Security reform of 1983. The analyses are careful and intelligent. And if the principles which the authors draw up seem at times mechanical and schematic, one always senses prudence and shrewd judgment at work.

In particular, the authors of *Thinking in Time* wish to help decision-makers become more attentive to the proper "uses of history." When they consider the pressing matters before them, officials frequently have historical analogies in mind. These analogies help shape the way they look at, judge, and act on the problems at hand. But Neustadt and May find that often the analogies do not fit or are improperly applied to contemporary situations. The result is a distortion of policy. Their goal, therefore, is not so much to persuade officials to refer to historical examples—this, they believe, happens all the time anyway—as to make them more aware of the particular historical models that are shaping their perspective. Beyond that, the authors suggest several analytic principles which should serve to clarify the ways in which a particular historical example is similar to or differs from the situation to which it is being applied.

NEUSTADT and May have given much thought to their topic and have produced a useful manual of statecraft. Nevertheless, there is a theoretical flaw in their work which they never confront. It has to do with their conception of history. Perhaps the best way to introduce this conceptual problem is to adopt the method of the authors and start with an example.

Those who planned and directed the war in Vietnam often referred to a historical analogy, the appeasement of Hitler at Munich. This, for them, was the great model their policy was intended to avoid. The invocation of Munich did not just serve as a rhetorical device to persuade others; it exercised deep influence over those in the planning process; one may even say that it haunted them.

In *Thinking in Time*, Neustadt and May write not about Munich but about "an analogy which decision-makers could not ignore but did not want to use."

The decision-makers were Lyndon Johnson and his advisers de-

LARRY D. NACHMAN *teaches political science at the College of Staten Island.*

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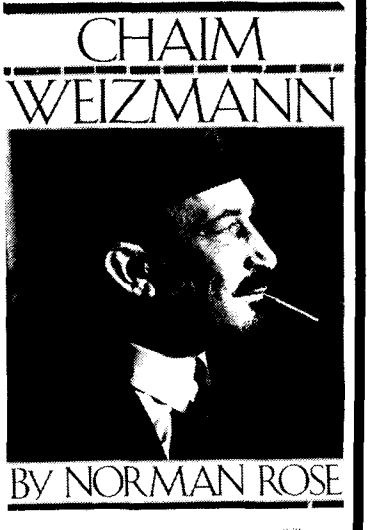

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bating in 1965 whether to Americanize the war in Vietnam. The analogue was the previous war in Vietnam waged more than a decade earlier by the French with American aid. The uncomforting element in the analogy was the outcome: France's humiliating defeat.

I am not concerned here with the question of which example is the more apt or instructive. The point I wish to make is that the two belong to different categories, and only one of them, Munich, is a true analogy. The French defeat in Indochina is more than an analogy, it is an episode in the history of Vietnam and hence part of the background of the problem under examination.

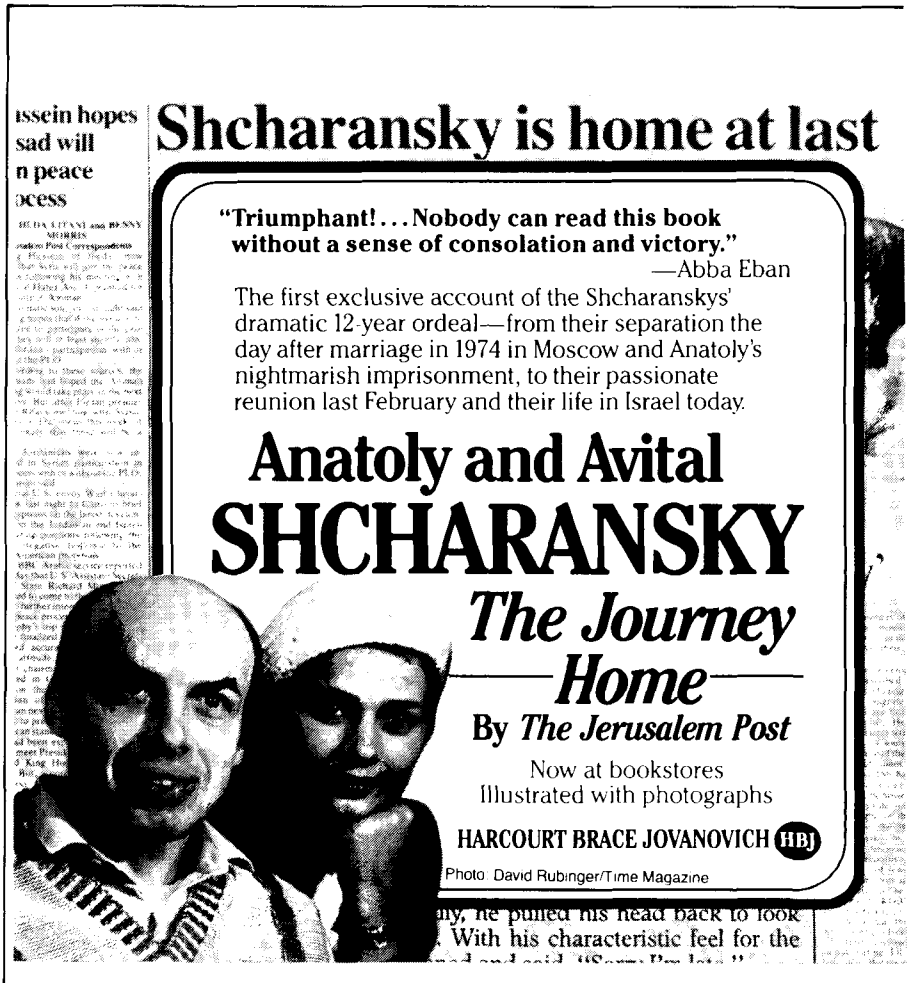
What stands behind the notion of analogy is the recurrence of situations and circumstances in human affairs. We are never presented with the totally novel. What we have before us bears some resemblance to what we have seen and heard before. It is that resemblance which enables us to build not only on our personal experience but on the common experiences of mankind. Yet although a present situation is never completely novel, neither does it ever completely duplicate one seen before. One has to look closely to sort out the similarities and differences.

But history, like life itself, is concrete and particular. The historian, unlike the person seeking an apt analogy, tries to see the event as it appeared to the participants. Above all, what is essential to historical inquiry is the category of truth. A useful analogy, by contrast, may be taken from fiction, or constructed out of the imagination after the manner of law-school instructors or creators of simulations. To use a historical event as an analogy, we must abstract from it the dense fabric of facts and details which was its historical reality, injecting into our inquiry the overriding category of relevance to our needs of the moment.

In speaking of the "uses of history," Neustadt and May may thus have unintentionally blurred the line that separates intellectual inquiry from the exigencies of practical, and especially political, thinking. Needless to say, both uses of the mind are important. But so is the need to keep them distinct. Recently, the New York *Times* reported that a feminist historian who testified on behalf of Sears, Roebuck in that company's successful defense of an affirmative-action suit had been attacked by other feminist historians—not for what she said in her testimony but *because* she testified. One of her critics was quoted to the effect that a historian should not engage in outright lies, but neither should a historian put forward anything that might injure an "oppressed" group. In other words, one should not lie, but neither should one always tell the truth. Neustadt and May are worlds away from such ideological philistinism, but their failure to distinguish history from analogy, intellectual inquiry from practical thought, leads to a confusion which it is particularly important to avoid.

And yet there is also a salutary side to their practicality. Underlying this work is a wonderfully anti-utopian stance toward politics. There is a long tradition in American thinking, a sentiment really, that a remedy can be found for every form of human suffering or injury. According to this sentiment, if we do not act it is because we are either ignorant or malevolent. Sometimes joined to this essential optimism is a suspicion that whatever the particular remedy is, it will require a radical change in our institutions or our values to implement.

THE recommendations in *Thinking in Time* are circumspect and cautious. The authors warn "against the natural tendency to react to trouble by saying, 'Damn! What do we do?' instead of 'What's our problem?' " They go on to suggest substituting the word "concern" for "problem," "because 'problems' imply solutions while 'concerns' need not." Thus they call into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question the modern *hubris* that at every moment we are in a position to control the course of events. This counsel of theirs goes beyond the proverbial maxim, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it," to ask, Even if it is broken, what evidence do we have that we can fix it?

Finally, in stating their aim for this book, Neustadt and May make an important point about what one should seek to accomplish while deliberating over possible courses of action:

> Marginal improvement in performance is worth seeking. Indeed, we doubt that there is any other kind. Decisions come one at a time, and we would be satisfied to see a slight upturn in the average. This might produce much more improvement measured by results.

Our age sometimes seems to have lost all appreciation of marginal improvements. Nothing appears worth doing if it does not purport to lead to a global solution to a cosmic problem. But usually these global solutions turn out to be disappointingly futile when attempted in practice. By contrast, although a marginal decrease in unemployment may lack the dramatic power of a "war on poverty," it does mean that tomorrow will be better than yesterday for a number of real people living in the real world. If *Thinking in Time* can convince some policy-makers that attentiveness to the concrete conditions that face them can lead to better and more durable results than the petulant demand that the world conform to some vision of perfection, it will have done something worthwhile.

Unstable Neighbor

MEXICO: CHAOS ON OUR DOORSTEP. By SOL W. SANDERS. *Madison Books. 222 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by LAUREN WEINER

THE major difference between Mexico and most of the rest of Latin America is that in Mexico, civilians unambiguously control the political life of the country, and have done so ever since the ruling Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) tamed the military in the 1930's and 40's. Sol Sanders, who was the long-time international editor of *Business Week*, shows in *Mexico: Chaos on Our Doorstep* that the party's "mystique" is indeed founded on something genuine. What the PRI has done with that mystique, however, is lamentable; the firmest civilian government in Latin America has come over the last half-century to preside over one of the least stable, youngest, poorest, most illiterate, and fastest growing populations in the hemisphere.

How has this happened? Sanders begins by suggesting that the revolution the PRI is supposed to have institutionalized was not a thoroughgoing democratic one. What seems to have taken place in Mexico (beginning in 1910) was fourteen years of civil war and insurrection that left bourgeois progressive oligarchs victorious over Catholic landowning oligarchs. The bourgeois progressives—liberationist in rhetoric but as authoritarian as their predecessors when push came to shove—set up a one-party system of "political inclusion," under which any rival interest that sprang up was bought off or otherwise coopted.

Until recently, that is. Now the machine has begun to come a bit unglued, with opposition parties like the PAN (Partido Acción Nacional) insisting on competing for popular support, and catching the attention of the world as they continue to be robbed at the polls.

Specific actions taken by the nearly all-powerful executive—who since the late 1960's has handpicked his successor—have sunk Mexico further and further into statism. There have been large expropriations of foreign capital. Luis Echeverria, President during the 70's, made war on the private sector by pouring money into the public sector, then massively devaluing the peso in 1976, an action which set off the flight of tens of billions of dollars' worth of capital. His successor, José Lopez Portillo, just days before leaving office, nationalized the banks. He did so over the protest of his own future successor, Miguel de la Madrid, a centrist by PRI standards, "or, as moderates and conservatives would say, not a Jacobin," according to Sanders. Once in office, however, de la Madrid introduced amendments to the constitution that legalized the bank nationalization *ex post facto* and further eroded property rights.

With a centralized economy struggling to produce enough to feed a burgeoning population, the lack of investments, corruption, inefficiency, and bad luck in the form of falling oil prices have left the country all but unable to service its huge foreign debt. The last thing the Mexicans want is to be beholden to the U.S. Thus, the de la Madrid administration has upheld Mexico's reputation for honoring its debt, but at the price of austerity measures that appear to be bringing the country to its knees.

Even greater than the growth in the population in recent decades (it doubled to 53 million between 1945 and 1970) has been the growth in the size of the labor force. Sanders estimates an unemployment rate of 37 to 45 percent. Not surprisingly, this has led to mass Mexican emigration to the largest labor market in the world, the U.S. Sanders, who disclaims being a restrictionist on immigration, nevertheless worries about our "open border" and appears to support legislation like the Simpson-Rodino bill, which is aimed at stemming the tide of illegal aliens who come here to work. Sanders clearly fears the PRI will lose control of the country, setting off a 1910-type upheaval with "literally millions of refugees scampering across the poorly defended U.S. southern border."

YET if we do face a future threat in a destabilized Mexico, it will probably stem less from a mass "voting with the feet" than from an expansion of the Soviet Union's already considerable anti-U.S. activities there. Sanders provides interesting documentation of Communist efforts since the 1920's to link the Mexican revolution with the worldwide revolutionary movement. A group of Spanish Republicans, defeated in that country's civil war,

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emigrated to Mexico in the late 30's and created a highly influential leftist/Stalinist current in Mexican politics that apparently is still felt today. Discourse in the universities, cultural institutions, and the professions takes its generally pro-Marxist, anti-U.S. character in part from the Spanish radicals and their descendants, and also from a Castroist network in the country.

Still, on a practical level, the electoral appeal of orthodox Communism has always been quite low. Sanders hypothesizes, moreover, that the more ambitious members of the Mexican Communist party may be held in check by Moscow, which would rather not risk a grab for power so long as it can go on easily using the party as a listening post and propaganda arm directed against the United States.

IN HIS preface, Sanders says he will offer no solutions to the problems he describes, yet two solutions are at least implied in this book. One would be to unfetter the PAN and the other nongovernmental political parties. A second would be to make the foreign (mostly New York) banks who foolishly lent Mexico down the river in the 1970's swallow their own losses. Both sound like good ideas, although the latter is admittedly difficult to envision actually happening.

Two other solutions—sealing the U.S.-Mexican border and controlling Mexico's population—would also seem to follow logically from the facts presented here. But it is far from clear that more border guards and more Immigration and Naturalization Service officers rounding up and deporting illegal immigrants would be either effective or, for that matter, desirable. And as for population control, hard experience has shown that, absent totalitarian methods of enforcement, the most effective way to lower a nation's birth rate is to improve its economy.

The helter-skelter organization of this book unfortunately obscures the fact that Sanders talked to some interesting and informative insiders, both Mexican and American. There are, indeed, many things to be learned from *Mexico: Chaos on Our Doorstep*, even if it is harder to learn them than it need have been. Above all one is grateful to Sanders for reminding us of the ominous geopolitical significance of a Mexico at once resentful of its northern neighbor and no longer able to cope.

Healers as Killers

THE NAZI DOCTORS: MEDICAL KILLING AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GENOCIDE. By ROBERT JAY LIFTON. *Basic Books. 561 pp. $19.95.*

Reviewed by
DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN

THE barbarism of the Nazis stops most people cold. Many admit to an emotional incapacity for any but a brief and partial glimpse into Nazi cruelties. Some maintain that the Nazis and their deeds are beyond rational analysis and comprehension. Others argue that even if we could understand them, we should not try to—as if, by treating as human those for whom the term "inhuman" might have been coined, we would deny the singularity of the Holocaust or, possibly, threaten our faith in our own humanity.

For those who believe otherwise, and who can endure a tale of ultimate horrors, *The Nazi Doctors* is a welcome addition to the literature of the Holocaust. Robert Jay Lifton, a leading practitioner of "psychohistory," has written previously on a wide range of topics, including the survivors of the bombing of Hiroshima, the Chinese cultural revolution, Vietnam veterans, and nuclear weapons. Now Lifton brings his psychoanalytic approach to bear on the German doctors who participated in Nazi crimes.

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The result is of mixed quality. The strength and originality of this book derive from the extensive interviews Lifton conducted with former Nazi doctors and nonmedical professionals, as well as with eighty former Auschwitz prisoners who worked under the Nazi doctors. By weaving together their accounts with archival and secondary material, Lifton has produced a persuasive narrative of the development of the Nazis' extermination practices and of the ease with which healers became killers. Moreover, he demonstrates convincingly a point frequently lost in scholarly and popular treatments of the Holocaust: before coming to Auschwitz, the Nazi doctors, like many of the other executioners, were of very different backgrounds and personalities, held widely ranging attitudes to Nazism, and were infected in varying degrees by anti-Semitism. They were ordinary Germans.

The book is divided into three parts. In the first and best part, Lifton examines Nazi racism, which was informed by a biological determinism, and demonstrates its prevalence in German society, particularly in the medical community. Here Lifton chronicles the origins of the application of "negative eugenics," namely, the mass sterilization program, begun already in the summer of 1933, which sterilized between 200,000 and 350,000 people deemed unfit for propagation. He then analyzes the implementation of a still more radical version of "negative eugenics," the so-called "euthanasia program" of 1939—the secret killing by assorted means (including phenol injections, gassing, and starvation) of mentally and physically infirm children and adults. Before this program was officially halted in 1941, in the face of great popular protest, it had claimed over 100,000 victims. Most shocking and telling was the cavalier acceptance of these programs by the overwhelming majority of the German medical community. Doctors, whether Nazified or not, understood the need to do away with "life unworthy of life."

The second part of the book, containing the heart of Lifton's analysis, explores the role of doctors in the greatest death factory, Auschwitz. Here he discusses the doctors' pervasive anti-Semitism, their central role in selecting who would live and die, and their often ambivalent relationships with the prisoner doctors (many of them Jews) whom they supervised. He analyzes with insight the difficult process whereby the Nazi doctors were socialized into their roles as murderers, and the bizarre, unreal quality of life within an institution devoted to extermination. He also examines the pseudo-scientific, heartless, and cruel experimentation on prisoners (Mengele's experimentation on twins being the most infamous instance), and finally, in detail, the psychology of three Nazi doctors of varying dispositions and behaviors.

Perhaps the best single chapter consists of an analysis of one of these doctors, Ernst B. Still alive, he continues to be a paradoxical figure. He was an anti-Semite, and an admiring friend of Mengele, who today admits to having looked upon the extermination with understanding if not approval. Given the opportunity to transfer from Auschwitz, he chose to remain. Yet despite his views, he treated Jewish prisoners with solicitude, and adamantly refused to participate in the extermination. The behavior of this man sympathetic to mass murder was indeed so commendable that at his postwar trial he was acquitted, chiefly owing to the testimony on his behalf by former Auschwitz prisoners.

THROUGHOUT his thorough and informative discussion in the first two parts of *The Nazi Doctors*, Lifton develops his major themes. He argues that it was a "biomedical" conception of society which produced Nazi extermination policies. The German people, conceived as a sacred organic whole called the *Volk*, could be strengthened or weakened depending on the biological constitution of its members. A person of an inferior "race" or of a defective mental or physical constitution was deemed a malignant tumor within the biological stock of the *Volk*. Such defective individuals had to be excised from the social body, as cancerous cells must be from individuals. This was the case for all Jews, who were racial polluters *par excellence*, not only of the German *Volk* but also of humanity. One Auschwitz doctor summed up this biomedical vision when he explained to a prisoner doctor that his participation in the extermination of the Jews was not the repudiation, but indeed the consummation, of his Hippocratic oath: "Of course I am a doctor and I want to preserve life. And out of respect for human life, I would remove a gangrenous appendix from a diseased body. The Jew is the gangrenous appendix in the body of mankind."

Lifton argues further that the Nazis employed physicians in the extermination program because their participation would lend an aura of science and expertise to this unprecedented form of "social cure." "Among the biological authorities called forth to articulate and implement 'scientific racism' . . . doctors inevitably found a unique place. . . . [As] contemporary practitioners of mysterious healing arts, it is they who are likely to be called upon to become biological activists." Lifton emphasizes throughout that doctors were not peripheral actors in the attempt at collective regeneration. Rather, they were central and crucial to the running of Auschwitz as well as to the evolution and fulfillment of the broader extermination policies.

How could doctors, devoted to healing, partake in the evil that was Auschwitz? Lifton believes that they necessarily underwent a psychological metamorphosis after arriving at Auschwitz, developing two psychodynamically whole and distinct "selves"—the "Auschwitz self," operative for all matters concerning their evil deeds, and a prior, normal self for their non-Auschwitz existence. This psychological state, which Lifton calls "doubling," allowed the individual to compartmentalize each aspect of his dual existence: "The individual Nazi doctor needed his Auschwitz self to function psychologically in an environment so antithetical to his previous ethical standards. At the same time, he

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needed his prior self in order to continue to see himself as humane physician, husband, father." The individual doctor developed, in other words, a psychological self appropriate for living and functioning in each of two radically different environments which together made incompatible psychological and moral demands. Doubling permitted healers to become killers.

After developing these themes in the first two parts of the book, in the third part Lifton amplifies and draws on them—particularly on his understanding of the biomedical vision, and the theory of doubling—to form the basis of a model of genocide. He explains: "The model I propose includes a perception of collective *illness,* a vision of *cure,* and a series of motivations, experiences, and requirements of perpetrators in their quest for that cure." The impulse to commit genocide results from the notion that killing can heal the weakened organic community. The participation of doctors and other professionals often inspires genocide, and its enormous evil is made possible psychologically by doubling. Though Lifton's model has more detail and nuance, this is its essence.

WHAT are we to make of Lifton's argument? In my view, his analysis of the Nazi doctors, and the model of genocide which emerges from it, are each deeply flawed.

It is certainly true that a biomedical vision, a metaphor of the diseased social body requiring radical surgery to restore its health, informed the Nazis' decision to undertake the extermination of the Jews (although Lifton overstates its prevalence and importance). But Lifton's assertion that this was the source of the Nazis' partial extermination of other groups, like the Poles and Russians, is simply erroneous and indicates a fundamental lack of knowledge on his part. These killings were, in fact, motivated by an imperial power's desire to subjugate its conquered territories.

Furthermore, it is a fundamental mistake to extrapolate from the Nazis' extermination of the Jews, as Lifton does, and to discuss the resulting model as if it were widely applicable, as if a biomedical vision were a major source of genocides. (To be fair, Lifton indicates at one point that his model is not relevant to all genocides; yet he proceeds to discuss it as if it were, not mentioning other possible models or providing us with a way to discern his model's range of applicability.) In fact, few if any other genocides, including the ones he mentions, have conformed to Lifton's model. Even the Turkish mass murder of the Armenians in 1915-16, which Lifton adduces as an exemplar of his model, is incompatible with it. The Turkish leadership's decision to massacre the Armenians was not a mystical effort toward collective regeneration but a calculated attempt to preempt a future secessionist problem by killing those perceived to have such political aspirations.

Of the other genocides—in Cambodia, Bangladesh, Nigeria, Paraguay, and the Soviet Union—which in Lifton's view share the "collective patterns" of his model, each diverges from the model in the most fundamental of ways. Since Lifton only lists these genocides and provides no analysis of them, it is not even clear how he believes they fit the model. Lifton's discussion of genocide is insufficiently grounded in comparative evidence; his model of genocide, for the most part, is misleading.

Also problematic is Lifton's casting of doctors as major rather than minor actors in the Holocaust. Doctors were indeed crucial to the sterilization and euthanasia programs, and they were prominent at Auschwitz. Yet this is a highly selective set of examples from which to generalize. Had Lifton written a study of other aspects of the Nazis' extermination program, such as the *Einsatzgruppen*—the mobile killing squads responsible for the massacres at Babi Yar and a million other Jewish deaths in the Soviet Union—doctors would hardly have been mentioned, let alone

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accorded a central role. Even at Auschwitz, they were ultimately marginal to the extermination. Had doctors not participated in the killings, the gas chambers and crematoria would have operated no differently. This was the case at Chelmno, the first extermination camp, where doctors were of very little consequence, as Lifton acknowledges, but only in passing.

Lifton's focus grossly magnifies the doctors' importance, leaving the unwary reader with a fundamental misconception of the Holocaust. Although to us the doctors' role in the extermination is rightly of great intellectual and moral significance, historically the Nazi doctors are but an interesting and troubling footnote. Without them, the central features of the Holocaust would have remained the same. The part played by doctors in other genocides, moreover, has been virtually nonexistent.

FINALLY, Lifton's theory of doubling, although it does seem plausible when applied to the Nazi doctors, is, I believe, wrong. The theory is wholly dependent on the assumption that the doctors understood that what they were doing was evil, an assumption Lifton not only fails to justify, but one which he also undercuts. As his analysis of the Nazi biomedical vision and of Nazi anti-Semitism makes clear, the Nazis understood the extermination of the Jews to be necessary, just, and good. Since the Nazi doctors failed to conceive of their deeds as fundamentally evil, why would they need to double?

Moreover, the theory of doubling posits a radical discontinuity in the psychological organization of the Nazi doctors' minds before and after their murderous deeds began. This seems at odds with the material on which the theory of doubling is based. It is precisely because the killings accorded with their anti-Semitic "prior selves" that so many people could quickly and easily be turned into executioners. This is not to say that being in Auschwitz did not require of the doctors all sorts of psychological stratagems to make bearable their gruesome tasks. (Lifton's discussion of these stratagems, by the way, is generally good.) But the systematic creation of two psychodynamically separate selves in each doctor seems unlikely. Lifton has certainly not succeeded in sustaining such a speculative assertion.

Problematical as the theory of doubling is for understanding the Nazi doctors working in the unique environment of Auschwitz, Lifton strains credulity even more when he applies the theory to different environments and to more general subjects. Thus he asserts that doubling characterizes other participants in the Holocaust besides the doctors, but he barely mentions whole classes of killers, like the men of the *Einsatzgruppen*. Moreover, since he hardly examines other genocides, his discussion of doubling as an integral process in the creation of the "genocidal self" is at least equally suspect. Finally, as if this already extended use of the theory were not enough, Lifton proceeds to unearth further applications of it. We are told, for instance, that a "nuclear-weapons self" is created for those involved with such weapons, and that "in the process of doubling, in fact, lies an overall key to human evil." These extrapolations from an analysis originally meant to explicate the deeds of Nazi doctors are simply reckless.

The Nazi Doctors is thus a greatly disappointing book. Lifton has failed in his self-proclaimed task, to uncover "the psychological conditions conducive to evil." His model of genocide appears to be constructed in an empirical vacuum, derived wholly from dubious psychological theories which themselves are based on the study of one narrow and highly unusual case. Even more distressing, these theories permeate his entire discussion of the Nazi doctors themselves.

Despite these severe shortcomings, *The Nazi Doctors* remains of heuristic value. It is one of the few sustained attempts to interpret the psychology of the Nazi executioners, and it contains many insights into their lives. The new and illuminating empirical material with which it is filled, though often in need of reinterpretation, will be of service to those who do not shrink from the intellectual and emotional struggle of understanding the Holocaust.

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